Weymouth Gazette

AND TRANSCRIPT

WEYMOUTH, MASS., FRIDAY, JULY 2, 1915. VOL. XLIX. NO. 16. PRICE FIVE CENTS

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TOWN BUSINESS.

But few questions are of more interest to the people than the tax rate on which the assessors are now at work and however conscientiously they may be in regard to valuation and rate there are always features which are beyond their control and from statistics gathered we draw the conclusion that they are this year up against a largely increased state tax in general, state highway tax and county tax and these will add nearly two dollars to our regular tax rate for town matters.

At the Monday meeting of the selectmen there was a request from the Industrial Accident board for a hearing on the death of Chief Butler and the same will be held at the rooms of the board, new Albion building, Boston, on Wednesday, July 7th at 4 P. M. Chairman Hunt and Council Worthen representing the town.

Asa P. French Esq. appeared for H. A. Tirrell asking for a hearing on the damage to Mr. Tirrell's property on account of the Randall avenue reconstruction.

Sixteen persons presented a petition to the board for a special town meeting to be held at Fogg's opera house, South Weymouth, (date to be fixed) to see what action the town will take in regard to the reconstruction of Washington street from Main street in Ward 3 to the Hingham line in Ward 4.

The jury list was revised by dropping out two names now on it and adding four new names.

Fourth of July Celebration Plans.

Monday is the greatest of American holidays, and for its celebration in Weymouth many places have matured. The annual events at Lovell's Corner, and also at Webb Park, will again be held this year.

Frank Blanchard, who is in charge of the celebration at Lovell's Corner says: "that it will beat all records." He has arranged a program covering an entire day and evening.

On Lovell's Field there will be a parade and patriotic exercises in the morning, field sports and baseball in the afternoon, a concert, folk dancing, and fireworks in the evening. A feature of the celebration will be the exercises and maneuvers of the Boys Scout troops of Weymouth.

At Webb Park, the program will be interesting and varied. A popular subscription of two hundred dollars has been raised. The program will include: Baseball, field sports, Boy Scout drills, street parade, band concerts and water sports. Arthur Davis is in charge of the affair.

The Battle is Over but The War Just Begun.

An Eastern magician once gave a ball of string to a youth, which as it unwound would bring the future before him just as quickly or as slowly as he desired. In the first flush of excitement the youth used it for many purposes. First he wanted to grow up, then he wanted to marry and after that he wanted to behold the lives and carreers of his children. The ball of string lasted just two months and nineteen days. And the youth was an old man.

That is the way with all youth, and especially with the graduates of our schools and colleges. Two months after graduation they know life, and for them the battle is over. But in reality it has just begun.

It is just beginning everywhere today and from now on will be waged fiercely. Arms there will be, but not of steel. Fortitude, industry, honesty, sincerity of purpose, these be keen weapons.

They will be used in many places, for graduates of our schools are going into factory and farm, offices, mills and stores, while a few will go to college. With the outgoing of so many into the world comes a lot of advice, and though generally disregarded, it is well meant. We know of none better than, be courageous and honest, industrious and sincere.

A good many have tried life without good principles. A good many have intended to be sincere. Some have resolved and held to their resolve, to be honest with the world and with them the world has been honest.

So if you are beginning life and want to enjoy it, be sincere. The battle of youth may be over, but the war of life has just begun. Be persistent.

If you must, copy the example of the boy who filled three baskets with waste paper in writing out a half sheet report of the weather. Keep fighting. Whenever you think of giving up, hark your memory back to the example of Grant in our own Civil War. He had lost half his men but he fought grimly on. He lost all his supplies. He fought on. He was beset from the rear. Still he fought on. He withdrew his troops, still fighting, he turned on a counter march, still fighting and the next day when asked as to his plans, he said: "I will fight it out on this line if it takes all summer".

Graduates Reunite.

From a social standpoint the reunion of the graduates of Weymouth High school, which was held on the evening of June 30th, in the High school hall, was the most successful of any of recent years. The attendance of friends and graduates was very large. The hall was decorated with ferns, palms and cut flowers, furnished by Mr. Beechy, the florist.

After the special reunion of the classes, '90, '95, '00, '05, '10, etc., which was held from seven to eight, a short business meeting was held, succeeding a selection by the High school orchestra. Miss Helen Richards entertained the audience with a piano solo, and Miss Bessie Yates, contralto, gave a few vocal selections and was well applauded.

The address by Luther Turner was delivered in an interesting, vigorous manner, and was greatly enjoyed. Mr. Turner spoke on a theme relating to schools and school life.

Following his speech came a mandolin solo by Miss Mary Hanley, who was accompanied by Mrs. Hanley. The audience stood and sang "Auld Lang Syne" to complete the program.

During the intermission, refreshments were served, and then dancing was enjoyed until midnight.

The officers elected for next year were: Pres., Miss Louisa Humphrey; Vice-pres., Fred V. Garey; Sec., Mrs. Fletcher Howe; Treas., Mrs. Elmer Alexander; Executive committee, Mrs. Henry Lovell, Mrs. Grace Wells, Mrs. Edward Orr, Mrs. John Sullivan, Mrs. Arthur Gerstley, Mrs. Frank Perry, Misses Annie Conroy, Nellie Whelan, Ethel Marsh, Louise Harris, Irene Fraser, Nelly Sprague, and Helen Torrey; Stephen Pratt, Ralph Burrell, Albert Humphrey, Leighton Voorhees, Emerson Dizer, Alan Monroe and Ralph Talbot.

Beane—Ries.

One of the prettiest home weddings ever taking place at the Heights was the one solemnized on Tuesday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George J. Ries, when their daughter, Barbara Kimmel, became the bride of Sidney C. Beane, son of Mr. and Mrs. George W. Beane of North Weymouth.

The ceremony was performed at eight o'clock by Rev. Edward J. Yaeger, pastor of the First Church in Weymouth. The double ring service was used.

The bride was beautifully gowned in white crepe de chine with embroidered net trimmings. Her veil was caught up with orange blossoms and she carried a shower boquet of bride's roses and lilies of the valley.

The maid-of-honor was Miss Florence B. Nash, a friend of the bride. She wore a gown of turquoise blue chiffon taffeta with silk net trimmings and she carried a shower boquet of pink sweet peas.

Miss Dorothy Alden, a niece of the bride, acted as flower girl. She was dressed in white carrying a basket of forget-me-nots. Roger Blanchard of New Haven, Conn. a cousin of the groom, acted as ring bearer.

The best man was Gladwin Nead, of of Norwood, a college friend of the groom at Dartmouth.

The ushers were John Ries, Carlton Bradford, Ralph Murphy, Wallace Drake and Charles Alden all of Weymouth.

As soon as the strains from Lohengrin's wedding march were heard, it being played by Mrs. William Hodges of East Weymouth, ribbon girls; namely Helen Ries and Velma Haskins, outlined the passage way for the bridal party with white ribbons.

Following the ceremony a reception was held until ten o'clock. The bride and groom were assisted in receiving by their parents, maid of honor and best man.

The rooms were artistically decorated with ferns, mountain laurel and roses, the marriage taking place under a beautiful arch of flowers.

During the evening a delicious wedding luncheon was served by Bates & Humphrey, caterers, of East Weymouth. A novel feature, enjoyed by the young people present, was the cutting of the bride's cake, which contained the usual ring, thimble and coin.

The bride is a graduate of the Weymouth schools, and she also took a course at Bryant & Stratton business college. She has been employed for the past two years with the Edison Electric Illuminating Co. of Boston.

The groom was a graduate of the Weymouth schools and Dartmouth college, class of 1911. He is now employed with the Aberthaw Construction Co. of Boston as a civil engineer and is at present located in New Haven Conn.

There were many beautiful gifts, in silver, cut glass and china.

At 10.30 the couple left for a wedding trip, after which they will take up their residence at New Haven.

HILDERBRAND—HOYT.

Home of Mr. and Mrs. George M. Hoyt Scene of Wedding Ceremony.

As the June days rolled by and the month of roses came to an end each succeeding day new and beautiful flowers appeared. As June is a month of roses so it is the calendar month for bridal events and among the notable ones which came late was that solemnized at the home of George M. Hoyt, Hillcrest road, East Weymouth, Friday evening, the 25th, when his daughter, Miss Marion Alice Hoyt, became the bride of Jesse Richardson Hilderbrand of Washington, D. C.

At 7.45 Miss Mary Weidley of Washington, D. C., cousin of the groom was at the piano and the wedding march began.

The bridal party entered the main parlor through an aisle formed by the following 12 girl friends of the bride: Miss Helen Barnes of Plymouth, Miss Lillian Williams of Newton, Miss Elsie Belcher of Winchester, Miss Katherine Fraser of East Weymouth, Miss Anna Powers of Lynchburg, Va., Miss Helen White of Winchester, Miss Irene Fraser of East Weymouth, Miss Rebecca Woods of Newton, Miss Marguerite Connors and Miss Bertha Cunningham of East Weymouth, Miss Mary Giere of Mt. Vernon, N. Y. and Miss Lillian Hubbard of New Britain, Conn. The aisle as thus formed had a beautiful border of mountain laurel.

The ring bearer was Miss Dorothy Whelan, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Chas. Whelan of Hingham. The ushers were Dr. Somers Fraser and Dr. A. McKay Fraser of Boston and East Weymouth, Earle W. Bates and H. Reginald Nash of South Weymouth, graduates of Brown University and classmates of the Weymouth High school.

The bride was gowned in white crepe meteor, with Princess rose lace trimmings. Her tulle veil was held in place by lilies of the valley, and she carried a shower bouquet of white sweet peas.

The ceremony was the double ring and was performed by Rev. Dr. Edward T. Ford of the Congregational church, East Weymouth, assisted by Rev. John Weidley, D. D. of Washington, D. C., an uncle of the groom.

The ceremony was followed by a reception from 8 to 9.15 o'clock in which the bride and groom had the assistance of the bride's father and mother, the groom's mother and uncle, Rev. Dr. John Weidley.

An orchestra composed of Miss Ethel F. Raymond, Miss Hazel Clark, Miss Helen Gridley and Harold Raymond furnished music during the reception and a dainty wedding lunch was served.

The house decorations were Killarney roses, mountain laurel, dahlias and peonies. Guests were present from all of the Weymouths, Washington, D. C.; New Britain, Conn; Hingham, Quincy, Winchester, Plymouth and Newton.

Mr. and Mrs. Hilderbrand will spend their honeymoon at a cottage in Maine, after which they will live at "The Parker," 16th street and Park road, Washington, D. C.

Baseball Notes.

The fans of South Weymouth are wondering whether there will be a semi-pro team representing that section this year. Manager Callahan, of last year's Weymouth A. C. team says that there will. He has already organized a strong team and has booked several games.

No action has been taken in regard to the tie between Weymouth and Brockton for the South Shore league championship. The general sentiment in Weymouth is that the school team won its scheduled game fairly and squarely. The Weymouth followers think that if Brockton wants the championship so much that it is willing to step in and protest an otherwise legal game, that it can have the championship and trophy, too.

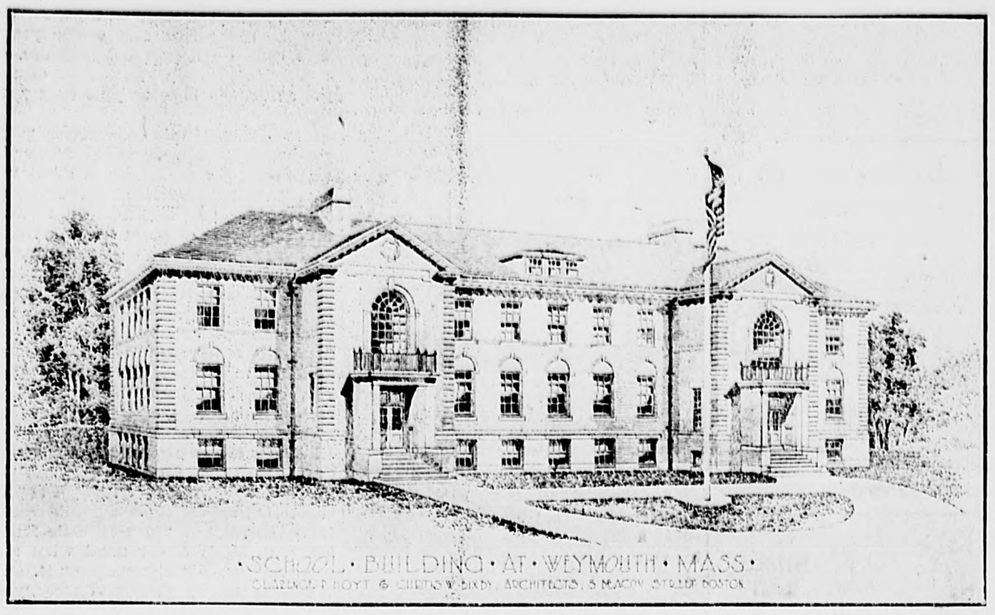
One club that is playing good baseball for an amateur team is the South Weymouth White Sox. The loss of Fred Waite, their former coach is seriously felt, though.

The Brockton Colonials must feel pretty sore at letting "Skinny" Loud of South Weymouth go. Since he left them for Pawtucket he has got two and three hits, a stolen and several putouts to a game.

Edward Condrick has been elected captain of next year's High School team. He has been substitute catcher for two year's. "Eddie" caught the league games this year and played fine ball. With the experience he has gained in the past two year's he will make a good leader.

A game which will settle the amateur championship of the town will be played at Webb Park, July 5th. The opponents will be the White Sox of South Weymouth and the Mount Pleasants of Weymouth.

New School House, Ward Three



The contract is signed for the new school house in Ward Three, with a proviso that certain changes may be made subject to additional cost

TO START NEXT WEEK

Details Complete For Travel Club Nine Day Journey. Itinerary One of Best Ever Selected

A week from today the Travel Club people will leave town for their nine days' trip to New York, up the Hudson, to Niagara Falls, up the St. Lawrence and return. Today, or by Monday at the latest, each winner will receive detailed instructions, and everything will be in readiness for the start on Friday. Mrs. J. Herbert Libby is the chaperon of the party, and a grand, good trip is assured under her lead. Without doubt, a large number of friends of the Misses Shaw, Connell, Lewis and Dunn will be at the South Station to bid them farewell, when they leave Boston next Friday, at 6 p. m., for the following itinerary:

Friday, July 9, leave Boston from South Station at 6 P. M. via New York, New Haven & Hartford R. R. Train arrives at Fall River 7.20 P. M. and boat leaves at 7.40 P. M.

Saturday, July 10, breakfast on steamer provided. Due in New York at 7 A. M. Transfer to Desbrosses street pier and leave on the Hudson River day line at 8.40 A. M. on one of the magnificent steamers for the matchless 150-mile trip up the "Rhine of America." A table d'hote dinner is provided in the glass enclosed saloon where one may view the scenery of the Palisades of the Hudson while enjoying the excellent menu. Arrive at Albany at 6.10 P. M. Proceed to the Ten Eyck hotel, where supper, room and breakfast will be provided. Opportunity to visit the Capitol, which is open for inspection evenings.

Sunday, July 11, leave Albany from Union Station via New York Central Line on the Empire State express for the trip across the state of New York. Luncheon in dining car provided. Arrive Niagara Falls 6.20 P. M. Room and meals will be provided at the Imperial hotel directly opposite the station.

Monday, July 12 at Niagara Falls. Competent authorities tell us that 15,000,000 cubic feet of water pour over the brim of Niagara every minute or about a cubic mile a week. Within a distance of five miles, which includes the Rapids above and the gorge below the falls, the river drops 300 feet, of which 165 feet forms the falls proper; 50 feet the change in level of the river in the rapids above the falls, and 85 feet in the gorge below. The forenoon should be devoted to walk about Prospect park and to Goat Island, Luna Island and the Three Sister Islands. In the afternoon, walk or ride over the new steel arch bridge to the Canadian side. Tickets will be provided for the special Belt Line trip by electric cars to Lewiston and return.

Tuesday, July 13 leave Niagara Falls at 9.50 A. M. via Great Gorge route, connecting at Lewiston with steamer across Lake Ontario. Arrive Toronto 1 P. M. Transfer by carriage to the Queen's hotel, where luncheon will be provided. Leave Toronto at 3 P. M., via steamer of the R. & O. N. Co., stateroom accommodations and evening dinner provided.

Wednesday, July 14 en route. The first port of call is Kingston at 6 A. M. Leaving Kingston the first view of the famous archipelago, the Thousand Islands, is enjoyed. They number about 1700, varying in size from a point of rock projecting from the water to the large, fertile area of land crowned with foliage and lofty trees. Breakfast and luncheon served on steamer. After shooting the famous Lachine Rapids late in the afternoon, steamer arrives at Montreal at 6.30 P. M. Carriages will transfer party to Queen's hotel for room and meals.

Thursday, July 15 in Montreal, party will be at home at Queen's hotel. There are many points of interest in Montreal.

Friday, July 16 leave Montreal from Windsor station at 8.40 A. M. via Rutland R. R. across the islands of Lake Champlain via Burlington and Rutland. Luncheon in dining car provided. Arrive Boston 7.40 P. M. Arrive in Weymouth about 9.15.

LOVELL'S CORNER

—Miss Caroline Dana has been the guest of Miss Marie E. Hawes.

—Roland Smith spent several days visiting Spencer Grey of Wollaston.

—Rev. Karl Thompson was called to his home in Indianna by the sudden illness of his mother.

—Tuesday evening a meeting of the Fourth of July committee was at the home of Irwin Hawes. Monday evening a chorus of young people practiced patriotic songs for that evening.

—Sunday morning Prof. Sharp of Boston University supplied the pulpit. He preached on the topic "The position of the Bible in literature" No services were held Sunday evening.

—A committee from the Porter Sunday school was appointed to meet with the East Weymouth committee Thursday evening to arrange for the joint picnic to be held at Ridge Hill grove, July 10th.

—The local troop of Boy Scouts were forced to give up their camping trip last Saturday on account of the weather. Tuesday evening the regular troop meeting was held. The scouts were instructed by Scoutmaster Blanchard in making camp beds.

Lawn Party.

On Tuesday afternoon and evening, on the grounds of M. P. Garey, on Broad street, the Ladies' Auxiliary to the A. O. H. No. 9, held a well attended lawn party.

The grounds were illuminated with many colored electric lights, and a dance board on the lawn was the most prominent feature.

Mrs. Augustus P. Conathan had charge of the sports in the afternoon, and a costumed parade for the children brought the afternoon session to a close.

Miss Alice Cullen, the chairman of the committee, had charge of the dancing in the evening, music being furnished by the Lennox orchestra, while the tables laden with the good things were in charge of the following: ice cream, Mrs. Martha McIntosh; cake, Mrs. Mary Boyle; tonic, Miss Mary Howley; frankforts, Mrs. P. C. Sheehan; candy and peanuts, Miss McCluskey; grab bag, Mrs. Philip Fraher; punch, Mrs. William Lynch and restaurant, Mrs. Moran.

Origin of "Entente."

The phrase "entente cordiale" was first used to express the friendly relations existing between France and England in 1843.

SACRED HEART FIELD DAY.

Baby Show Contest the Feature of the Annual Picnic.

The annual field day of the Sacred Heart parish, which was postponed from Saturday, June 26th, on account of the inclement weather, was held on Monday afternoon and evening, at Dwyer's field, with a large gathering in attendance. The feature of the afternoon was the baby show, in which there were many entries.

For those less than a year old, Clementine Delorey received the prize for being the smallest baby, and Catherine Gloster for being the largest. Robert Breen won in the lightest complexion class, and Lester Bourne in the darkest. In the two-year-old class, Alice Stone won for having the darkest complexion and John St. Peter for the lightest. Caroline Dwyer received the prize for having the lightest complexion of those three years old and Howard Cushing for the darkest. The judges were Mrs. Michael Sheehy, Mrs. Jacob Dexheimer and Mrs. Margaret Hanson.

There were athletic sports for the boys and girls in the afternoon. The Bakers Corner boys' nine defeated the Mt. Pleasant team 6 to 5; the 7th grade girls of Hunt school defeated the 9th grade girls in two games, 7 to 5 and 15 to 5.

The grounds were illuminated with colored lights in the evening. Miss Bertha Hansen of South Weymouth entertained the gathering with songs and dances. There was also fancy dancing in costume by Helen Linehan and Alice White. William and John Hughes gave some interesting specialties. An orchestra furnished music for dancing, as a closing feature.

The sales booths were prettily decorated and well stocked. They were in charge of chairmen as follows: Miss Elizabeth Lane, Sunday school booth; Mrs. John Clinton, fancy table; Mrs. Delia Caulfield, cake table; Mrs. John O'Rourke, country store booth; Mrs. Philip Haviland, tonic table, and Mrs. William Wall, supper booths.

The affair was highly successful from a social and financial standpoint. Much credit for its success belongs to Mrs. Wall, who was chairman of the committee having the field-day in charge.

Clapp Starts Season.

The Clapp Memorial team will play its first game of the season to-morrow with North Abington as their opponents. The team is composed of semi-professional men and former High School stars.

The battery will be Fraher the clever High School catcher and Ray Condrick who reports as being in the condition to have a good year. With Ray in condition very few teams in this vicinity will defeat him.

The infield which consists of Creswell the former Fore River first baseman who will play first base, Gorman this year's captain and second baseman of the High School team will play second. Reilly will play short and although very young he is a fast ball player. Gloster will cover third and is in a class by himself in playing the bag.

The outfield consists of Earl Bates, the former Brown player in left field, Drinkwater the hard hitting outfielder of the Braintree White Sox's in center field and Pray of Weymouth in right field. The team is being managed by "Gus" Conathan and captained by "Toby" Fraher.

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ON THE FARM

Read this column and you can have it delivered at your house with something new every week for a full year by sending $2.00 to this office now.

The scythe and mowing machine are now heard. Keep them at work, there is a good crop in sight and the fields are in a good condition to start a second crop.

It often takes lumpy ground years to get over one time of working it when too wet. Can't afford that. We need the use of every foot of our land.

Did your young chicks die of indigestion during the first few days? You probably fed them too early after hatching. Next time feed them nothing for thirty-six hours.

In choosing a site for apple raising the necessity for good depth of subsoil can not be emphasized too strongly. Shallow soils should be assiduously avoided for orchard purposes.

Clover cut after seed has formed, even if but just begun, is not of much value for dairy cows and growing animals. So we should harvest the crop before it goes out of bloom or any portion of it does so.

The time for cutting hay must be governed by its condition. One cannot set a calendar date and go by that year after year. Seasons vary from year to year. It is not a wise plan to wait until the seed on timothy ripens or until all the bloom has died on clover. Hay fully ripe will be tough and often brittle.

The man who comes to your dairy farm and wants to buy the heifers from the best cows is not always your best friend. Be careful before you sell them to him. It is going backwards in the dairy industry to let these go.

In winter, in the northern part of the country, insects become scarce or entirely disappear. Many species of birds, however, remain during the cold season and are able to maintain life by eating vegetable food, as the seeds of weeds. Here is another useful function of birds in destroying these weed seeds and thereby lessening the growth of the next year.

If a high-spirited horse is properly managed and controlled he is usually capable of enduring much hard usage, but very often such animals are made more excitable than they naturally are by the driver being fidgety and his lack of good judgement. This is especially so in the breaking and managment of colts. The trainer should have perfect control of his temper. One little display of ill temper may spoil the labor of weeks and months.

Hedges, old or new, should be attended to early. Next to the lawn, hedges are the most essential landscape feature. For most purposes nothing is superior to the popular barberry. It is absolutely hardy, requires little attention or pruning and, although deciduous, is attractive at all seasons of the year.

Amateur poultry raisers attribute the many failures to raise summer chicks to a variety of causes, most of which have little or no foundation in fact. "Prevent overcrowding," says Mr. Boyer. "Give them plenty of fresh air and shade and water. Feed them sensibly and according to prescribed formulas and you'll have no trouble."

A good and safe way to cure hay so that it will retain its green color and possess good aroma and tenderness is to allow it to dry in the sun about two hours, then rake into large, light windrows, it is then plied into small stacks, or cocks, in the field and in this form allowed to stand for a day or more.

The diet of summer chicks is practically the same as that for winter chicks, excepting that less corn (a heating food) should be allowed in the ration. There must be some corn, however. Put in just enough to balance the ration. The three grains important for chick growth are wheat, oats and corn—in the proportion (in summer) of two parts cracked wheat, two parts oats, (either cracked, hulled oats or oatmeal) and one part finely cracked corn, all by measurement. These are mixed and placed in boxes within easy access.

For horses, no one feed will produce such good results as the use of several feeds. No one kind of feed contains all the elements required to make a rapid and continuous growth, or round up the stock in fine show or market form. As no one kind of feed may be relied on to produce the best results, it follows that gains may not be made as cheaply with one or two kinds of of feeds as may be done with a variety of feeds.

In selecting a country home for the summer special attention should be given to the question of a pure water supply. Farms, which are generally remote from towns, cities, or other areas of congested population, seem to be almost ideally situated for obtaining pure and wholesome water. In reality, however, polluted water is exceedingly common on farms, and typhoid-fever rates are usually greater in country districts than in cities. Typhoid fever is transmitted largely in drink or food taken into the stomach and is especially likely to be communicated by polluted waters obtained from shallow wells.

HOW OLD ARE YOU?

Do You Know Your Age and the Year and Day of Your Birth?

How old are you? When were you born? See if you really know. See if your children know how old they are. Do not laugh at these simple questions until you try the test.

According to a recent issue of the United States public health service reports, it is a common occurrence to find school children, even high school pupils in the junior and senior years, who cannot tell how old they are, or who, if they know their age, cannot tell accurately in what year they were born.

You will need this information when you apply for a marriage license, or in registering for voting, or in seeking a government position, or in case you claim that you are heir to a fortune that is going to some other person. You may have to go under oath as to your age when you pay your custom duties upon return from your next European trip. So you should practice.

In some of our states there is no birth registration, so you may not be able to prove from the records that you ever were born. This might be embarrassing to you if you want to marry in Europe.

Perhaps the easiest way to remember your age is to form some jingle or rime on your birth year. For instance, "In 1897 little Johnnie came from heaven," or "In 1882 little Susie began to boo." Never mind what the rime is, just so you remember it, and if, after reaching the age of forty, you want to prove that you are only twenty-three years old, just change the rime and perhaps people will believe you when you repent the jingle to prove your youth.

U. S., Not U. S. A.

Do you know what is the proper abbreviation of the United States? It is U. S. It is not U. S. A. There is widespread and apparently utter ignorance of this fact. The initials U. S. A. are the officially accepted abbreviation for United States army and do not under any possible conditions ever mean United States of America. At this time, when so many manufacturers in this country are branding their goods as made in the United States, this is important. The brand of U. S. A. upon anything means that it was manufactured for the United States army. "Made In U. S." is the brand which should be put upon all goods manufactured in this country.—Albany Knickerbocker Press.

Woes of an Author.

"How's your new book coming on?"

"Passably well. The demand isn't what it should be. I mean among purchasers. And, of course, if people don't buy the book there's nothing in it for me."

"I see. By the way, I'm reading it now. Binks loaned me a copy that Tompkins borrowed from Bradley. Pretty fair story."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Earth's Diameter.

The earth's greatest diameter is not necessarily at the equator. According to the eminent Professor Henkey, the actual greatest diameter is that taken from the summit of Mount Chimborazo. The line drawn from this point to the opposite side on a point in Sumatra gives a diameter of 7,929 miles.—New York American.

Rubbing It In.

Miss Elderly—The insulting wretch! He asked me if I remembered the dreadfully cold winter of 1879. Think of it! Miss Keen—Oh, I'm sure he didn't mean to offend you, dear. He probably didn't know what a bad memory you have.—Boston Transcript.

Brooklyn Navy Yard.

The Brooklyn navy yard was established February 23, 1801, when the first land, twenty-three acres, was bought from one John Jackson for $40,000. The yard now comprises 144 acres and has a water front of nearly three miles, protected by a sea wall of granite.

Fogg & Sons
Auto Express
WEYMOUTH & EAST BRAINTREE
2 trips daily

Boston Offices: 130 Bedford St. 16 Union St.
Weymouth Office: E. Watts Store
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Town Clerk's Office
— AT —
East Weymouth Savings Bank

Office Hours: 10 to 12 a. m. 2 to 5 p. m.

At all other hours at residence on Hillcrest Road, opposite Catholic Church.

JOHN A. RAYMOND, TOWN CLERK

Mrs. G. F. Curtis
LADIES' HAIR DRESSING PARLOR

Electric Massage. Shampooing and Manicuring. Facial and Scalp Treatment. Hair Work a Specialty. Switches made from Combings.

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WEYMOUTH, MASS. Tel. Weymouth 253-M

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Carpenters and Builders : : :
QUINCY AVENUE,
East Braintree.
P. O. Address, Weymouth.

Are You Going to BUILD?
Are You Going to ENLARGE?

Now is the time to talk it over. Let us give you plans and estimates.

H. C. THOMPSON
Contractor and Builder
592 BROAD ST. EAST WEYMOUTH

Estimates given on all kinds of contracts.

Tel. Weymouth 294W..

Limousine Service

We are equipped with an up-to-date full-sized Limousine and prepared to give parties good service all hours. Call at the stable 816 Commercial St. East Weymouth, or telephone Weymouth 21699.

Geo. W. Young
Prop.

GET YOUR NEXT
HAIR CUT
AND
SHAVE
IN OUR
Up-to-Date Shop!

We know you will be satisfied.

Don't forget our special LADIES' Department Mondays, from 8 a. m. to 5 p. m. Shampoo, Facial Massage, etc., etc., at right prices.

Amos Cantara
THE CENTRAL SQUARE BARBER
Central Square East Weymouth

CHICHESTER S PILLS
DIAMOND BRAND



LADIES! Ask your Druggist for CHI-CHES-TER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS in RED and GOLD metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. TAKE NO OTHER. Buy of your Druggist and ask for CHI-CHES-TER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for twenty-five years regarded as Best, Safest, Always Reliable.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE
TIME TRIED WORTH TESTED

MEETINGS OF THE

Selectmen & Overseers of the Poor

SELECTMEN

Edward W. Hunt, Chairman, Weymouth.
Bradford Hawes, Secretary, East Weymouth
George L. Newton, North Weymouth.
Henry E. Hanley, East Weymouth.
Ralph P. Burrell, South Weymouth.

Meetings Savings Bank Building, East Weymouth, Every Monday.

during the municipal year, from 2 to 5 o'clock p. m.

Meet at the Town Home every first Tuesday of the month.

The Hingham National Bank
Established 1833

Solicits Individual and Business Accounts

(Interest is paid on accounts of $500 and over)

The officers of the Bank are always ready to give their personal attention to the needs of the depositors, and to advise in business matters

THE HINGHAM NATIONAL BANK

B. A. Robinson, *President* E. W. Jones, *Cashier*

GOOD THINGS ARE GROWING

We Furnish New Vegetables as Soon as they are to be had. Reliable Meats of All Kinds. Always on Hand a Full Line of Groceries including the Best Breakfast Foods and Standard Canned Goods.

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Broad St., Telephone 121 W. East Weymouth.

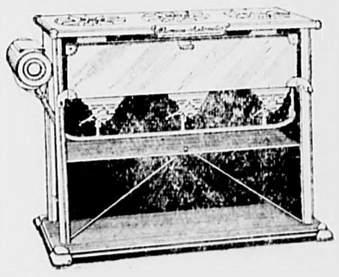
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Telephone, Weymouth 21645

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GET A SUMMER STOVE
GET A CARRIAGE FOR THE BABY

We can show you what you want in
House, Camp, Lawn or Piazza FURNITURE



Are you looking for Carpets, Rugs, Mats, Curtains and Fixtures, or Paper Hanging? If so, see our stock. Carpets Laid, Curtains Hung, Upholstering and Repairing by Experts.

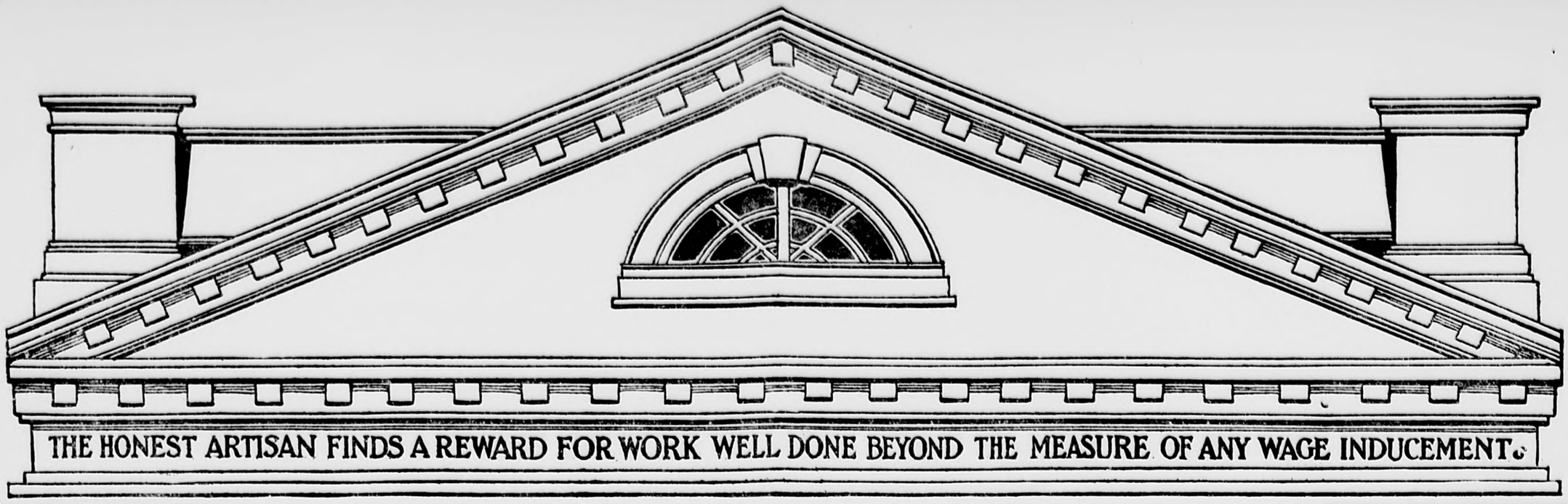
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CIVIL ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR
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NORTH WEYMOUTH, MASS.
SURVEYS MADE AND PLANS PREPARED FOR THE LAND COURT

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STAPLE AND FANCY
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UNDERWEAR and NOTIONS
New and Seasonable Goods added Every Week

Charles Harrington,
Commercial Street, near Jackson Square, East Weymouth

Advertise in the Gazette



THE HONEST ARTISAN FINDS A REWARD FOR WORK WELL DONE BEYOND THE MEASURE OF ANY WAGE INDUCEMENT.

It is an Actual Fact

Ther Never Was a Better Time to Have Your House Wired Than RIGHT NOW.

Electric Lights are a Constant Source of Comfort.

The Cost of Wiring is Less Than Repairs and Renewals, due to Blackened Ceiling, Soiled Walls and Dingy Paint.

Write or Phone for Full Particulars.

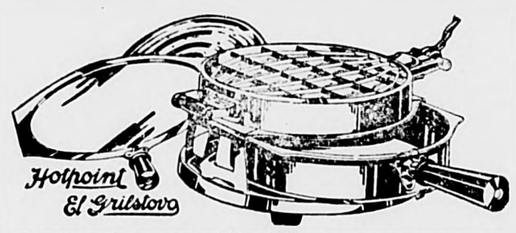
Weymouth Light and Power Co.
JACKSON SQ., EAST WEYMOUTH, MASS.
J. E. Mulligan, New-Business Manager

Service

is the slogan of the modern home.

Service is a reality in the home with the All Gas Kitchen—clean, cool and convenient.

Old Colony Gas Company



This is the **Hotpoint El Grilstovo**; two stoves, two operations, one cost.

We will gladly demonstrate the usefulness of this modern stove at any time

El Grilstovo has advantages and features too numerous to mention in this space. That is why we urge you to come and see it. Come today if possible. We are expecting you.

Next week we will show you the Hotpoint Oveno

Braintree Electric Light Company

When Building

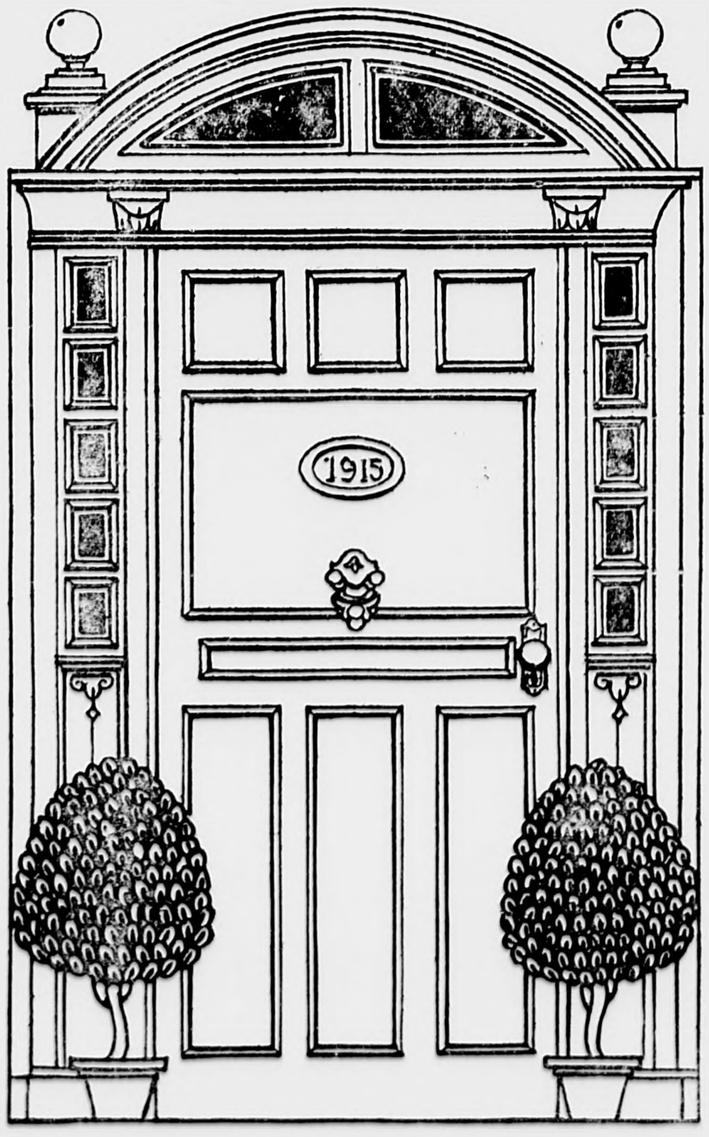
You are always sure of well manufactured and graded stock, Fair Prices and Prompt Service, *if* your contractor buys of the

RHINES LUMBER CO.
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EAST BRAINTREE
'Phone Braintree 329-M

Contractor
AND
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Estimates on any proposed building cheerfully given



Old J. D. Walsh Paint Shop near Weymouth Depot
O. P. THACKSTON
CARRIAGE and AUTO PAINTER
Ford Autos Painted Complete
$20.00
SPECIAL PRICE DURING JUNE
Commercial St., Weymouth Landing

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Plumbing and Heating
Work Guaranteed Satisfactory
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Office: 8 Commercial Street, Weymouth

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Paint Shop
Painting Papering
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ALL KINDS OF PAINTS
Estimates Furnished on Request
Drop a Card

J. Alfred Fuglestad
House Painter
Decorator Paperhanger
All work guaranteed first class and given prompt attention
Shop Near Weymouth Depot
Residence: Harbor Villa, East Braintree
Drop a Postal Card.

BUILD NOW

BUILD NOW

Weymouth Gazette
AND TRANSCRIPT
FRIDAY, JULY 2, 1915



The Glorious Fourth is close upon us and no doubt will be preceeded, celebrated and followed by the usual features. To the thinking American citizen there is much this year to rejoice over. As a Nation we have passed through trying periods. The Revolutionary war, the war of 1812, the Mexican war, the Civil War and the Spanish war. We have come through our trial and today stand as the leading nation of the world. We have grown from a little strip along the Atlantic to a country extending from ocean to ocean and from the far frozen north to the tropical south. In the language of John Adams let us celebrate and at the same time let it be "Safety First." Every body celebrate but keep on the safe side of explosives.

The following letter written by John Adams 139 years ago is good enough to hand out to American citizens today.

Philadelphia, July 5, 1776.

"Yesterday the greatest question was decided which was ever debated in America; and a greater perhaps, never was or ever will be, decided among men. A resolution was passed without one dissenting colony, "That These United Colonies Are and of Right to be Free and Independent States".

"The day is passed—The Fourth day of July, 1776, will be a memorable epoch in the history of America. I am apt to believe it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival.

"It ought to be commemorated as the day of deliverance, by solemn acts of devotion to Almighty God. It ought to be solemnized with pomp, shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires and illuminations, from one end of this continent to the other, from this time forward forever.

"You will think me transported with enthusiasm; but I am not, I am well aware of the toil and blood and treasure that it will cost us to maintain this declaration, and support and defend these States; yet through all the gloom I can see the rays of light and glory—I can see that the end is more than worth all the means; and that posterity will triumph, although you and I may rue, which I hope we shall not. I am, &c.

"John Adams."

BOY SCOUT NOTES.

Troop 2, East Weymouth.

LAWN PARTY

Quite in keeping with the occasion was the right supplied by the weatherman to the Boy Scouts of America, Troop 2 of East Weymouth for there 4th annual lawn party held last Friday evening on the grounds of the M. E. Church, under the direction of the Scoutmaster John E. MacFaun assisted by the assistant scoutmasters Norman E. Dizer and Emerson R. Dizer.

The grounds were illuminated by many colored lights and the scouts in uniform assisted in every way to make the event a success.

The usual good things were offered for sale and all the tables were cleaned by the ready customers before the evening was over.

Under the direction of Harold C. Lincoln an entertainment was given in the chapel which brought forth enthusiastic applause from all. The program consisted of selections by Richards orchestra, violin solo by scout Wilbur of Troop 1, readings by Miss Lena Jones, cornet solo by Miss Theodora Keith, demonstrations by scouts Blackney, Rand, Lincoln, Blackwell and Bates of Troop 2 and bugle calls by the buglers of Troop 5.

The tables were in charge of the following, ice cream, John Blackney, chr.; candy, Ned Rand, chr.; punch, Emery Millett chr.; frankforts, Wilburt Comeau chr.; peanuts, Bennett McDonald, chr.; pop corn, Edward Lincoln, chr. and dart gun games, Ralph Quinn, chr.

The best of success attended the scouts and as a result a tidy sum was raised which is to be devoted towards paying the expenses of the troop at camp this summer.

Family Portraits.

There is a beautiful home on Long Island that the owners wished to lease for the summer. Two parvenus with social ambition thought this residence might be the means of launching them into local society, so they went to look it over. Upon entering the boudoir of a young woman member of the family, their eyes fell upon a beautiful Madonna on the wall. They also observed a Beatrice. One of the party said, "Well, if we do take the house, will you please remove the family portraits?"—Judge.



Safety First!

"Safety First" to the housewife means safeguarding the family's home-baked food.

Always use Royal Baking Powder which insures delicious and healthful food.

Royal Baking Powder is made from cream of tartar—derived from grapes.

Contains No Alum or Lime Phosphate

SOUTH WEYMOUTH

—Robert Hyatt has taken a position for the summer at Stowell Bros.' grocery store.

—Master Frank Foster of Whitman is visiting friends in town.

—Mrs. Sarah Colrain of Park avenue has been spending a few days with her sister, Mrs. William Gaffeny of Whitman.

—The Stetson Shoe Co., will close down Fourth of July week.

—Miss Elsie Blanchard of Rockport, Mass., is visiting her mother at her home on Bates avenue.

—Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Abbott have been visiting Mr. Abbott's parents at Georgetown, Mass., the past few days.

—Sidney R. Cook and wife have returned from Yale University, New Haven, where Mr. Cook attended the 10th reunion of his class.

—Mrs. Harry Bates and daughter, Helen of Atlanta, Ga., are spending the summer with Mrs. Bates' mother, Mrs. Helen F. Barnes.

—Misses Lucia Nash and Emma Johnson graduated from Burdett college this week.

—The Camp-fire girls of the Union church leave tomorrow for a two weeks' sojourn in North Scituate. Mrs. Alonzo Newbert and Miss Mildred Thomas will be their chaperones.

—Combination 5 was called out at 12 A. M. Monday to box 49. It proved to be a false alarm.

—Rev. W. W. Rose will preach his farewell sermon at the Universalist church next Sunday morning.

—The Union church is to hold services through the summer months. The Universalist church will close through the month of August.

—Miss Grace Frawley, a teacher in the Boston schools, is at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Frawley on Pleasant street.

—The Union, Old South and Universalist churches held their annual picnic at Nantasket last Wednesday. A large crowd enjoyed the affair.

—The engagement is announced of Stacy Wentworth, son of Judge and Mrs. G. L. Wentworth of this town to Miss Jula M. Wagner of Nantucket.

—Mr. and Mrs. Albert Doble of Whitman are at their cottage at Great Pond for the summer.

—Henry Jesseman and a party of friends motored to Woods Hole last Sunday.

—Elmer Blenis is on a motorcycle trip to Albany, N. Y. this week.

—Frank Howe is back at his duties with the Boston Consolidated Gas Co. after a two weeks' vacation spent in New Hampshire.

—Mr. and Mrs. Harry Waitt have returned from their wedding trip and are at their home in Norfolk Downs.

—Sherman Lowell of Mercersburg academy is at his home for the summer.

—Freeman Putney Jr. and family are visiting at Providence, R. I., for a few days.

—Reginald Nash left yesterday for Oxford, Me., where he will have charge of Camp Kohut for the summer.

—George Marshall and George Crawford leaves today for Bangor, Me., where they will spend two weeks on a fishing trip.

—Miss Louise Dyson of Needham has been visiting Miss Alida Gardiner of Union street.

—Urban Nolan has gone to Colebrook, N. H. where he has a position at a hotel for the summer.

—Miss Alice Talbot of Newton was in town for a few days last week.

—Miss Mae Collarmore of Norwell is spending a few days with her cousin, Miss Avis Howard of Main street.

—Misses Velma Richardson and Nina Starr are having a two weeks' vacation from their duties in the office of the Stetson Shoe Co.

—A loving cup was presented to Rev. W. W. Rose by the members of the Young People's Christian Union, at a banquet, last Friday evening, in the Universalist church.

—Frederick Dyer left yesterday for Camp Wyanoke on Lake Winnepesaukee, N. H., where he will spend the summer in a boys' camp.

—Miss Louise Hinks, who has been teaching at West Wareham the past year, is at her home on Union street.

—Carrier Elbridge B. Nash and Clerk Clyde Hirtle of the local post office are enjoying a fifteen days' vacation.

—Mrs. Frank Joy fell and sprained her ankle recently.

—Roy Jones and family have taken up their residence in town.

—Mrs. Jnnie B. Morril and daughter, Jessie are at Calais, Me., for the week.

—Mrs. William Connors and son, Fred, spent Sunday with relatives at Natick.

—Mrs. J. Carleton Trainor of Gardiner, Me., were in town the first of the week.

—Stanley Heald is attending commencement exercises at Amherst this week.

—Belle Corliss, who is training to be a nurse at the Brockton hospital, was in town last week.

—Clarence Fearing is back at his duties in the Custom house after a two weeks' illness.

—Mrs. Karl Granger was a guest of the Amity Rebekah lodge of North Cambridge the first of the week.

—Francis Reilly and Henry Madden are at their respective homes for a few days. They are employed at the Sears, Roebuck factory at Springvale, Me.

—Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Nash, who were married last week, have returned from their wedding trip to Atlantic City and have taken up their residence at 238 Hemenway street, Boston.

—Miss Nancy Torrey has returned from Wellesly where she has been visiting relatives.

—Mr. and Mrs. Geo. B. White of Brockton are the parents of a daughter born recently. Mrs. White was formerly Miss Gertrude Prescott of this town.

—Miss Alida Baker is spending her vacation at Androscoggin lake, Maine.

—Halsey Elwell has returned from a trip through the west in the interests of the Stetson Shoe Co.

—Miss Margaret Foley gave an interesting talk on "Why Women Should Vote," last Wednesday evening in Columbian square. There was an audience of about two hundred.

—Russell A. Shaw of Pine street passed away at about midnight, Thursday, July 2nd, after a short illness. Mr. Shaw had reached the age of 84. Interment will be in the Mt. Hope cemetery.

—Robert Alvord, who graduated last week from Yale University received general two years' honors for excellence in all studies. This summer Mr. Alvord will be employed by Splitdorf Magneto Co., of Newark, N. J. In the fall he plans to return to Yale as an assistant instructor in the laboratory and to take additional studies.

—Fred Dunn of Pond street has enlisted in the navy and is stationed at Naval Training Station at Newport, R. I.

Old South Church Notes.

For the church vacation July 11th, 18th, 25th and Aug. 1st, the morning services and Sunday school will be omitted. Sunday evening service at 6.30 p. m. with Christian Endeavor topics will be continued. All are welcome.

Next Sunday the pastor will preach at 10.30. A communion service at 2 o'clock. A combination service at 6.30. Subject "National Ideals and How Home Missions Promote Them."

Optimistic Thought.
Shame lasts longer than poverty.

Thomas Otis, Dead.

Although in feeble health for some time the end came quite suddenly to Thomas Otis, at his home on High street, East Weymouth, on Wednesday, in the 74th year of his age. Mr. Otis was a native of Scituate, but for a long time a respected citizen of East Weymouth.

He was a veteran of the civil war, a member of Reynolds Post 58, G. A. R., and well known in Grand Army circles.

Funeral services will be held at his late home on High street this (Friday) afternoon, at 2 o'clock, and the remains taken to Scituate for burial. Mr. Otis leaves a widow, two sons and two daughters.

When We Work Best.

Autumn and spring are the best seasons of the year for all kinds of work. At a very low temperature both mental and physical work are depressing. Mental work reaches its highest efficiency at a temperature of 38 degrees while physical work reaches its maximum at 59 degrees for men and 60 degrees for women. Recent investigations show that weather variations are distinctly good for us and promote our mental efficiency.

$1,000

will buy 6 Room House 2 Minutes to Electric Cars and 5 Minutes to Steam Cars. Easy Terms. Call and see me about it.

RUSSELL B. WORSTER,
Real Estate and Insurance Agent.
Auctioneer, Notary, Justice of the Peace
8 Commercial Street, Weymouth.

Outing Shoes

IT IS TIME TO BE FITTED OUT.

Men's Rubber Sole and Heel Oxfords
in tan and black (white soles)
$3.00 to $4.50

Women's Rubber Sole and Heel Oxfords
(Leather re-inforced tip)
$3.00

Women's Juniper sole rubber heel Oxfords
(In tan and black)
$2.75

WOMEN'S BLACK PUMP JUNIPER SOLE RUBBER HEEL **$3.00**

Play Shoes for Everyone 80c to $2.00

A full line of BEST QUALITY TENNIS in White and Brown (white soles) At Lowest Prices.

JONES Just Around The Corner
1 Granite St., QUINCY

Easy Cooking! Make Summer Cooking Easy By Using
"Priscilla" Prepared Flour
For Cake, Doughnuts, Gingerbread. 15c pkg.
HUNT'S MARKET GROCERY
WASHINGTON SQ., WEYMOUTH 'PHONE 152

Advertise in the Gazette.

FOR THE BATH

Hot water is the universal cleanser. It acts as a tonic on tired, aching nerves. Refreshing sleep is the result of the "bedtime bath."

This health, comfort and happiness cannot be had unless there is an abundance of clean hot water.

The gas water heater will furnish this service at very small cost—so trifling compared to the good health it brings. And the terms are very convenient.

Old Colony Gas Company

IMPERIAL TIRES Guaranteed for 3,500 miles

30x3	round tread,	$7.70;	non-skid	$8.10	
30x3½	"	"	9.95;	"	10.45
32x3½	"	"	11.40;	"	12.00
33x4	"	"	16.30;	"	17.10
34x4	"	"	16.60;	"	17.40
36x4½	"	"	23.50;	"	24.55

Other sizes at proportionate rates

SARGENT BROS. GARAGE

644 Main St Tel. Wey. 263-R

George M. Keene

CARPENTER

AND

BUILDER

16 Fairmount Ave., East Weymouth

Repair Work of all kinds promptly attended to

Agent for Metal Ceilings. Tel. Con.

REPAIR NOW

Before starting in however drop in to our store and give our line a thorough examination.

WE CARRY

a full stock of all garden implements, at popular prices.

Among our specialties at lowest prices are: lawnmowers, rakes, hoes, forks etc.

We are the recognized headquarters for best garden hose and equipment.

Screens, screen wire, frames, and other such goods. This year we are carrying fertilizer, which we guarantee. Don't forget our Bay State Paints and Oils cannot be beaten.

J. H. MURRAY

759 Broad St. East Weymouth, Mass.

TELEPHONE 272-J WEYMOUTH

House Cleaning and Home Renovation

NOW IS THE TIME TO DO IT

Modern Up-To-Date Furniture, Upholstering and Repairing in all its branches.

Ranges—all of the best makes.

W. P. Denbroeder

Complete House Furnishing Store

738 Broad Street East Weymouth

"GO TO EVERETT LOUD'S FIRST"

To Save Time, Trouble and Money

FOR

TEAS and COFFEES

HARDWARE, CUTLERY, PAINTS, OILS and GLASS

FAMILY GROCERIES, TABLE DELICACIES,

CROCKERY, PATENT MEDICINES,

CIGARS AND TOBACCOS.

Jackson Square East Weymouth, Mass.

BUILD NOW also REPAIR NOW

With the arrival of Spring, the time is now here to repair and build for the summer. If you are contemplating any repairing or building call on

JAMES P. HADDIE

Carpenter and Builder

Shop, 46 Union Avenue East Weymouth

TEL. 238-W

SCREENS AND SCREEN DOORS A SPECIALTY

SUBSCRIBE for the GAZETTE

NORTH WEYMOUTH.

—Dr William A Drake is at the Boothby Hospital, Boston, where he was operated on last week At present writing he is reported to be slightly improved

—Miss Isbelle Bartlett left town Wednesday for a month's visit with relatives in Little Rock, Arkansas.

—E J Goulart, principal of the Athens school, has gone to his home in Provincetown, where he will spend the summer.

—Rev Arthur Mercer was called to Orleans this week to attend the funeral of one of his former parishioners in that town

—Miss Louise Whittemore of South Hadley entertained a house party at her summer home at Bayview last week.

—A class of 27 was graduated from the Athens school on Thursday of last week.

—Willis Rand has entered the employ of J W Bartlett & Co for the summer.

—Mrs Charles Alden has been confined to her home by illness the past two weeks.

—Miss Helen Ward has returned to her home in Framingham to spend the summer vacation

—Miss Margaret Towle is entertaining a number of friends at a house party at her summer home, Squanto Road, Wessagussett

—Mr and Mrs Charles V Glynn motored from their home in Hershey, Pa, this week and are now visiting friends in town Mrs Glynn was formerly Miss Clara Newton, daughter of Mr and Mrs H A Newton

—Miss Bertha Estes is enjoying a two weeks' vacation in Maine.

—Mr and Mrs Leon Johnston have taken up their residence at Fort Point for the season.

—Mrs. Emily Bly is visiting relatives in Gardner for a month.

—The Sunday school pupils of the Pilgrim Congregational and Universalist churches are enjoying their annual picnic at Ridge Hill grove today (Friday)

—Box 116 was sounded at midnight last Thursday for a fire in the Pine Point garage, near Quincy bridge. The fire was discovered by Thomas Coleman, who sounded the alarm Two automobiles were burned and the entire inside of the building ruined

—The alarm from box 14, Sunday evening, was for a fire in a building at Wessagusett, formerly used by W H Graffam as a lobster house. The building was destroyed but there was no other damage

—The Sunday school of the Universalist church closed last Sunday until the second Sunday in September. There will be two more church services before the vacation.

—Christina Davidson, the 54-year-old daughter of Mr and Mrs Peter Davidson of New Downer Landing, was struck by an automobile on Bridge street, Monday night. She was taken to the home of Dr Michael Sweeney, where she died a few hours later.

—Mr and Mrs Edgar Alger and children of South Weymouth spent Sunday with Mr and Mrs W A Pratt of Charles street

—Mrs. Sophia Beal of Hingham is spending a week with her sister, Mrs F H Torrey

—James Bunker passed away at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Alfred Cadman of Norton street, last Friday, after a lingering illness. Funeral services were held from his late home on Tuesday afternoon. Interment was in the North Weymouth cemetery.

GOOD BACKS FOR BAD.

Weymouth Residents Are Learning How To Exchange the Old Back For a Stronger One.

Does your back ache, feel weak and painful?

Do you suffer headaches, languor and depression?

Is the urine discolored, passages irregular?

The kidneys may be calling for help

Weak kidneys cannot do their work

Give them the help they need.

To cure a kidney backache you must cure the kidneys

Use a tested and proven kidney remedy

Doan's Kidney Pills have stood their test

Convincing proof of merit in Weymouth endorsement:

Mrs. B W Hewett, 191 Washington street, Weymouth, says: "Some days when doing my work all of a sudden I would get a catch in my back. Another of my family had taken Doan's Kidney Pills and had been greatly helped, so I started using them My back soon felt stronger and better in every way. Whenever my back gets weak now from overdoing at my housework, Doan's Kidney Pills relieve me."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Hewett had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

CARD OF THANKS

The members of the family of Mrs. Almira D Nightingale wish to extend their thanks to the many friends, and W. R. C 102, for their kindness and sympathy during the illness and death of their mother, and to assure them that those many acts of kindness will long be cherished as a loving tribute to the loving mother that has passed away.

T. FRANK NIGHTINGALE,
IRVING R. NIGHTINGALE,
ELIZABETH S. NIGHTINGALE

TUFTS LIBRARY.

The books will be ready for delivery on the Saturday following the issue of the Gazette and Transcript containing the list.

Barr, Mrs. A. E. The winning of Lucia	B271 51
Brady, C. T. The little angel of Canyon Creek	B725 16
Chesterton, G. K. The wisdom of Father Brown	C4275.5
Churchill, Winston. A far country	C476.9
Cooke, M. B. Bamoi	C7743 1
Cooney, P. J. The dons of the old pueblo	C778 1
Curtis, Mrs. A. T. A little maid of Province Town j	C942 9
Dell, E. M. The keeper of the door	D382 5
Dowd, E. C. Doodles, the sunshine boy j	D753 3
Doyle, Sir A. C. The valley of fear; a Sherlock Holmes novel	D773 28
Erskine, Mrs. E. P. A girl of the Blue Ridge	E734 5
Halifax, Robert. A slice of life	H139.2
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NOTE: During July and August the usual change in evening hours will be made; see Borrower's card. Vacation privileges will be granted as usual.

ABBIE L. LOUD, Librarian

July 2, 1915.

Wants, For Sale, To Let, Etc.

Four lines or less under this head, 25 cents each insertion; each extra line 10c. Count 5 words to a line

No ads. accepted in this department unless accompanied by the cash.

FOR SALE—Jackson Automobile, 1910 Model 30, in first class running condition. Owner will gladly demonstrate. Inquire of J. E. Fabyan, Clapp Memorial Ass'n. Tel. 224 W. 3tf

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WANTED—People to know that it costs only 25 cents to make known their wants in this column.

Surgical Forecast.

Surgeons having supplied one man with a steel backbone, re-enforced concrete may come next.

WEYMOUTH HEIGHTS

—Norman Hunt of Stoneham has been a recent guest of his aunt Miss M. M. Hunt

—George Clapp and family of Dorchester are to take up their residence in the house owned by Mr Clapp on Union avenue.

—Parker T Pearson and family are spending the summer on Mr Pearson's farm at East Bridgewater In the fall they will reside in the old Putman house at the Heights

—Mrs Mercy M Hunt will celebrate her eightieth birthday on next Sunday and will be glad to receive her friends and relatives on that day.

—Miss Abbie E Bates pleasantly entertained the Home department of the Old North Sunday school at her home on Thursday afternoon.

—A meeting of the teachers of the Old North Sunday school was held with the pastor Rev Edward J Yaeger on Thursday evening to make plans for the annual Sunday School picnic, which is to be held at Island Grove Park, Abington The date will be announced on Sunday.

—The Thursday evening meetings of the Old North Church will be discontinued during July

—The "Girl's Union" held their last meeting of the season in the Old North chapel Sunday at 5.45 o'clock The meeting was open to the public and a large number were present Miss Isabel Jones was the leader and the subject of the meeting was "The Church".

—Mrs. Annie Thompson Lambert and two children of Manchester, N. H have come to spend the summer at her old home.

—Miss Amy Phillips of Boston has been a recent guest of Mr. and Mrs. John B Merrill.

—Mrs. Charles Putman and daughter of Boston are spending a few months at their summer home at the Heights

—Mrs. Ann Winters and three children recently of Union avenue have moved to North Weymouth on Bridge street

—Joseph Severance has returned from a three month's business trip through the West. On his way home he called for Mrs Severance, who was making a visit with her sister in Chicago.

—Miss Clara E Cole, formerly of this place, now of East Weymouth, left Friday by way of the Canadian Pacific over the Rockies, on a two months trip to California her travelling companion being Miss Priscilla Merritt of Somerville. They are to spend some little time at the San Francisco fair, after which they will go to Long Beach to call on George White and daughter Doris, who lived for a number of years at the Heights They will also enjoy the San Diego fair, and from there will return home by way of Salt Lake and Colorado Springs

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Dark Hollow

By
Anna Katharine Green

Illustrations by C. D Rhodes

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CHAPTER XIV.

The Telegram.

This was the document and these the words which Deborah, widow of the man thus doubly denounced, had been given to read by the father of the writer, in the darkened room which had been and still was to her, an abode of brooding thought and unfathomable mystery.

No wonder that during its reading more than one exclamation of terror and dismay escaped her. There were so many reasons for believing this record to be an absolute relation of the truth.

Incoherent phrases which had fallen from those long-closed lips took on new meaning with this unveiling of an unknown past. Repugnances for which she could not account in those old days, she now saw explained. He would never, even in passing, give a look at the ruin on the bluff, so attractive to every eye but his own. As for entering its gates—she had never dared so much as to ask him to do so.

Then the watch! Deborah knew well that watch. She had often asked him by what stroke of luck he had got so fine a timepiece. God! was her mind veering back to her old idea as to his responsibility for the crime committed in Dark Hollow? Yes; she could not help it. Denial from a monster like this—a man who with such memories and such spoil, could return home to wife and child, with some gay and confused story of a great stroke in speculation which had brought him in the price of the tavern it had long been his ambition to own—what was denial from such lips worth? The judge was right. Oliver—whose ingenuous story had restored his image to her mind, with some of its old graces—had been the victim of circumstances and not John Scoville.

Her thoughts had reached this stage and her hand, in obedience to the new mood, was lightly ruffling up the pages before her, when she felt a light touch on her shoulder and turned with a start.

The judge was at her back. How long he had stood there she did not know, nor did he say, but when upon feeling his hand upon her shoulder she turned, he was there; and while his lips failed to speak, his eyes were eloquent and their question single and imperative.

"What do you think of him now?" they seemed to ask, and rising to her feet, she met him with a smile, ghastly perhaps with the lividness of the shadows through which she had been groping, but encouraging withal and soothing beyond measure to his anxious and harassed soul.

"Oliver is innocent," she declared, turning once more to lay her hand upon the sheets containing his naive confession. "The dastard who could shoot his host for plunder is capable of a second crime holding out a similar inducement. Nothing now will ever make me connect Oliver with the crime at the bridge. As you said, he was simply near enough the hollow to toss into it the stick he had been whittling. I am his advocate from this minute."

Her eyes were still resting mechanically upon that last page lying spread out before her, and she did not observe in its full glory the first gleam of triumphant joy which, in all probability, Judge Ostrander's countenance had shown in years. Nor did he see, in the glad confusion of the moment, the quick shudder with which she lifted her trembling hand away from those papers and looked up, squarely at last, into his transfigured visage.

"Mrs. Scoville, I love my boy. I—what's that?"

The front doorbell was ringing.

In a flash Deborah was out of the room.

When the judge at last came forth, it was at Reuther's bidding. A gentleman wished to see him in the parlor.

With a dark glance, not directed against her, however, the judge bade her run away to the kitchen and as far from all these troubles as she could, then, locking his door behind him, as he always did, he strode towards the front.

He found Deborah standing guard over an ill-conditioned fellow, whose slouching figure slouched still more under his eye, but gave no other acknowledgment of his presence. Passing him without a second look, Judge Ostrander found Mr. Black awaiting him.

There was no bad blood between these two, whatever their past relations or present suspicions, and they were soon shaking hands with every appearance of mutual cordiality.

The judge was especially courteous. "I am glad," said he, "of any occasion which brings you again under my roof, though from the appearance of your companion I judge the present one to be of no very agreeable character."

"Judge, I'm your friend;" thus Mr. Black began. "Thinking you must wish to know who started the riotous procedure which disgraced our town today, I have brought the ringleader here to answer for himself—that is, if you wish to question him."

Judge Ostrander wheeled about, gave the man a searching look, and failing to recognize him as any one he had ever seen before, beckoned him in.

"I suppose," said he, when the lounging and insolent figure was fairly before their eyes, "that this is not the first time you have been asked to explain your enmity to my long-absent son."

"Naw; I've had my talk wherever and whenever I took the notion. Oliver Ostrander hit me once. I was jest a little chap then and meanin' no harm to any one. I kept a-pesterin' of 'im and he hit me. He'd a better have hit a feller who hadn't my memory. I've never forgiven that hit, and I never will. That's why I'm hittin' him now. It's just my turn; that's all."

"Your turn! Your turn! And what do you think has given you an opportunity to turn on him?"

"I'm not in the talkin' mood just now," the fellow drawled, frankly insolent, not only in his tone but in his



He Found Deborah Standing Guard Over an Ill Conditioned Fellow.

bearing to all present. "Nor can you make it worth my while, gents. I'll not take money. I'm an honest, hard-workin' man who can earn his own livin', and you can't pay me to keep still, or to go away from Shelby a day sooner than I want to. I was goin' away, but I gave it up when they told me that things were beginnin' to look black against Ol Ostrander—that a woman had come into town who was a-stirrin' up things generally about that old murder for which a feller had already been 'lectrocuted, and knowin' somethin' myself about that murder, and Ol Ostrander, I—well, I stayed."

The quiet threat, the suggested possibility, the attack which wraps itself in vague uncertainty, are ever the most effective. As his raucous voice, dry with sinister purpose which no man could shake, died out in an offensive drawl, Mr. Black edged a step nearer the judge, before he sprang and caught the young fellow by the coat-collar and gave him a very vigorous shake.

"See here!" he threatened. "Behave yourself and treat the judge like a gentleman or—"

But the judge was not ready for this. The judge had gained a new lease of life in the last half-hour and he felt no fear of this sullen bill-poster for all his sly innuendoes. He, therefore, hindered the lawyer from his purpose, by a quick gesture of so much dignity and resolve that even the lout himself was impressed and dropped some of his sullen bravado.

"I have something to say to this fellow," he announced. "Perhaps he does not know his folly. Perhaps he thinks because I was thrown aback today by those public charges against my son and a string of insults for which no father could be prepared, that I am seriously disturbed over the position into which such unthinking men as himself have pushed Mr. Oliver Ostrander. I might be if there were truth in these charges or any serious reason for connecting my upright and honorable son with the low crime of a highwayman. But there is not. I aver it and so will this lady here whom you have doubtless recognized for the one who has stirred this matter up. You can bring no evidence to show guilt on my son's part"—these words he directed straight at the discomfited poster of bills—"because there is no evidence to bring."

Mr. Black's eyes sparkled with admiration. He could not have used this method with the lad, but he recognized the insight of the man who could. Bribes were a sign of weakness, so were force and counter-attack; but scorn—a calm ignoring of the power of any one to seriously shake Oliver Ostrander's established position—that might rouse wrath and bring avowal; certainly it had shaken the man; he looked much less aggressive and self-confident than before.

However, though impressed, he was not yet ready to give in. Shuffling about with his feet, but not yet shrinking from an encounter few men of his stamp would have cared to subject themselves to, he answered with a remark delivered with a little more civility than any of his previous ones:

"What you call evidence may not be the same as I calls evidence. If you're satisfied at thinkin' my word's no good, that's your business. I know how I should feel if I was Ol Ostrander's father and knew what I know."

"Let him go," spoke up a wavering voice. It was Deborah's.

But the judge was deaf to the warning. Deborah's voice had but reminded him of Deborah's presence. Its tone had escaped him. He was too engrossed in the purpose he had in mind to notice shades of inflection.

But Mr. Black had, and quick as thought he echoed her request:

"He is forgetting himself. Let him go, Judge Ostrander."

But that astute magistrate, wise in all other causes but his own, was no more ready now than before to do this.

"In a moment," he conceded. "Let me first make sure that this man understands me. I have said that there exists no evidence against my son. This I aver; and this the lady here will aver. You have probably already recognized her. If not, allow me to tell you that she is the lady whose efforts have brought back this case to the public mind: Mrs. Scoville, the wife of John Scoville and the one of all others who has the greatest interest in proving her husband's innocence. If she says, that after the most careful inquiry and a conscientious reconsideration of this case, she has found herself forced to come to the conclusion that justice has already been satisfied in this matter, you will believe her, won't you?"

"I don't know," drawled the man, a low and cunning expression lighting up his ugly countenance. "She wants to marry her daughter to your son. Any live dog is better than a dead one; I guess her opinion don't go for much."

Recoiling before a cynicism that pierced with unerring skill the one joint in his armor he knew to be vulnerable, the judge took a minute in which to control his rage and then addressing the half-averted figure in the window said:

Mrs. Scoville, will you assure this man that you have no expectations of marrying your daughter to Oliver Ostrander?"

With a slow movement more suggestive of despair than any she had been seen to make since the hour of her indecision had first struck, she shifted in her seat and finally faced them, with the assertion:

"Reuther Scoville will never marry Oliver Ostrander. Whatever my wishes or willingness in the matter, she herself is so determined. Not because she does not believe in his integrity, for she does; but because she will not unite herself to one whose prospects in life are more to her than her own happiness."

The fellow stared, then laughed:

"She's a goodun," he sneered. "And you believe that bosh?"

Mr. Black could no longer contain himself.

"I believe you are the biggest rascal in town," he shouted. "Get out, or I won't answer for myself. Ladies are not to be treated in this manner."

Did he remember his own rough handling of the sex on the witness stand?

"I didn't ask to see the ladies," protested Flannagan, turning with a slinking gait toward the door.

If they only had let him go! If the judge in his new self-confidence had not been so anxious to deepen the effect and make any future repetition of the situation impossible!

"You understand the lady," he interposed, with the quiet dignity which was so imposing on the bench. "She has no sympathy with your ideas and no faith in your conclusions. She believes absolutely in my son's innocence."

"Do you, ma'am?" The man had turned and was surveying her with the dogged impudence of his class. "I'd like to hear you say it, if you don't mind, ma'am. Perhaps, then, I'll believe it."

"I—" she began, trembling so, that she failed to reach her feet, although she made one spasmodic effort to do so. "I believe—Oh, I feel ill! It's been too much—I—" her head fell forward and she turned herself quite away from them all.

"You see, she ain't so eager, jedge, as you thought," laughed the bill-poster, with a clumsy bow he evidently meant to be sarcastic.

"Oh, what have I done!" moaned Deborah, starting up as though she would fling herself after the retreating figure, now half way down the hall.

She saw in the look of the judge as he forcibly stopped her, and heard in the lawyer's whisper as he bounded past them both to see the fellow out: "Useless; nothing will bridle him now;" and finding no support for her despairing spirit either on earth or, as she thought, in heaven, she collapsed where she sat and fell unnoticed to the floor, where she lay prone at the feet of the equally unconscious figure of the judge, fixed in another attack of his peculiar complaint.

And thus the lawyer found them when he returned from closing the gate behind Flannagan.

* * * * * * *

"I cannot say anything, I cannot do anything till I have had a few words with Mrs. Scoville. How soon do you think I can speak to her?"

"Not very soon. Her daughter says she is quite worn out. Would it not be better to give her a rest for tonight, judge?"

The judge, now quite recovered but strangely shrunk and wan, showed no surprise at this request, odd as it was, on the lips of this honest but somewhat crabbed lawyer, but answered out of the fullness of his own heart and from the depths of his preoccupation:

"My necessity is greater than her. The change I saw in her is inexplicable. One moment she was all fire and determination, satisfied of Oliver's innocence and eager to proclaim it. The next—but you were with us. You witnessed her hesitation—felt its force and what its effect was upon the damnable scamp who has our honor—the honor of the Ostranders under his tongue. Something must have produced this change. What? good friend, what?"

"I don't know any more than you do, Judge. But I think you are mistaken about the previous nature of her feelings. I noticed that she was not at peace with herself when she came into the room."

"What's that?" The tone was short, and for the first time irritable.

"The change, if there was a change, was not so sudden as you think. She looked troubled, and as I thought, irresolute when she came into the room."

"You don't know her; you don't know what passed between us. She was all right then, but—go to her, Black. She must have recovered by this time. Ask her to come here for a minute. I won't detain her. I will wait for her warning knock right here."

The judge had declared his necessity to be greater than hers, and after Mr. Black had subjected him to one of his most searching looks he decided that this was so, and quietly departed upon his errand. The judge left alone, sat, a brooding figure in his great chair, with no light in heart or mind to combat the shadows of approaching night settling heavier and heavier upon the room and upon himself with every slow passing and intolerable minute.

At last, when the final ray had departed and darkness reigned supreme, there came a low knock on the door. Then a troubled cry:

"Oh, judge, are you here?"

"Don't come any nearer; it is not necessary." A pause, then the quick question ringing hollow from the darkness: "Why have your doubts returned? Why are you no longer the woman you were when not an hour ago and in this very spot you cried, 'I will be Oliver's advocate!'" Then, as no answer came—as minutes passed, and still no answer came, he spoke again and added: "I know that you are ill and exhausted—broken between duty and sympathy; but you must answer me, Mrs. Scoville. My affairs won't wait. I must know the truth and all the truth before this day is over."

"You shall." Her voice sounded hollow, too, and, oh, how weary! "You allowed the document you showed me to remain a little too long before my eyes. That last page—need I say it?"

"Say it."

"Shows—shows change, Judge Ostrander. Some words have been erased and new ones written in. They are not many, but—"

"I understand. I do not blame, you, Deborah." The words came after a pause and very softly, almost as softly as her own, but which had sounded its low knell of doom through the darkness. "Too many stumbling-blocks in your way, Deborah, too much to combat. The most trusting heart



She Lay at the Feet of the Unconscious Figure of the Judge.

must give way under such a strain. That page was tampered with. I tampered with it myself. I am not expert at forgery. I had better have left it, as he wrote it." Then after another silence, he added, with a certain vehemence: "We will struggle no longer, either you or I. The boy must come home. Prepare Reuther, or, if you think best, provide a place for her where she will be safe from the storm which bids fair to wreck us here. No, don't speak; just ask Mr. Black to return, will you?"

When Mr. Black re-entered the study, it was to find the room lighted and the judge bent over the table, writing.

"You are going to send for Oliver?" he queried.

The judge hesitated, then motioning Black to sit, said abruptly:

"What is Andrews' attitude in this matter?"

Andrews was Shelby's district attorney.

Black's answer was like the man.

"I saw him for one minute an hour ago. I think, at present, he is inclined to be both deaf and dumb, but if he's driven to action, he will act. And, judge, the man Flannagan isn't going to stop where he is."

"Black, be merciful to my misery. What does this man know? Have you any idea?"

"No, judge, I haven't. He's as tight as a drum—and as noisy. It is possible—just possible that he's as empty. A few days will tell."

"I cannot wait for a few days. I hardly feel as if I could wait a few hours. Oliver must come, even if—if the consequences are likely to be fatal. An Ostrander once accused cannot skulk. Oliver has been accused and—Send that!" he quickly cried, pulling forward the telegram he had written.

Mr. Black took up the telegram and read:

Come at once. Imperative. No delay and no excuse.
ARCHIBALD OSTRANDER.

"Mrs. Sc[illegible]e will supply the address," continued the poor father. "You will see that it goes, and that its sending is kept secret. The answer, if any is sent, had better be directed to your office. What do you say, Black?"

"I am your friend, right straight through, judge. Your friend."

"And my boy's adviser?"

"I'm a surly fellow, judge. I have known you all these years, yet I've never expressed—never said what I even find it hard to say now, that—that my esteem is something more than esteem; that—that I'll do anything for you, judge."

"I—we won't talk of that, Black. Tell Mrs. Scoville to keep me informed—and bring me any message that may come. The boy, even if he leaves the first thing in the morning, cannot get here before tomorrow night."

"Not possibly."

"He will telegraph. I shall hear from him. O God! the hours I must wait; my boy! my boy!"

It was nature's irrepressible cry! Black pressed his hand and went out with the telegram.

To be continued.

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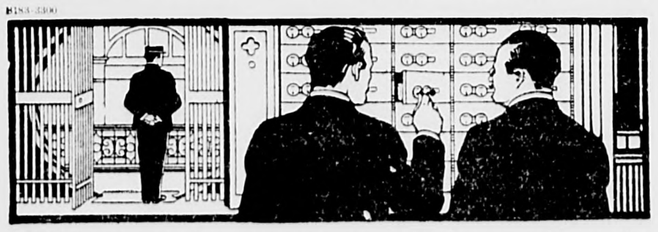
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Famous Cotuit Oysters served in all styles, and by the quart

Home Made Pastry. Quick Service. **Meals at all hours** Our Specialty—4 kinds of Ice Cream. Can you beat it?

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IF you have something that is intended for *your* eyes only, put it in one of our Safe Deposit Boxes

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East Weymouth Savings Bank

EAST WEYMOUTH

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Clerk, JOHN A. MacFAUN Treasurer JOHN A. RAYMOND

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Bank open daily from 9 A.M. to 12 M.; 2 to 5 P.M., excepting Saturday, when the hours will be from 9 A.M. to 12 M. only. Monday evenings, for deposits only, from 7 to 8.30.

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Deposits received on or before the thirteenth of the quarter are placed on interest from the above date.

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6tf

Sheriff's Sale

Commonwealth of Massachusetts

NORFOLK, ss.

Quincy, May 7, A. D. 1915

Seized on execution, and will be sold at public auction, on Saturday, July 3, A. D., 1915, at nine o'clock A. M., at my residence, No. 165 Franklin street, in said Quincy, all the right, title and interest that Frank Nelson, had (not exempt by law from attachment or levy on execution) on the said 7th day of May, at ten o'clock and fifty-five minutes, A. M., the time the same was seized on execution, in and to the following described real estate, to wit:

A parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situated in Weymouth, in said County of Norfolk, being a part of lot 165 and bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a point in the southerly line of Wessagussett road, 15 feet westerly of the northeast corner of lot 165, thence running southerly 100 feet to lot 162, as shown on plan, to a point distant 15 feet from the southeast corner of lot 165; thence running westerly along the northerly line of said lot 162, thirty(30) feet; thence northerly 100 feet to Wessagussett road; thence easterly 30 feet to the point of beginning, being the premises described in deed recorded with Norfolk Deeds, book 1005, page 292.

14-16 GEORGE H. FIELD, Deputy Sheriff.

Following Are a Few of the Items Which Appeared in the Gazette Years Ago This Week.

THIRTY-SEVEN YEARS AGO

Crescent Lodge, No. 82, I. O. O. F., elected the following officers last evening to serve the ensuing term:—Noble Grand, Joseph A. Cushing; Vice Grand, C. W. Joy; recording secretary, Edson F. Fisher; permanent secretary, Shadrach S. Marden; treasurer, Hiram E. Raymond.

* * *

Messrs. Joseph Loud & Co. are improving their wharf premises by erecting new coal sheds, and have a steam dredger employed in deepening the channel to enable vessels of greater draft of water to reach their wharves.

* * *

At the Second Cong'l church, South Weymouth, Deacons Jacob Loud and Jason Holbrook having resigned the positions they have so long and honorably filled, Brothers Edward Lewis and Henry Dyer were chosen to fill the vacancy.

* * *

Wildey Lodge elected the following officers last Monday evening:

N. G., Noah B. Thayer; V. G., George Hollis; R. S., F. F. Bullock; treasurer, Geo. R. Thayer. Installation will take place next Monday evening.

* * *

Monday morning, about 8.30 o'clock, an alarm of fire was sounded, and the streets were soon filled with a hurrying throng eager to reach the fire, which proved to be in the stable of Edward Fraher, adjoining his dwelling-house on East street. The "Rocket" and "Eureka" were promptly on the ground, and their timely appearance and efficient services saved the dwelling house from the destroying element.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

A meeting of the Samuel Blanchard Cemetery association was held last Friday evening and the following officers were elected: Edw. Paine, president and treasurer and Geo. O. Paine, superintendent and secretary. The name of the cemetery was changed to "Lakeview."

* * *

One of the most pleasant social events of the season occurred last Tuesday afternoon and evening at the residence of Mrs. F. E. Loud on Commercial street, Weymouth, where Rev. W. H. Alexander, pastor of the Union Congregational church, gave an "at home" to his friends and parishioners.

* * *

It is the expectation that the Braintree and Weymouth Street Railway will be completed as far as Lovell's Corner by Wednesday night. As soon as the road is laid thus far and the overhead work completed, a car will be run between Lovell's Corner and Columbian square to connect with every car from Weymouth and Braintree.

* * *

The Board of Water Commissioners have decided to put an electric indicator in the pumping station to indicate the amount of water in the standpipe. This will prevent the standpipe from overflowing in future, an event which occurring as often as it did was a decided nuisance to the dwellers in the neighborhood.

* * *

In conformity to this growing custom of observing St. John's Day, a special service was held in the Congregational church, Weymouth, last Sunday night which was a marked event in Masonic circles.

By invitation of the Rev. Daniel Evans, pastor of the above church, Orphan's Hope Lodge, South Shore Commandery, and public assembled to listen to a service specially arranged for the occasion.

SEVENTEEN YEARS AGO.

Spanish war tax to go into effect July 1st.

* * *

The Braintree and Weymouth's new eight wheel electric arrived this week from the Jones Car Works, Troy, N. Y. The motors are now being attached.

* * *

Through service from Brockton to East Weymouth was inaugurated Sunday morning although the new eight wheelers will not be used until next Sunday.

* * *

A little progress has been made this week in getting ready for the third rail. What appears to be the feed wire has been strung on the poles at the station.

* * *

The much-needed water cart is doing duty in a part of the village and it is hoped that some enterprising citizen will secure a subscription sufficient to extend the work. The territory covered at present is Broad street from the Catholic church to Commercial square, Cottage street, Pleasant street from Cottage to Jackson square, and Jackson square entire.

* * *

Division No. 6, A. O. H., held a parade and flag raising Tuesday evening. Previous to the unfurling of the flag there was a street parade. At just nine o'clock, the flag, which is a very handsome one, was unfurled by Miss Maggie Dwyer, and several hundred small flags fell to the ground and were quickly captured by the crowd as souvenirs of the occasion. The crowd cheered and the band played the Star Spangled Banner.

A Mystery Solved

By SARAH BAXTER

Mathewson was standing during a social function before a mantel with his thumbs in his waistcoat pockets and his legs at an angle of about ten degrees gaping at the crowds of men and women passing and repassing. He had tired of the disconnected, choppy, aimless conversation which is the only possible kind in such places and stood alone rather than endure any more of it. But he did not tire of watching others who were hunting for something to say to one another that would fit in with a possible interruption at any moment.

Presently turning, there stood a lady beside him, evidently passing the time discontentedly like. She was about twenty-four years of age and at least, so far as her appearance was concerned, very attractive.

Suddenly the lady put her hand on his arm and said as familiarly as if she had known him: "It is stifling in here. I must get some air."

Mathewson had met the surprise of his life. What was her object in appropriating him thus he could not divine, but he was not minded to throw a straw in the way of anything she might intend. Being a man of the world, a well bred man, a considerate man, he manifested no surprise; neither did he presume upon an acquaintance that was not his.

"You are quite right about the air in there being stifling," he said. "I was thinking of getting out of it myself."

This commonplace remark seemed to put the lady at her ease, and, guiding her companion into a cozy nook where they were not likely to be interrupted, she conversed not in the bits of nothing to be expected, but gradually led the way into topics of interest.

Mathewson spent a charming half hour, expecting the while that the lady before parting with him would make known her reason for having appropriated him. But presently an old lady came and remarked, "I have been looking everywhere for you," and the younger woman, arising, nodded to Mathewson, and the two ladies walked away together.

Later Mathewson pointed out the lady who had appropriated him, asking who she was, and was told that she was a Mrs. Olcott. Having expressed disappointment, his companion remarked:

"She's a missus, but not married. She's a divorcee."

"Do you know her?" asked Mathewson.

"I do."

"Then introduce me."

There was no opportunity at the time, for the lady, together with the elderly woman who had joined her, was going upstairs preparatory to leaving the house.

A few days later Mathewson met Mrs. Olcott at another function. She passed him in company with others, but did not look at him. At this he was not surprised. Having an appointment to call upon her the next evening with the friend who was to introduce him, he found her kindly disposed; but, though he sat with her for some time, she made no mention of the matter of her appropriation of him. She discussed any subject that Mathewson proposed or toward which he led the way; but, although he several times gave her an opportunity to explain why she had used him, she refrained from an explanation.

Whether it was the lady's personality or the mystery attending their first meeting, it was not long before he was enthralled. She accepted his attentions not with the fickleness of a young girl, but with the experience of one who had been married. Mathewson, at first having a knowledge that she had been a wife, was somewhat chary of falling in love with her, for he argued that if one man could not live with her possibly another might find it difficult. But after awhile he cast precaution to the winds, threw up his hands and was ready to marry her if she were a devil in human shape.

There is but one ending to a story wherein its hero is madly in love. He proposes and is either accepted or rejected. If he is rejected the story ends nowhere; if accepted, in marriage. Mathewson was accepted.

"And now," he said to his fiancee, "I suppose it is in order for me to ask why you saw fit on a certain evening when you and I stood side by side, utter strangers, to put your hand on my arm and lead me away as if we were acquainted."

"I fear to tell you," she replied.

"Why?"

"I did it to avoid meeting some one. You may think the day may come when I will put my hand on some other man's arm to avoid you."

"Please cease to speak in riddles."

"While I stood beside you I saw two men elbowing their way through the crowd making toward me. It was evident that one was bringing the other to introduce to me. This other I knew only too well, though his friend was not aware that I did. To have him thus presented to me in a room where we were both well known would have been a terrible contretemps. I avoided it by walking away with you."

"I see," said Mathewson, "but pardon my curiosity—we men are sometimes curious as well as you women—why were you so averse to meeting this man?"

"Because he had been my husband."

CHURCH SERVICES

Under this heading the pastors of ALL the churches are cordially invited to make such announcements of services, etc., as they may wish. We only stipulate that such notices to be inserted shall reach us at the least on Thursday morning of each week—the day before publication.

OLD SOUTH CHURCH (South Weymouth). Rev. H. C. Alvord, pastor. Morning service, 10.30. Sunday School, 11.45. Baraca Young Men's Class, 12.00. Y. P. S. C. E. meeting at 6.15. Evening service at 7.00. Thursday evening, 7.30.

TRINITY CHURCH (Weymouth) Rev. William Hyde, rector. Service with sermon at 10.30 a. m. and 7.30 p.m. Sunday School at 12.00 m.

UNION CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH (South Weymouth.) Morning service at at 10.30. Sunday School at 12 m. Y. P. S. C. E. meeting at 6 p. m.

UNIVERSALIST CHURCH (North Weymouth.) Rev. Arthur Mercer, pastor. Sunday school at 1.15 p. m. preaching at 2.30 p. m.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH (East Braintree.) Rev. Nelson Allen Price, pastor. Morning service, 10.30. Sunday School, 11.45. Junior League, 4.30 p.m. Epworth League, 6.30 p. m. Evening preaching service 7.15. Prayer meeting, Friday evening, 7.30. A cordial welcome is extended to all these services.

BAPTIST CHURCH (Wey.) Rev. Chester Underhill, pastor. Lord's Day services: Preaching at 10.30 a. m. and 7.00 p. m. Bible School 12 p. m. Prayer meeting, Thursday, evening, 7.45 p. m. Y. P. S. C. E. at 5.45 P. M. on Sunday.

UNION CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH (Weymouth and Braintree.) Rev. Albert P. Watson, Pastor. Morning service at 10.30. Sunday School at 12. Y. P. S. C. E. at 6.00. Prayer Meeting Thursday evening at 7.30. All are invited to attend these services.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH (East Weymouth.) Rev. William M. Newton, pastor. Morning worship and preaching at 10.30. Sunday School at noon. Epworth League meeting at 6.00 p. m. Evening service at 7.00. Tuesday evenings, 7.30, prayer meetings. Holy Communion, first Sunday in every month following morning service.

OLD NORTH CHURCH (Weymouth Heights.) Rev. Edward Yaeger, pastor. Morning service at 1030. Evening service at 7.00. Sunday-school at 11.45 a. m. Thursday evening at 7.30. A cordial invitation is extended to all of these services.

PILGRIM CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH (North Weymouth). Rev. Charles Clark, pastor. Morning service at 10.30. Sunday school, 11.45 a. m. Y. P. S. C. E. 6.15 p. m. Evening service at 7.00. A cordial welcome is extended to all of these services. Preaching at both morning and evening service.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH (East Weymouth.) Rev. Edward T. Ford, Pastor. Morning Worship and Sermon at 10.30. Church Bible School at 12.00. Senior Y. P. S. C. E. at 6.00. Evening Church Service discontinued until September. Mid-Week Fellowship Service, Tuesday, at 7.30 p. m. Church closed the last two weeks in August.

FIRST UNIVERSALIST CHURCH (Weymouth.) Rev. Arthur Mercer, pastor. Sunday morning service at 10.30. Sunday School at 12 m. Y. P. C. U. at 5.30 p. m.

SECOND UNIVERSALIST CHURCH (South Weymouth.) Minister; William Wallace Rose. Morning service at 10.30. Sunday School at 12 m.

PORTER M. E. CHURCH (Lovell's Corner) Rev. Karle R. Thompson pastor. Preaching service 10.30 a. m. Sunday School 11.45 a. m. Epworth League at 6.00. Social and Praise service at 7 p. m. All are cordially invited.

CHURCH OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER (South Weymouth) Rev. D. J. Crimmins, rector. Sundays- Masses 8.00 and 10 a. m. Sunday School at 2.30 p. m. Rosary and Benediction at 3.30 p. m. Week days: Mass at 7.30 a. m.

CHURCH OF THE SACRED HEART (Weymouth) Rev. J. B. Holland, rector. Sunday—Masses at 7.30, 10.00 a. m. Sunday School at 11.00 a. m. Vespers at 7.30 p. m. Week days—Mass 7 a. m.

CHURCH OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION (East Weymouth) Rev. C. F. Riordon, rector. Rev. Fr. Brosnahan assistant. Masses Sunday at 7, 8, 9 and 10 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Vespers at 7.45 p. m. Masses week days at 7 and 7.30.

ZION'S HILL CHAPEL (East Weymouth) Social service at 2 and 6.30 p. m. Rev. E. W. Smith, Preacher.

CHRISTIAN MISSIONARY ALLIANCE AND FAITH MISSION, (Hall 28 School St. East Weymouth.) Sunday services: 10.30 a.m. Prayer, 1 p. m. Sunday School, 2.30 p. m. Preaching, 7 p. m. The first Sunday in the month devoted to Foreign Missions. Mid-week prayer meeting Thursdays at at 7.30.

ALL SOULS CHURCH (Braintree). Preaching at 10.30 A.M. Kindergarden class in charge of Miss Elizabeth B. Pray at 10.30. Second session of this class at 11.45. Regular Sunday school at 11.45. All are welcome.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST (of Quincy, Alpha Hall cor. Hancock st. and Cottage Ave.) Morning service and Sunday School at 10.45. Wednesday, 7.45 P. M., an experience and testimony meeting. Reading room open every week day from 3 to 5. All are welcome. Subject, Sunday Morning, July 4, "God."

FOR SALE

To close an Estate, **2 pleasant cottage houses,** singly or together. Located on Humphrey street, East Weymouth. Handy to schools; 5 minutes to electries; 10 minutes to steam railroad; a quiet, pleasant neighborhood, and a little fruit.

For price and terms apply to

M. P. CAREY

733 Broad Street, East Weymouth

Tel. Con.

WEYMOUTH AND EAST BRAINTREE

—D. H. Clancy, Undertaker, office 134 Washington street, below Richmond. Tel. —Adv.

—John, the 8-year-old son of Mr and Mrs. Charles Gough, who has been at the Eye and Ear Infirmary, Boston, for some weeks, the result of injuries received from the explosion of an old powder can, has lost the sight of one eye.

—John Murphy has gone to Millis where he has taken a position.

—Miss Ethel Keene is here for the summer from Mechanics Falls, Maine.

—William F. Pray and family have gone to their cottage at Scituate Beach for the summer.

—Mrs. Adelbert Page is home from a two weeks' visit with relatives in New York.

—Police Officer Newland Holmes went on duty Sunday for the summer at Quincy bridge, as a member of the automobile squad.

—Miss Katherine McCormack is home from Syracuse, N. Y. She intends attending the summer school at Columbia college, N. Y., later.

—A large number of the friends of Miss Julia Gagon tendered her a "Novelty Shower" at her home, 10 Elliot street, last evening, in honor of her approaching marriage to Mr Martin Welsh, which takes place next Thursday evening. She was the recipient of many handsome gifts, including one from the Somerset club of which the prospective groom is a popular member. Games, music and a lunch made the evening pass very pleasantly.

—Stanley Sulis was operated on at the Bay State hospital a few days ago and is expected to be able to return home today.

—Miss Nellie Dutton is home from Northfield Seminary for the summer vacation.

—Favorable reports are received from Mrs. Arthur Hawes of Elm Knoll road, who was operated on for appendicitis at a Boston hospital a few days ago.

—Timothy F. White has bought the Francis Leach house on Broad street. He buys for occupancy.

—The new public playground in East Braintree was formally opened Sunday afternoon. The dedicatory address was given by James H. Stedman, chairman of the Park Commissioners. 2,000 people listened to a concert by the Fore River band. During the afternoon, James Heaney, the 7-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. John Heaney of Quincy avenue, fell while running about the playground and fractured a bone in his right arm.

—An illustrated lecture on "The End of the World" was given by pastor C. M. Elliot of East Braintree, in Pythian hall, Sunday evening.

—At the Baptist church, Sunday evening, the pastor, Rev. C. J. Underhill, gave an illustrated lecture on "The Social World in Christ's Time."

—Rev. Dr. J. Francis Cooper, district superintendent of the Southern New England conference of Methodist churches, preached Sunday morning at the East Braintree Methodist church.

—Cards have been received in town from Mr. and Mrs. Norton F. Pratt this week, from Atlantic City. From all reports, Mr. and Mrs. Pratt are having a most delightful wedding tour, having stopped at Niagara Falls, Albany, New York, Philadelphia, Washington, and are now at the famous resort in New Jersey for a week or more.

—Howard Richards has accepted a clerical position with the Fore River Ship Building Corporation, in consequence of his becoming a member of the Fore River Band. He will play the snare drum for the musicians.

—The Weymouth Savings Bank will pay a semi-annual dividend of 2½ per cent, July 6th. The bank will now have paid at a rate of 4½ per cent per annum for three years.

—Frank Strauss of New York made a raid on a Weymouth express, on Kingston street, Boston, Wednesday afternoon. He took 500 cigars, but was arrested later.

—William L. White, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edmund P. White of this town, and Miss Alice Ingersoll, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Ingersoll of Dorchester, were married in that place Monday evening. The ceremony, which took place in the rectory of St. Williams church, was performed by Rev. Father Walsh. The bride's sister, Miss Fannie Ingersoll, was bridesmaid, and the groom's brother, Dorick White, was best man. A reception followed the ceremony at the home of the bride's parents, Bakersfield street, Dorchester, after which Mr. and Mrs. White left on their wedding trip, and on their return will reside in Dorchester.

—The annual recital of the pupils of Miss Emma L. Clapp, took place at the Universalist church last Friday evening. The pupils were assisted by Mrs. Franklin P. Whitten, soprano. Those taking part were: Katherine Davenport, Hazel Keene, Theodore Alexander, Regna Hagen, Joseph Dutton, Barbara Senior, Trueman Marr, Gladys Kelley, Ruth Rollins, Louise Hawes, George Glover, Lawrence Germyn, Ruth Stewart, Olive Germyn, Mary Frazier, Samuel Wescott, Esther Leonard, Hazel Hollis, Joseph Mallen, Doris Wade and John Wade.

—A piano recital and operatta, "A Day in Roseland," by pupils of Miss Margaret Z. Ahern, was given at Pythian hall, Wednesday evening, and was attended by many of the friends of the pupils. The program included piano selections by Margarett Haviland, Helen Trask, Christina Christy, Josepine Lavery, Nora Fraser, Elizabeth Conry, George Preston, Ethel Preston, Alice Dowd, Caroline Corridan and Lillian Smith. Mr Francis Donovan, baritone soloist, rendered several selections with Miss Marguerite Donovan accompanist. The cast of the operetta, "A Day in Roseland," was soloists, Helen Corridan, Helen Caulfield, Caroline Corridan; chorus, Alice Dowd, Kathryn Curley, Margarett Haviland, Helen Lyons, Lillian Smith, Alice Trask; fairies, Helen Trask and Nora Fraser; flower girls, Elizabeth Conry, Josephine Lavery, Christina Christy and Mary P. Ahern. Miss Margueritte Corridan was accompanist.

—Clarence Hewitt of this place and Miss Mary Pitts of Quincy were married in that city, Monday evening, at the parochial residence, by Rev. Fr. Casey. The bride's sister, Miss Harriett Pitts, was bridesmaid, and the groom's brother, Henry Hewitt, was best man. A reception followed the ceremony at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Pitts, Mill street. On their return from their wedding trip, Mr. and Mrs. Hewitt will reside at 263 Summer street this place.

—Miss Katherine Elizabeth O'Connor, daughter of Mrs. Elizabeth O'Connor, and Mr William J. Cherry were married Wednesday evening, at the Church of the Sacred Heart, by the Rev. J. B. Holland. Miss Mary Sweeney was bridesmaid and the bride's brother, Mr. Edward O'Connor, was best man. The bride was attired in a costume of white crepe de chine, with veil and carried a bouquet of lillies of the valley. The bridesmaid wore pink voille with shadow lace trimmings, white hat and carried a bouquet of pink roses. Mr. and Mrs. Cherry will reside on Richmond street this town.

—Mrs. Catherine Morrisey, aged 75, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Byron Hall, 2 Elm Knoll road, Tuesday. The funeral took place yesterday morning from the Church of the Sacred Heart, and the body was taken to Pittsfield, Mass., for interment in the family lot.

—William P. Kelley is to be a candidate for the republican nomination for senator from this district. Senator Langelier who has served the customary two terms is also a candidate for re-nomination.

—William Donavan clerk at Kempl's pharmacy has been granted full registration by the State board.

—The black horse "Black Diamond" owned by George F. Curtis for the past 26 years was shot this week.

—Alfred Worthen is attending the Stone school at Boston preparing for Harvard.

—Miss Annie Scollard of East Braintree a teacher in the Boston public school and for the past year president of the Boston Elementary Teachers association retired from the office this week and at a banquet tendered her at the Westminister hotel Boston was presented a beautiful twin diamond ring by the members of the association who number over 1900.

—Mrs. Jennie Sampson of Brockton has been spending the week with her brother Albert T. Attwood.

—At the Union Congregational church last Sunday Willard and Wendall Schrautt twin sons of Mr. and Mrs. George Schrautt were awarded gold medals for perfect attendace at Sunday school for the past year.

—As next Sunday will be the Fourth of July, it will be observed at Trinity church, Weymouth, in the spirit of the National Day. Rev. William Hyde will preach on "A Nation Born in a Day," dealing with the Divine origin of the United States.

—Universalist lawn party, Tuesday, July 13th, afternoon and evening, on the Weston estate. Admission 10 cts.—Adv.

—The Sunday school of Trinity church, Weymouth, will go on a picnic to Highland park, Thursday, July 8th. A special car will leave Washington square at 9.15 A. M.

—A very enjoyable time was spent Wednesday evening when the girls of Cate's factory tendered Miss Edith Coulon a surprise party at her home on Fairmont avenue East Braintree. They presented her with a beautiful cut glass water pitcher. Miss Katherine Tracy (forelady) made the presentation speech. An orchestra furnished music for the evening while ices and cake were served by the hostess whose marriage takes place this month. During the evening games were played and dancing was enjoyed until a late hour.

Union Church Notes.

Morning worship at 10.30. The pastor will take for his subject: "A Nation's Freedom."

Sunday school will be at 12 o'clock.

The Communion service will be at 4 o'clock.

Mid-week service, Thursday evening, at 7.45. Subject: "Christian Liberty."

On Wednesday, the Sunday school of Braintree held their annual picnic at Highland Park, Avon. An interesting program of sports, between the churches, furnished entertainment for those interested. Everyone was delighted with the cool shade of the park and the children especially enjoyed the swings and other attractions.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts

NORFOLK ss. PROBATE COURT

TO the heirs-at-law, next-of-kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of

DAVID P. TILDEN

late of Weymouth in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court for Probate by Henry P. Tilden of said Weymouth who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving surety on his official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Brookline in said County, of Norfolk on the twenty-eighth day of July, A. D. 1915, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the Weymouth Gazette, a newspaper published in said Weymouth, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing, postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, JAMES H. FLINT, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this thirtieth day of June in the year one thousand nine hundred and fifteen.

16 18 J. R. McCOOLE, Register.

EAST WEYMOUTH AND WEYMOUTH CENTER.

—Misses Helen Powers, Josie Kiernan and Mary Martin of the G. E. Keith office force will spend their vacation at the Weirs, N. H. the week of the Fourth.

—An electric car ran into an automobile driven by Duel R. Ballard at Commercial square last Thursday evening, giving the auto a good shake-up and smashing the mud guards.

—Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin J. Elkington of Cain ave. are the proud parents of a girl born last Wednesday.

—Last Sunday a party of the K. of C. enjoyed a day's outing at Scituate beach.

—Mise Clara Cole of Broad street left last Friday night for a two months trip through the Golden West. Her destination is the great International Exposition but enroute she will make stops at Seattle, Portland and Salt Lake city.

—While moving one of the large stone corner posts on Randall avenue last Thursday afternoon the derrick fell and struck Lewis W. Keay, one of the workmen on the head and shoulders, rendering him unconscious. Dr. Doucette was called and Mr. Keay was removed to his home where it was found he had injured his back. At the present writing he is able to sit up.

—William B. Webster and his two sons of Dedham were in town last Monday. Mr Webster was formerly the owner of the pharmacy now run by L. A. Lebbossiere.

—Miss Elizabeth I Taylor and Miss Ruth Gardner, both of Cedar street, are at home for the summer after their strenuous year's work. The former is a teacher at Harmoney, R. I. and the latter at Plainfield, Mass.

—Messrs. Elmer B. Sampson, Ralph Chase and Alton Blanchard accompanied by their lady friends enjoyed a trip to Plymouth last Sunday.

—Mr. and Mrs. Charles D. Gibson and son Charles L. of High street are at Bath, Maine, for a week.

—Mrs. Carl Hamilton of Broad street has returned from a visit to her home at Meriden, Conn.

—Miss Myrtle P. Mower of Somerville is spending a part of her vacation with her uncle Mr. Charles H. Phillips of High street.

—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Tower leave tomorrow for a two weeks trip to be spent in admiring the wonders offered in the state of N. H.

—The severe thunder storm last Saturday morning created quite a stir in this section of the town. The home of Harry A. Morton on High street was struck by lightning, knocking down the plastering and knocking things about in general inside the house. Mrs. Morton who was inside the house at the time received a shock which rendered her unconscious for some time.

—Roy Wheaton has successfully passed the civil service examination for life guard at Nantasket Beach and will assume his new duties in July.

—Mr. and Mrs. Leighton Thompson are the guests of Mr. Thompson's father, Sumner Thompson of Hawthorne street.

—Malcolm Canterbury has accepted a position for the summer with the Geo. H. Hunt Co.

—Elmer E. Leonard and family are giving their National car a good test, leaving here last Saturdry morning for a two weeks' trip to Niagara Falls. One stop will be made at Mr. Leonard's former home, Schaghticoke, N. Y.

—Cedric D. Watson has arrived home after twenty-one weeks' spent in the West in the interest of Parker, Holmes Co. of Boston.

—Mrs. J. A. Raymond entertained about a dozen little folks and their mothers on Tuesday afternoon in honor of her granddaughter Louise of Mt. Vernon, N. Y. Ices and cakes were served and the afternoon was a most enjoyable one to all the guests.

—Mary Fitzsimmons, the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Fitzsimmons, is ill with measles.

—Rev. and Mrs. Walter H. Commons, formerly of this town, are to go to the California Exposition this week as the guests of some of their parishioners of Whitinsville.

—The "Friendship Circle," one of the classes connected with the Sunday school of the Congregational church, paid a visit to Morgan Memorial, in Boston, on Tuesday, and report a most enjoyable and interesting day.

—Miss S. Eveline Haven leaves town today to attend the two-hundredth anniversary of the settlement of Hopkinton, and in this connection the alumni gathering of the High school of which she is a graduate.

—John T. Gannon, the popular motorman on the Weymouth and Braintree line, while returning from Boston last Saturday night was struck by an electric car and severly injured, his left leg being broken and his right leg badly torn. He was taken to the Massachusetts General Hoapital, where he is getting along well, but it will be some time before he will run a car again.

—S. Winslow King and Norman King of Brockton are visiting their grandmother Mrs. Rachael Blanchard of Broad street.

—Mrs. Ida M. Burrell of Brockton is the guest of her sister Mrs. Herbert K. Cushing for the summer months.

—Kenneth Bates a former member of the 1915 class of the Weymouth High school was a graduate from the Manchester N. H. High School this week. Mr Bates ranked high in his studies out of the class of 133 graduates.

—Mrs. Wm E. Earle entertained the Inasmuch circle of Kings Daughter and a number of special guests at the Whale Island Club headquarters on Tuesday and all were delighted with the place and also with Mrs. Earle as an entertainer.

—Josiah Tirrell entertained a family party over Sunday.

—Hosea Farrar manager of the Clapp Memorial building and wife are at Slate Island for a months vacation.

—Mrs. James Nolan has returned from the Bay State hospital and is slowly regaining her usual health.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Otis Bates were guest of Mrs. Virginia Whiton on a motor trip to Gloucester the past week.

—Mrs. Insley I. Young and son Raymond have gone to Portland, Maine to spend a week with Mrs. L. W. Ross.

—The Albemarle Whist club had an enjoyable time on Tuesday in visiting a former member Mrs. C. D. Bates (Hattie Thayer) at her new home in Lawrence. A part of the day was spent in the game which gives the club its name and the first prize was won by Mrs. Rose Thayer Thomas and the consolation went to Miss Josie Cummings. A most bountiful and delicious dinner was served by Mrs. Bates.

—Miss Florence M. Lincoln of Maple street arrived home Wednesday for the the summer. Miss Lincoln has been kept busy holding down a position as school teacher in the town of Raynham.

—Joseph A. Nolan, one of the local boys employed to deliver Uncle Sam's mail, is taking his annual vacation. Thomas Reid is substituting in Joe's absence.

Methodist Episcopal Church Notes

A food sale is being held in the vestry of the church this (Fri.) afternoon under the Epworth league. Mrs. William Newton is in charge.

The Voluntas Sororitas Girls met with Miss Hazel Aylesworth on Wednesday evening.

Great preparations are being made for the annual Sunday school picnic at Ridge Hill Grove on Saturday July 10. The Porter M. E. Church joins the local church in the celebration.

—Mrs. S. C. Denton and her daughter, Alide, left this morning for their summer home at Bridgewater, N. H.

—The charter members of Reynolds W. R. C., No. 102, gave a surprise party to Mrs. Nelson Gardner, the first secretary of the corps, Wednesday afternoon, and presented her with a beautiful 6 by 9 flag. Mrs. Gardner has been confined to her home for the last ten years by lameness, but has never lost her interest in corps work.

—Rev. D. W. Waldron, who closed his ministry in East Weymouth forty-nine years ago, has been invited to preach an anniversary sermon in the Congregational church, South Braintree, where he was minister in 1865. He will speak next Sunday morning on "Glimpses of Experiences in Preaching Fifty-Five Years."

Congregational Church Notes.

Last Sunday afternoon, the C. E. society had charge of the religious service at the Town Home.

Eleven members of the Friendship class enjoyed a trip to the Morgan Memorial, Boston, on Tuesday of this week.

The annual banquet and business meeting of the C. E. society, for members only, will be held in the church parlor and dining room this (Friday) evening at 6.30.

The service for next Sunday will be regular Sunday morning service at 10.30. Sunday school at 12 m. Communion service at 4 p. m. and sermon Y. P. S. C. E. at 6 o'clock.

The regular Sunday evening service will not be held during the summer months.

Kohler—Allen.

The marriage of Miss Inez Vinton Allen, daughter of Mr and Mrs. John Vinton Allen, and Henry Christopher Kohler, son of John Kohler of South Weymouth, took place at the home of the bride's parents, 358 Main street, last Saturday evening at 8 p. m.

The Rev. H. C. Alvord, pastor of the Old South church, performed the ceremony, the Episcopal double-ring service being used.

Miss Ruth Allen, a sister of the bride, was bridesmaid, while Harold T. Burrell of South Weymouth was best man. After the ceremony a reception was held at the home of the bride; her parents, as well as the maid of honor and best man, assisted in receiving.

The bride wore a dress of white crepe de meteor, trimmed with point lace, and her veil was caught with orange blossoms. She carried a bouquet of white sweet peas.

The maid of honor wore pink crepe de chine and carried a bouquet of pink sweet peas.

The house was decorated with ferns, mountain laurel and a profusion of beautiful roses.

The bride is a member of the Weymouth Teachers' Association, the Old Colony club and the Village Study club. She is also a graduate of the Bridgewater Normal school and a member of the Old South church.

Worth Knowing.

Turpentine mixed with stove polish prevents rust and gives a brighter gloss than the use of water.

THE "FOURTH" at WEBB PARK

Morning—8 o'clock

Ball Games and Races, Children under 14

Afternoon

2 o'clock, Parade 2.30, Flag Raising

2.45, Base Ball, Mt. Pleasant vs. White Sox of South Weymouth

Boy Scout Stunts and Band Concert

5 o'clock, Combination 2, Exhibition Play-out, and Water Sports at Richard's Lower Wharf

Free Peanuts for the Children at 3 o'clock

Evening

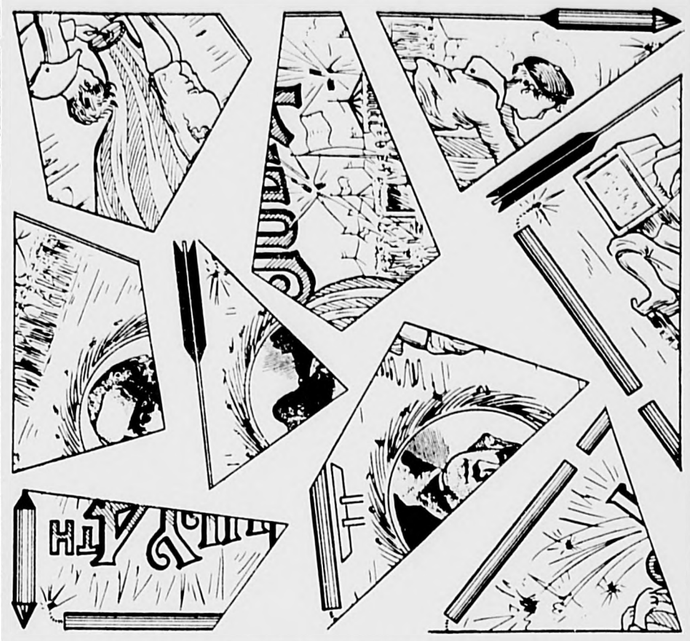
Band Concert 7.45 to 9.45

EVERYBODY INVITED EVERYBODY COME

FREE PRIZES

In order that the readers of this paper will be better acquainted with our firm and the wonderful line of pianos we handle, we will give away ABSOLUTELY FREE to the persons sending in answers to this PICTURE PUZZLE the list of PRIZES below. Read directions.

Diamond Ring (14k Setting)	Bicycle	Gentleman's Gold (Watch, 20 yr case)	Mandolin
Ladies' Gold Watch (20 years case)	Sewing Machine	Cuff Links	Scarf Pin
Chest of Roger's Silver. (32 pcs.)	Guitar	Violin	Girls' Roller Skates
	Camera	Gold Wrist Watch	Boys' Roller Skates
	Brass Bed	Safety Razor	
	Silver Tea Set		



CAN YOU SOLVE THIS PICTURE PUZZLE?

This 4th of July picture when properly put together will have a perfect likeness of the Father of our Country in the lower right hand corner. You can use this or other material if you desire. **To the 18 nearest correct and artistic sulutions** will be given absolutely free the 18 prizes in the order named. Remember that neatness and artisticness will be taken into consideration by the judges as well as correctness. Only those living in New England are elegible and only one answer from one household. Winners will be notified by mail. All answers must be in our hands not later than July 16th. Mail or bring answers to our piano store.

Lord's Piano Warerooms

757 Boylston St. Boston, Mass.

34 Lawrence St., Lawrence, Mass. or Masonic Building, Portland, Maine,

Take Notice!

The price of coal has advanced 2 5c per ton and will surely go higher soon.

We have two barges of fresh-mined coal unloading now.

Order right away and get in on the lower price.

A. J. Richards & Son.

Telephone Weymouth 51, or Quincy 648.

KODAK



CAMERAS

TAKE one with you on your vacation and bring your films for developing and printing to our Newspaper atd Periodical Store, in Washington Square

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CAMERA SUPPLIES, CONFECTIONERY, STATIONERY, CIGARS, TOBACCO

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You Can Buy Some That Will Please You From

GORDON WILLIS, THE COLUMBIAN SQUARE GROCER South Weymouth

Weymouth Gazette

AND TRANSCRIPT

WEYMOUTH, MASS., FRIDAY, JULY 9, 1915. VOL. XLIX. NO. 17. PRICE FIVE CENTS

Tufts Library

"THEY'RE OFF"

Travel Club Winners, Misses Lewis, Shaw, Connell and Dunn, to Leave Town This Afternoon, With Mrs. J. H. Libby as Chaperone, to see New York City, Hudson River, Albany, Niagara Falls, and Several Canadian Points of Interest.

"They're off." At 6 o'clock this (Friday) afternoon the Travel club winners with their chaperone will leave the South Station enroute on the trip they labored so unceasingly in winning.

The members, Miss Jeannette Shaw, Miss Helen Lewis, Miss Lizzie Connell and Miss Mary Dunn, are all ready for the start and will leave town this afternoon by automobile for Boston, the departure from Weymouth being scheduled for about 4.15. Miss Shaw has but recently recovered from an attack of diphtheria, but we are assured that she is physically able to make the fine trip.

A brief sketch of each of the condidates is herewith given:

Miss Connell is a daughter of David Connell of Weymouth. She attended the local schools and later took up telephone operating, being now one of the best known, most efficient and popular operators in this section, as she is chief operator at the private board at the Fore River Shipbuilding Corporation plant in Quincy.

Miss Dunn is also a "phone" girl, being chief operator during the afternoon and early evening al the local Central office. She is a resident of North Weymouth and as her vote in the recent contest shows, she is extremely poplar in her home town.

Miss Lewis is head bookkeeper at F. H. Sylvester's grocery and provision store in East Weymouth, and one would go a long way to find a more likeable personage than Miss Lewis. She has attended Weymouth's schools and is an interested worker in the Congregational church in East Weymouth. Having been quite ill a short while ago, this, together with her duties, kept her down in the race at the start, but her friends rallied around her and she came in a top notch winner, polling the largest vote of any of the candidates.

Miss Shaw is a High school miss and resides in South Weymouth. It is said that "Good Things Come in Small Packages" and this applies to Miss Shaw to a nicety. She is very popular in school activities and is a musician of considerable note, the violin being her favorite instrument.

Mrs. J. H. Libby of Broad street, East Weymouth, who was selected by Miss Lewis, the honor of picking the chaperone going to the candidate polling the highest total, is the wife of Dr. Libby, one of East Weymouth's physicians, and she will have charge of the party leaving this afternoon.

On the return of the party on July 17 at 7.40 P. M. in the South Station, they will be met by an auto and conveyed to their several homes in town. With a stretch of good weather, the party leaving this afternoon should have one of the grandest trips in their life's history.

Final Itinerary.

Read this carefully and know where your friends are going:

FIRST DAY.

Friday, July 9, leave Boston from South Station at 6 P. M. via New York, New Haven & Hartford R. R. Train arrives at Fall River 7.20 P. M. and boat leaves at 7.40 P. M.

SECOND DAY.

Saturday, July 10, arrive in New York at 7 A. M. Transfer to Hotel Bristol, 42d street and Broadway. Day spent in New York City.

THIRD DAY.

Sunday, July 11, leave New York from pier 32 at 9 A. M. on Hudson Navigation Co. steamer, one of the magnificent steamers for the matchless 150-mile trip up the "Rhine of America." A delicious dinner is provided in the glass enclosed saloon where one may view the scenery of the Palisades of the Hudson while enjoying the excellent menu. Supper also provided on steamer. Arrive at Albany at 8 P. M. Proceed to the Ten Eyck hotel, where room and breakfast will be provided. Opportunity to visit the Capitol, which is open for inspection.

FOURTH DAY.

Monday, July 12, leave Albany from Union Station via New York Central Line on the Empire State express for the trip across the state of New York. Luncheon in dining car provided. Arrive Niagara Falls 6.20 P. M. Room and meals will be provided at the Imperial hotel directly opposite the station.

FIFTH DAY.

Tuesday July 13 at Niagara Falls. Competent authorities tell us that 15,000,000 cubic feet of water pour over the brim of Niagara every minute or about a cubic mile a week. Within a distance of five miles, which includes the Rapids above and the gorge below the falls, the river drops 300 feet, of which 165 feet forms the falls proper; 50 feet the change in level of the river in the rapids above the falls, and 85 feet in the gorge below. The forenoon should be devoted to walk about Prospect park and to Goat Island, Luna Island and the Three Sister Islands. In the afternoon, walk or ride over the new steel arch bridge to the Canadian side. Tickets will be provided for the special Belt Line trip by electric cars to Lewiston and return.

SIXTH DAY.

Wednesday, July 14 leave Niagara Falls at 9.50 A. M. via Great Gorge route, connecting at Lewiston with steamer across Lake Ontario. Arrive Toronto 1 P. M. Transfer by carriage to the Queen's hotel, where luncheon will be provided. Leave Toronto at 3 P. M., via steamer of the R. & O. Co., stateroom accommodations and evening dinner provided.

SEVENTH DAY.

Thursday, July 15 en route. The first port of call is Kingston at 6 A. M. Leaving Kingston the first view of the famous archipelago, the Thousand Islands, is enjoyed. They number about 1700, varying in size from a point of rock projecting from the water to the large, fertile area of land crowned with foliage and lofty trees. Breakfast and luncheon served on steamer. After shooting the famous Lachine Rapids late in the afternoon, steamer arrives at Montreal at 6.30 P. M. Carriages will transfer party to Queen's hotel for room and meals.

EIGHTH DAY.

Friday, July 16 in Montreal, party will be at home at Queen's hotel. There are many points of interest in Montreal.

NINTH DAY.

Saturday, July 17 leave Montreal from Windsor station at 8.40 A. M. via Rutland R. R. across the islands of Lake Champlain via Burlington and Rutland. Luncheon in dining car provided. Arrive Boston 7.40 P. M. Arrive in Weymouth by automobile about 8.30.

Rockland Y. M. C. A. 11, Weymouth A. C. 4.

The Weymouth A. C. opened its season away from home Saturday being defeated at the Rockland Y. M. C. A. grounds, 11 to 4. It was a good game up to the fifth when the Weymouth team cracked, probably from lack of practice. E. Callahan Davis and Talbot contributed timely hits that accounted for the scoring. Weymouth's lineup: Doble 1b., Horgan 3b., E. Callahan s. s., Davis c. f., Talbot l. f., c., J. Dean 2b., Burrell r. f., Griffin c. l. f. Stackpole p. The score:

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Rockland Y. M. C. A.	1	0	0	0	4	3	0	2	1
Weymouth A. C.	0	0	0	4	0	0	0	0	0

Batteries: Baker, Ford; Stackpole, Griffin and Talbot.

Newer If Not Better.

"Can't you use a less hackneyed expression than 'He hiked for the tall and uncut timber?'" asked the editor. "Well," said the young reporter, "I might say 'He beat it to the forest reserves, where the weeping willows have never had their eyeglasses trimmed.'"

Mrs. Ellen Roche, Dead.

Mrs. Ellen Roche, wife of Andrew Roche, passed away at her home on Park avenue, July 4th, at the age of 75 years.

The deceased came to this country 55 years ago and has made her home here ever since. Besides a husband, she leaves a daughter, Mary A. Services were from the St. Francis Xavier church last Wednesday morning, Rev. D. J. Crimmins, conducting the services. Burial was at the St. Francis Xavier cemetery.

For Sale-Baseball Grounds in Rockland.

The old order changeth. Rockland and Whitman baseball enthusiasts came to South Weymouth, Monday, to witness the struggle between Rockland Y. M. C. A. and the Clover Club of Whitman. There were no grounds in Rockland suitable to play on. Rumor has it that one Rockland field is to be sold for a quarry and the other for a cow pasture. The score:

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R	H	E
Clover Club	0	0	0	0	6	2	0	0	-	8	9	2
Rockland	1	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	2	4

Batteries: Downey and Hendricks; McDonald and Ford.

High School Graduate on Staff.



RALPH TALBOT.

We are pleased to announce in this issue that we have added to our staff of employees Ralph Talbot, a prominent memmember of this year's graduating class at Weymouth High school. Mr. Talbot has shown exceptional ability in several departments at the High school, being a debater of much note, a fine athlete, editor-in-chief of the recently published Year Book, orator at the graduation exercises and was an earnest worker in all High school work.

Any work in our line or any favors extended Mr. Talbot will receive our careful attention at all times.

Fire Department on Watch.

All along the line our fire department kept a good look out for fire calamities on the Fourth and at times were kept quite busy as they had six alarms, most of them without cause and calling for a thorough investigation and a round up of hoodlums who play tricks with fire alarm boxes.

There were calls from 14-114-28-45-49 and one still alarm and with a single exception the department found no occasion for a "ring in". We learn that there has been a round up of some of the parties concerned and a hearing to be held.

Some people are looking at it as an innocent joke of the boys and think they should be dealt with gently but it is time to make a good strong example of all persons who fool with fire alarm boxes as it is an expensive thing for the town.

Weymouth L. M. Ladies Circle.

Weymouth Circle 123 W. L. M. initiated five new members at its meeting on Wednesday evening.

The circle is arranging for a lawn party on the Moose grounds corner of School and Water streets on July 14 from 3 till 10.30. If rainy the event will be postponed till Thursday.

Mrs. Eva Gibson drew the "mystery" at the regular weekly meeting.

During July and August the meetings will be held semi-monthly the next meeting coming on July 21.

WEYMOUTH HEIGHTS

—Frank Loud, who has been stopping for a short time with his sister, Miss Mary F. Loud, is on his way home to Denver, Colo. He is making the trip, as far as possible, by trolley.

—Mrs. J. C. Nash and daughter Ruth were entertained on Monday by Mrs. Archibald Grassick of Quincy.

—Charles Macker is having a week's vacation from his duties with the Geo. E. Kieth Co. of Boston.

—Mr. and Mrs. Carlton Bradford spent the holidays with Mrs. Bradford's parents of Marshfield.

—George Bicknell is camping out for a week with a party of friends at Bryantville.

—Mr. and Mrs. Sydney C. Beane have returned from their wedding trip, and will start for their home in New Haven, Conn., the latter part of the week.

—Fred and Marion Lunt enjoyed a few days this week at Camp Shirley, Lynn, with a number of friends.

—The annual picnic of the Old North Sunday school will be held on next Saturday at Island Grove Park, Abington. A special car will leave W. J. Sladen's store, at 9.30 o'clock.

—Miss Bessie Knox of Woonsocket, R. I., has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. John B. Merrill.

—Mrs. Mercy Hunt observed her eightieth birthday on Sunday by keeping open house to her friends, who remembered her with postcards and gifts. Among the guests present was her sister, Mrs. Harriett Newall, who has reached her 86th birthday; also Mrs. W. F. Hunt and children of Stoneham, and Mr. and Mrs. Emerson Hunt of Medford.

—George Lunt and a party of friends enjoyed a motor boat trip to Marblehead in Mr. Lunt's boat on the fourth.

—Mrs. Elmer Lunt spent the holidays with her parents in Duxbury.

—Miss Addie J. Taylor of Abington was a guest on Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Taylor.

—The W. C. T. U. held a meeting with Mrs. Henry Stoddard on Wednesday afternoon.

INDEPENDENCE DAY CELEBRATION

Lovell's Corner Holds Interesting Events. Gala Day at Webb Park. Many False Alarms.

The heavy fall of rain which occurred Monday morning did not prevent the celebration of the Fourth in Weymouth. Although the ardor of patriotism has cooled somewhat in recent years, there was still enough left on our great National holiday to insure interest and excitement to old and young alike.

As usual, the celebration at Lovell's Corner was extensive. Fair weather in the afternoon served to bring a large audience of men, women and children to the grounds to witness the sports.

Previous to this, there was a parade and a flag raising with the Boy Scouts of all the the troops in Weymouth attending. At baseball, troop 3 defeated a picked team of other Scouts 20 to 4. The married men suffered a setback at the hands of the single men 20 to 1, but were apparently accustomed to setbacks.

Athletic events were held in the afternoon, in the conclusion of which, the married men gained sweet revenge on the single men by defeating them in a tug-of-war. Before the sports were over Bradford Hawes (Selectmen please take notice) challenged the world to a 50-yd. race open to men over 70 yrs. of age. "Capt" Hall accepted the challenge, whereupon Mr. Hawes immediately gave him 15yds. handicap and beat him by two yards more. The program of sports was in charge of Bowdoin Smith.

Miss Hazel Manuel entertained the gathering with fancy dancing. There was orchestral music, afternoon and evening.

The grounds were illuminated with colored lights in the evening and there was an extensive display of fireworks. After a patriotic concert, rendered by a chorus of over 50 voices, an orchestra completed the program with various selections.

The Ladies Aid society connected with the M. E. Church had charge of the booths and served supper during the evening.

A few speakers addressed the assembly among them Martin E. Hawes, a candidate for representative in the fall primaries. The applause which welcomed and succeeded Mr. Hawe's speech was significant of the high esteem in which he is held by the residents of his former home locality.

The Improvement Association was in direct charge of the celebration, the members on the planning committee being: Irving Hawes (chairman), Mrs. Horace Smith and Bowdoin Smith.

Sports and Concerts at Webb Park.

Throughout the whole day there was something on the program of activities at Webb Park to satisfy the desires of everyone, both small and great. The first event came in the morning when the Mt. Pleasant Jrs. proceeded to efface the Clapp Jrs. from the baseball scene, by a score of 5 to 3. After this came the sports for boys and girls and many Webb Park records were broken.

A street parade, headed by the Emerson Shoe band began the afternoon's entertainment. Following this came the Flag-raising by the Boy Scouts, at which ceremony, members of the W. R. C., G. A. R., and other local patriotic organizations were present. The flag had previously been presented the Scouts by the members of the W. R. C.

As a special feature on the card, Combination 2 made a trip to the Park and gave an exhibition playout in a very satisfactory manner.

Over shadowing everything however, sports, baseball, concerts, the whole day, even the importance of the Declaration itself, came the distribution of 500 bags of peanuts. No boy or girl was without one.

The importance of the next event is reserved for South Weymouthites alone, since the White Sox, of that section, defeated the Mt. Pleasants by a score of 6 to 5, thereby gaining a claim to the amateur championship of the town.

At Richards Lower wharf a water carnival was held at 4 o'clock, with many exciting contests and close finishes.

Unfortunately an accident happened so as to prevent the grounds from being illuminated, until at about 8.45 P. M., the lights flashed on and the belated concert by the Emerson Shoe band was begun.

After a varied program of popular and classical music, the concert was brought to a close thus ending one of the most successful celebrations of Independence Day ever held in Weymouth.

Dorchester—Old Colony Club Races.

On a fairly fast track at the Fair Grounds in South Weymouth the Dorchester club succeeded in taking the inter club trophy from the Old Colony Club horseman. Fifty-two horses were entered in sixteen races.

An unfortunate accident occured when Mr. Hobart driving Jefferson McKerron, was thrown from his sulky onto the track. No injury attended the incident.

The fastest times of the day were turned in by Ruth D. driven by Mr. Reay, in 1.05 and 1.05¾. Mr. Reay's Star Patch also finished in good time, winning straight heats in 1.07 and 1.07¼; in class O, Mr. Thayer's Catherine R. and Mr. Totman's Jack Bingen put up stiff battles finishing both heats in 1.09. Dorchester as a club won the meet 71 to 59.

Sudden Death of a South Weymouth Young Man.

The sudden death of Harold Sherman Lowell, son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry F. Lowell, last Sunday evening, came as a great shock to the many friends of the young man.

The deceased had just returned home for his summer vacation when he was taken with the illness which, in a few days, proved to be fatal.

He was 17 years of age, and had been a student at Mercersburg Academy for the past two years, and was preparing to enter Yale. Previous to that time, he spent two years at Weymouth High, where he was one of the most popular students.

Besides his parents, the deceased leaves four brothers, Henry of the U. S. S. Louisiana, Francis of Philadelphia and Amos and John of this town. His sisters are Mrs. William Cook, Mrs. John Poole of Providence, Mrs. Harry Waitt of Norfolk Downs and Miss Theresa and Miss Mabel Lowell of South Weymouth.

The funeral was held from his late residence, Wednesday afternoon at 2.30 o'clock, the Rev. Ora A. Price of the Union church officiating.

—The bearers were six school friends of the young man, Louis Nolan, Clayton Nash, Elwood Richardson, Ralph Talbot, John Melville and Elbridge Gardiner.

Mrs. Evelyn Sherman Phibrook sang "Face to Face" and "One Sweetly Solemn Thought."

Charles H. Thompson, secretary of Mercersburg Y. M. C. A., represented the faculty of Mercersburg Academy of Pennsylvania.

The floral offerings were many and beautiful. Burial was in Highland cemetery.

Idealist as Others See Him.

An idealist is frequently a man who is trying to think up some dignified excuse for not working.

GOOD BACKS FOR BAD.

Weymouth Residents Are Learning How To Exchange the Old Back For a Stronger One.

Does your back ache, feel weak and painful?

Do you suffer headaches, languor and depression?

Is the urine discolored, passages irregular?

The kidneys may be calling for help.

Weak kidneys cannot do their work.

Give them the help they need.

To cure a kidney backache you must cure the kidneys.

Use a tested and proven kidney remedy.

Doan's Kidney Pills have stood their test.

Convincing proof of merit in Weymouth endorsement:

Mrs. B. W. Hewett, 191 Washington street, Weymouth, says: "Some days when doing my work all of a sudden I would get a catch in my back. Another of my family had taken Doan's Kidney Pills and had been greatly helped, so I started using them. My back soon felt stronger and better in every way. Whenever my back gets weak now from overdoing at my housework, Doan's Kidney Pills relieve me."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Hewett had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

Arsenic Not Fatal to Birds.

Investigations by government scientists show that the spraying of trees with preparations of arsenic to eliminate the gypsy moth is not necessarily fatal to birds. The scarcity of birds in regions where much spraying is done can be explained by the fact that the spraying diminishes the supply of insect food and the birds are obliged to seek it elsewhere.

TOWN BUSINESS.

Special Town Meeting and Other Features.

The warrant is out for special town meeting, to be held at Foggs Opera House, South Weymouth, on Thursday evening, the 15th, at 7.45 o'clock.

The house will be reserved for voters and they will be admitted by check list in charge of the following checkers: John A. Holbrook, Leavitt W. Bates, Mark J. Garrity, Bertie T. Hobart, Joseph Kohler and Bartholomew J. Smith.

The newly appointed appropriation committee met at the Town office, Wednesday evening, and organized with the choice of Edward H. Kavanagh, chairman and Melville F. Cate, secretary. The evening was spent in discussing the warrant for special town meeting. The warrant has five articles, three of which are of much importance as related to financial expenditures.

John Comerford of Rose Cliff files a complaint against the dumping of sewerage along the bathing place of the shore front to be flowed onto the beach by the tide.

The heavy rain of the past week developed several bad features of flowage from the street onto private land. Among the complainants were Frank M. Burbank of Holbrook road; Alvin Thompson, North and East strets; Nathaniel P. Suffrall, Tower avenue and Wilton Loud, Park avenue.

The N. E. Tel. and Tel. Co. ask for relocating 16 poles on Washington street, and a hearing will be had on the petition at the meeting of the board, Monday, the 19th.

The board will investigate the three lines of poles from Commercial square to Leavitt's coal yards, and see if they can not be reduced to two lines.

The Humane Society has sent a number of life preservers to the Selectmen for emergencies, and they have been given to the Chief of Police to be placed at his discretion.

The jury list has been revised by the addition of the following names: Elijah Whitten, Alfred C. Sheehy, Ward F. Humphrey, Edward H. Furlong, John B. Whelan, Edward W. Hunt, Frederick Cushing, Everett M. Pratt and John Martin.

Miss Lillian Harlow, Dead.

Miss Lillian Harlow, daughter of Clifton D. and the late Mary Wilkins Harlow, died at the New England Deaconess Hospital, Boston, early Wednesday morning, following an operation for appendicitis. She had been ill since Saturday, but it was thought not to be of a serious nature, and Tuesday evening she grew rapidly worse; she was removed at once to the hospital. A great amount of sympathy and sorrow is expressed by the many people who knew the young lady and for her father, who seems to have a particularly large share of trouble. She was born in East Braintree, December 15, 1895. She graduated last year from Weymouth High, and this year had been attending a Boston Business college, and was to have concluded her studies today. Besides her father two brothers survive her. The funeral will take place this (Friday) afternoon at 2.30 o'clock from her father's home, Front street.

Hannah Larmey.

Mrs. Hannah Larmey passed away at the Carney hospital last Sunday morning where she had been since May 11th.

Funeral services were held at the home of her son on Randall avenue, Tuesday afternoon. The service was conducted by Rev. E. T. Ford, D. D. of the Congregational church and there were many beautiful floral tributes.

The pall bearers were William F. Cowing, Fred H. Litchfield, Christopher Tower and Charles Fern.

The deceased leaves two sons, Frank E. Larmey of this place and George Larmey of Brockton.

Burial was in Fairmount cemetery.

S. Adella Houghton.

Death came to Mrs. S. Adella Houghton of Hillside court, Tuesday of this week at the age of 47 years, 6 months, 12 days.

Mrs. Houghton was a member of Steadfast Rebekah Lodge, No. 98 and has been confined to her bed for some time.

She is survived by her husband, Elmer W. Houghton and son, Ralph, both of this place.

Funeral services will be held from her home this afternoon with Rev. W. M. Newton officiating.

Some Progress, Anyway.

There are still many discouragements and backsets along the path of progress, but our memory goes back to the time when frequently one of the chief worries of a campaign manager was how to keep the candidate sober.—Columbus (Ohio) Journal.

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Price of Drugs Fixed.

The German government has for years fixed the retail price of drugs even to the extent of designating what must be charged for bottle, cork, label or ointment box used in dispensing the medicine.

ON THE FARM

Read this column and you can have it delivered at your house with something new every week for a full year by sending $2.00 to this office now.

Now is the time to conserve the moisture which came last week. Put in your time with the hoe, keep the weeds out and the rest of the garden well hoed. There is a good crop of everything in sight.

Better keep one good hen than three that you have your doubts about.

Late cabbage, late celery and other late crops may follow in the same ground where beans, peas and other early crops have grown.

Excited men and women make excited birds, and that has a bad effect on the egg producing mechanism of the birds.

A small amount of trimming out of surplus and diseased branches should be given all small and large fruits several times during the summer. If summer pruning is carefully attended to there will be less need of severe pruning at any one time.

Keep the cultivator going in the orchard during this month and for the two following ones. The conservation of moisture is a great thing for trees. Few people realize how much water trees require.

On hot days you like to take a jug of cool water to the field with you. The team also will appreciate a cool drink in the field on hot days, so why not take along in the wagon an eight-gallon milk can of water for the horses?

Experiments have shown that the immediate and thorough cooling of fresh milk or cream greatly retards souring and the development of objectional flavors which are in a large measure responsible for the poor quality of butter made in creameries throughout the country.

Depredations by the pine mice can be found only after digging about the tree and exposing the trunk below the surface. The roots of small trees are often entirely eaten off by pine mice, and pine trees as well as deciduous forest trees, when young, are frequently killed by these animals.

During the summer months the poultry kept in limited quarters require more careful attention than at any other time. Lack of free range and insects and other foods which the farmer's flock secures, must be compensated for if the amateur poultryman is to secure best results.

The dairy cow should afford a solution for the run-down farm. Where barnyard manure is liberally used there are no run-down farms, and where dairy products are ecomically produced the manager should find farming profitable. My boy, do not ignore the dairy cows in your scheme for progressive farming. However, much will depend upon your management whether you succeed or not. If you do not treat your cows right they will not yield good returns.

The animal that suffers more than any other from the direct of the sun is the hog; yet hogpens are usually the most uncomfortable places in which they can be confined, as they must go under shelter for shade, the pens preventing free access of air if they are close. If a number of hogs are together the animal heat of their bodies increases the difficulty, and the fatter the hogs the greater their sufferings. They require but little shelter at this season except a covering for shade and to protect them against storms; the pens must be dry and an abundance of fresh water before them all the time.

Why not vegetable presents?—Why could I hand my friend a good cigar with assurance of his courteous acceptance, and be afraid to send him enough crisp yellow beans to give him and his family a vegetable treat they cannot obtain for themselves in any market? His wife will eat contentedly of a box of candy on the living-room table when she calls, but might entertain the suspicion that we were considering her an object of charity if we offered her a bunch of fresh, crisp radishes, ten minutes out of the ground. Something is wrong in our sense of proportion, I think. Perhaps I will acquire courage eventually to contribute surplus vegetables to the tables of my friends, just as I now gladly cut for them the more difficult flowers, which they as gladly carry away.—J. Horace McFarland in The Countryside Magazine for July.

Shocking.

"Speaking of electrifying modern dances, have you seen the induction coil."—Cornell Widow.

Reason for Her Social Prominence.

"Eh-yah!" said the landlord of the tavern at Polkville, Ark., in reply to the question of the Kansas City drummer. "The lady that just passed is one of our most prominent society leaders. She's already caused four men to be shot, and as you saw, she's still medium young and considerable handsome."

HOOKING A SHARK.

It's an Exciting Sport Even if One Doesn't See the Fish.

Fishing for sharks off the pier at Palm Beach is a Brobdingnagian sport. You fish with clotheslines and a hook the size of a split anchor. Half of some great fish is slipped on your hook for bait. You throw it off the pier and fasten the end of the line to the railing and then take out your detective story and read.

Sometimes you get a bite; sometimes you don't. At evening the colored gentleman in charge of the shark fishing on the pier goes around and takes in the lines. That in itself is on rare occasions an exciting sport.

Once a New York vacationist was standing on the pier enjoying the sunset after a day's fruitless angling when he heard a shout from the colored gentleman, who had discovered a shark on one of the lines that had been left out. The colored gentleman was having trouble in handling the beast, so the New Yorker went to his assistance. Together they pulled and hauled at the line in vain. Another man on the pier joined in, and then the three braced their feet against the rail and tugged for all they were worth. But in spite of all they could do the line slipped gradually through their fingers.

Finally all the slack was used up, and the rope, coming taut against the rail, snapped like a thread. The New Yorker has always wished he could have had just one look at that shark.—New York Post.

MARTEL AND POITIERS.

The Man and Battle That Saved Europe From the Saracen Yoke.

A traveler approaching the city of Poitiers, France, would hardly believe that it was around the site of that small city that the battle which saved all Europe from the Saracen yoke was fought. The man who commanded the French in that great battle was Charles, who afterward received the surname Martel, "the hammer," from his mighty prowess in that fight.

He baffled the Saracen invasion by his great victory at Poitiers. The Saracens had mastered all Asia and conquered Spain. Nothing could withstand their arms, and the Crescent bore death and desolation before it wherever it went. The Mohammedans determined to conquer all Europe in the name of the Prophet. Spain had fallen, and France was next. The two armies met at Poitiers. The strife was bloody, for the Saracens had the prestige of former victories and the advantage of numbers; France had the wisdom of Martel. That wisdom triumphed, and the Mohammedan was hurled back, a broken power. This victory saved Europe from want and desolation, for the brave people would have suffered anything sooner than embrace Mohammedanism. The great champion of Christian civilization lived nine years after his famous triumph at Poitiers and died in the year 741.—Irish World.

Force of Drops of Water.

It seems almost incredible that so small a thing as a drop of rain should injure the propeller of an aeroplane, but such is the case. At so great a speed does the propeller revolve—1,200 revolutions a minute as a matter of fact—that a rain drop hits it with such enormous force as to chip a piece of the wood away. Some idea of the hardships entailed by flying through the rain at sixty miles an hour may be gathered from the fact that an aviator who recently went through such an experience, alighted with the edge of his propeller fretted as though it had been gnawed by rats. The rain drops had chipped pieces out of the blades and also bruised the aviator's face, owing to the force with which they hit against his flesh.—London Spectator.

Antiquity of "A Regular Shindy."

The antiquity of many familiar terms is surprising when it is known. Many people are not aware that "What the dickens!" occurs in Shakespeare, but fewer still will be prepared to hear that the phrase "a regular shindy" is found in an author's note to a poem called "The Popish Kingdom," published in 1570. A writer quotes this note, which refers to the celebration of Maundy Thursday, "Midnight services are held in church, the lights are put out, and a regular shindy follows, men being beaten and wounded."—London Globe.

Fine Language.

As a rule the educated native of West Africa, like his Indian brother, loves high flown language. A clerk some time ago sent a report complaining that the carbines of the police at his station often misfired. This is how he put it: "It is ridiculous to report that the firearms of the police when pointed at the firmament refuse to give explosive sound."—London Saturday Review.

Of the Past.

Geologists say that several species of man have entirely disappeared from the earth. Doubtless these last species include the nice old gentleman who used to pull off his boots of an evening with the help of the bootjack.—Chicago News.

The Fourth Estate.

The expression "fourth estate" was first used by Thomas Carlyle and was applied to the editors during the period of the French revolution.

Impudent.

Registrar—How old are you, madam? She—I've seen nineteen summers, sir. Registrar—How long have you been blind?—Brooklyn Eagle.

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Bradford Hawes, Secretary, East Weymouth
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Henry E. Hanley, East Weymouth.
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Hall—"Blythe is a pretty optimistic character, I hear." Wall—"I should say so. If he failed in business, he'd thank heaven he had his health; if he failed in health, he'd thank heaven he had his business, and if he failed in both he'd say there was no use having one without the other."

Unwilling to Impose on the Lord.

"What does yo' think, sah, 'bout de 'vangelist's notion o' holdin' sunrise pra'r meetin's?" "I calls it plumb foolish, sah!" replied square-headed old Brother Clank. "Uhkaze why: De Lawd ain't gwine to tumble out o' bed dat early in de mawnin' to listen to a bunch o' niggers dat's got all day to do deir prayin' in!"—Kansas City Star.

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A SMALL JOB OF PIRACY

It Happened In the Bay of Naples.

By JOHN Y. LARNED

I sailed from New York on the 10th of April as first mate of the steamer Pelican with a cargo which was to be sold out at Mediterranean ports. We reached Naples on the 5th of May, having disposed of all the cargo except a few things that we sold there, and took nothing aboard, intending to load up with Arabian goods on the African coast. The purser went ashore with money he had taken in for the goods we had sold, got it changed into gold that would pass readily in the places we expected to make purchases, and it was brought aboard in bags.

We had a promiscuous crew of white and copper colored men, the latter having been picked up on the Mediterranean coast, while the former had come from the low grade of sailors one will find in the shipping districts of New York. Since we were not loading they had nothing to do, and when the bags of gold were taken aboard a lot of them were looking over the side of the ship. And from the weight of the gold and the clinking of the coins when a bag was placed on the deck it was plain to them that they contained money.

I noticed an expression on the faces of several of the worst of the crew which indicated, to say the least, covetousness. I mentioned the matter to the captain, suggesting that bringing gold aboard so openly was throwing temptation in the men's way. He poohpoohed the matter, and, having warned him, I did not press it further.

That evening a liberty party went ashore. We were at anchor in the bay of Naples, and the captain concluded to let all the men go, while he and I and the purser remained on watch. This again seemed to me to be taking a risk. Naples is noted for the crimes committed in and about it. If we had nothing to fear directly from the crew we had something to fear from those to whom they might talk about the gold they had seen carried aboard the Pelican.

The bay of Naples is probably the most beautiful bay in the world. At any rate, I have in my voyages visited many, but none other impressed me in the same way. The night we lay at anchor there I remember as more beautiful than any other I have spent. A full moon stood in the heavens, lighting up the city, Vesuvius and the islands of Ischia and Capri, while it left its shimmer on the water. Then, too, the temperature was delightful. The day had been hot, but the nights in Italy are usually cool. On this night it was just warm enough to sit out on deck in light clothing.

Facing eastward from the bay one looks to his right upon Mount Vesuvius, beneath which lie the half buried, half exhumed cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum. Directly before him the city of Naples rises with the ground on which it is built, and to me, viewing it at night, it was successive tiers of light.

By 10 o'clock all who were aboard except myself had turned in, I having volunteered to stand watch till the liberty party returned. The men had orders to return at 11 o'clock, but that hour arrived without them. I was not especially surprised, for sailors ashore are not very reliable. I didn't mind their not coming, for the night was so beautiful that I had no desire to turn in.

Twelve o'clock came and still no crew. I began to get a bit drowsy and dozed in my chair. Opening my eyes, I saw a boat heading for the ship. I did not doubt that it was the liberty party returning till I noticed that there was no sound of oars or voices. Sailors who go ashore for a good time don't usually come back quietly. Besides, it very soon dawned upon me that the oars in the approaching boat were muffled.

What I have said about the gold and the crew and crime in Naples flashed through my brain. I ran downstairs to awaken the captain and the purser.

"Arm yourselves and get on deck as soon as possible!" I cried, shaking them at the same time.

I then ran to where the arms were kept and, seizing a musket, a cutlass and a revolver, got up the companionway just in time to see the boat about 100 yards distant. From the gunwale amidships I cried out to the approaching party to keep off, though if they were Italians they would not understand me.

They stopped rowing, and I could hear them talking in the guttural sounds of the low grade of the Italian people. Then without heeding my warning they resumed their course toward the Pelican. I fired a shot from the musket, but, not being sure of their intentions, aimed above their heads. If they were not bent on crime this would stop them. It did not stop them, for they pulled forward with lusty strokes.

Hearing the shot hastened the captain and the purser, who arrived half dressed, but armed, a few moments after I had fired. They joined me when the boat was within thirty yards of the ship. The party had come in a large yawl, and there were about a dozen of them. They had an advantage over us in numbers, while they were at a disadvantage as to position, for it is not an easy matter to board a vessel from a boat much lower than the ship to be boarded. Unfortunately we were at some distance from the shore or any other vessel. One or two ships had been near us when we anchored, but they had sailed or docked during the day.

While I could not tell who these men were, I presumed that they were Italians who had heard the crew talking in Naples about the treasure in the ship. Quite likely some members of the crew had been heard talking about the practicability of boarding the Pelican, seizing the gold and making off with it. There was no time to conjecture who they were. Our main business was to stand them off.

The captain and the purser were ignorant of what had appeared to me, and since I had no time to enter into an explanation in words I decided to do so by a shot. I put a ball in among the men huddled together in the boat. That I hit some person or persons was evident from the fact that there was a commotion aboard. But the rowing was not long interfered with. A jabbering in the Italian language followed, but they did not reply to my fire. I attributed this to their having intended a surprise and that they had not expected to attract the attention of the police by the sound of firing.

My companions were by this time convinced by ocular demonstration that there was mischief in the boat near us, and both blazed away. But the boat was under the bulwarks, and we were obliged to lean over to see her. We heard one clear, composed voice, evidently that of a commander giving orders, but since we did not understand the Italian language we were ignorant of what he said. This convinced me that we were attacked by a party of brigands under a competent leader and would all be murdered unless we could drive them off.

The Pelican's crew had gone down into their boat by means of the wooden steps roped together, used for taking on and letting off pilots and such other purposes. It was hanging ready for them when they should return. I would have pulled it up on seeing a suspicious boat approaching, but had not time. The brigands began to climb it. Captain Wainright claimed the position to receive the first man who came up. The bandit must use his two hands and could not very well fight his way on to the ship, but he was protected by a man in the boat, who threw a knife at the captain, which struck him in the chest. I pushed him away and took his place. A knife whizzed by my ear so close as to clip off enough of it to draw blood, but I succeeded in landing a blow on the head of the top man on the ladder with the butt of my revolver that dropped him.

His fall disconcerted the man below him, and before he could reach the top step the purser brought a cutlass down on him which sent him after his companion.

Meanwhile I had noticed a man below take to the water and swim toward the stern. I surmised that he was making for the anchor chain to climb on board. Captain Wainright had pulled the knife out of his chest, and, thinking he might be able to protect the bow from the swimmer, I suggested that he do so, leaving me and the purser where the principal danger lay. Wainright said that he was up to the job and started forward with a musket, stanching the blood flowing from his chest at the same time. He was not seen by the man in the water, who seized the anchor chain and was beginning to shin up it when the captain dropped him by a shot from his musket.

Meanwhile the purser and I were fighting at the steps to keep off boarders. We were somewhat protected by the bulwarks from those in the boat and after the captain's mishap kept as well below as possible. But I believed the battle would at last go against us when I thought of a way to cut off the ascent. I told the purser to bring an ax, while I fought on. He did so, and when he returned I cut the ropes that held the steps. There were three men on them at the time, all of whom tumbled into the boat or the water.

Hearing the sound of oars, I looked and saw another boat rapidly approaching. That it did not contain reenforcements for the bandits was evident from the fact that they pushed off and pulled away as fast as they could. They were chased by the other boat and were fired at. As the latter passed near the Pelican I could see in the moonlight that the men in it wore the showy uniforms of the carabineers, or national police of Italy. We watched them till we saw them overhaul the bandits and take their boat in tow.

They pulled back to the Pelican and left a carabineer who spoke some English on board to get what information we had to impart concerning the attack and to inform us that we would be expected to appear against the bandits. The police had been attracted by our shots.

At 2 o'clock in the morning our crew returned minus three men we had picked up at Tangier. These men formed the plan of attacking us and getting the gold we had on board, taking with them an organized band. The authorities offered to give up these men of our crew to us that we might try them for mutiny, but our captain preferred to leave them to be dealt with by the Italian courts.

Such was my experience in the bay of Naples, an experience which spoiled that body of water for me ever afterward. I have been there a number of times since, and, while it is always a scene of beauty, the memory of that night, which might have been my last on earth, always threw a gloom over its shimmering waters.

LEGAL FALLACIES.

Ancient Superstitions That Tenaciously Cling to Life.

On the subject of "Some Popular Legal Superstitions" Case and Comment says that there are many misconceptions of legal doctrines, usually tenaciously held and sometimes rashly acted upon to the client's undoing, some of which are so grotesquely distorted that it is difficult to trace them to their origin. One of the most widely spread but fortunately harmless of these is that in order that a will disinheriting an heir may be valid he must be "cut off with a shilling." This notion is erroneous, but Blackstone finds a foundation for it in the civil law and says:

"The Romans were also wont to set aside testaments as being inofficiosa, deficient in natural duty, if they disinherited or totally passed by (without assigning a true, sufficient reason) any of the children of the testator. But if the child had any legacy, though ever so small, it was proof that the testator had not lost his memory or reason, which otherwise the law presumed, but was then presumed to have acted thus from substantial cause. Hence probably has arisen that groundless vulgar error of the necessity of leaving an heir a shilling, or some other express legacy, in order to disinherit him effectually."

Another erroneous idea, quite generally entertained, is that a signature is not binding unless written in ink.

Still another curious notion entertained in some localities is that an eyewitness may not testify to any occurrence seen by him "through glass." This is probably attributable to the fact that the imperfections of ancient window glass might deceive the onlooker as to what actually took place. The writer recalls an instance adduced by his instructor in physics while lecturing on the refraction of light of a windowpane in his house through which passersby on the opposite side of the square appeared, on coming opposite to a church, to leap over the steeple. A condition of this sort brought out on cross examination might affect the weight, though not the admissibility, of the evidence.

PERIL OF RUST.

A Constant Menace to Structures of Iron and Steel.

Among the many questions which the architect and builder are called upon to consider, none perhaps is more important than that relating to the corrosion of iron and steel. This tendency to decay is peculiar to these materials, since none of the ordinary metals exhibits it to any comparable degree, and it is so strong that an unprotected piece is soon reduced to a shapeless mass of rust. It is one thing to design and erect a mighty skyscraper, but an entirely different matter to protect it from those influences which, if allowed to do their work, would ruin the greatest structure in a short time.

It seems strange, in a way, that unless iron is well protected it is far less resistant to natural agencies than wood or other building materials. It is being used more and more in the fabrication of large buildings and other structures of a permanent type, and the length of their life, to say nothing of the safety of the people employed in and around them, depends on the success with which corrosion can be prevented.

Painters are constantly employed on such structures as the Brooklyn or Forth bridges scraping away rust spots and repainting. When serious rusting is once started it is very hard to check, and as it would inevitably lead to the destruction of the framework a collapse would be certain to occur sooner or later, probably with an appalling loss of life.—Engineering Magazine.

Curious Bread.

The bread that was served out during the siege of Genoa was a curious mixture. Marbot, who had to eat it or go without it, says it was "a horrible compound of damaged flour, sawdust, starch, hair powder, oatmeal, linseed, rancid nuts and other nasty substances, to which a little solidity was given by the admixture of a small portion of cocoa. Each loaf, moreover, was held together by little bits of wood, without which it would have fallen to powder. General Thiebault in his journal of the siege compares this bread to peat mingled with oil."—Argonaut.

Valley of Death.

The Valley of Death is in the island of Java. It is a crater of an extinct volcano, half a mile wide, filled with carbonic acid gas, which continually emanates from fissures in the bottom of the valley. The gas being invisible and entirely irrespirable, every living thing that descends is instantly suffocated. The ground about the crater is covered with bones.

Canal Locks.

Although the ancients knew the value of canals, they failed to hit on the simple device of the lock, which was not discovered till the fourteenth century. To this day the dispute has never been settled as to which country, Italy or Holland, is entitled to the credit of the invention.

A Polite Threat.

"Why do you always ask that regular customer if the razor hurts him?" asked one barber.

"Just as a gentle reminder," replied the other, "that if he forgets the tip it's liable to hurt him next time."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

One ungrateful man does an injury to all who are suffering.—Seneca

Town Officers of Weymouth and their Post Office Address.

TOWN CLERK
John A. Raymound East Weymouth.

TOWN TREASURER.
John H. Stetson, South Weymouth.

SELECTMEN.
Edward W. Hunt, Chairman, Weymouth.
Bradford Hawes, secretary, East Weymouth.
George L. Newton, North Weymouth.
Henry E. Hanley, East Weymouth.
Ralph P. Burrell, South Weymouth.

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Bradford Hawes, Secretary, East Weymouth.
George L. Newton, North Weymouth.
Henry E. Hanley, East Weymouth.
Ralph P. Burrell, South Weymouth.

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Frank H. Torrey, Clerk, North Weymouth.
Leavitt W. Bates, East Weymouth.
Charles H. Clapp, South Weymouth.
Lewis W. Callahan, South Weymouth.

Regular meeting of Board first Wednesday evening of each month at Town Office Savings Bank building, East Weymouth.

SCHOOL COMMITTEE.
Clarence P. Whittle, Chairman, Weymouth.
Theron L. Tirrell, Secretary, South Weymouth.
E. E. Leonard, East Weymouth.
Arthur H. Alden, North Weymouth
Prince H. Tirrell, South Weymouth.
Sarah S. Howe, South Weymouth.

SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS
Parker T. Pearson, East Weymouth At close of school on Monday will be at the Athern building; Tuesday at Jefferson; Wednesday at Howe Thursday at Hunt.

WATER COMMISSIONERS.
Frank H. Torrey, Chairman North Weymouth
George E. Bicknell, Clerk, Weymouth.
Robert S. Hoffman, East Weymouth.
John H. Stetson, South Weymouth
Edward W. Hunt Weymouth.

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Fred L. Doucette, East Weymouth.
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John L. Maynard, East Weymouth.

TAX COLLECTOR.
Winslow M. Tirrell, East Weymouth

FIRE ENGINEERS.
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J. Q. Hunt, clerk, East Weymouth.
M. O'Dowd, South Weymouth.
Philip W. Wolf, North Weymouth
Russell B. Worster, Weymouth.

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Winslow M. Tirrell, North Weymouth.
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Matthew O'Dowd, South Weymouth.
Sidney G. Dunbar, North Weymouth.

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James H. Flint, Weymouth.
William A. Drake, North Weymouth.
Frederick T. Hunt, East Weymouth.
Louis A. Cook, South Weymouth.
Joseph E. Gardner, South Weymouth.

TREE WARDEN
Charles L. Merritt, South Weymouth

POLICE OFFICERS.
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A. H. Pratt, East Weymouth.
Elbert Ford, South Weymouth
Geo. W. Nash, North Weymouth.
Charles W. Baker, Weymouth.

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George W. Nash, North Weymouth
Patrick Butler, East Weymouth
Arthur H. Pratt, East Weymouth.
Thomas Fitzgerald, Weymouth.
George B. Bayley, South Weymouth.
Elbert Ford, South Weymouth.
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Willard F. Hall, East Weymouth.
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PARK COMMISSIONER.
J. Herbert Walch, Weymouth.
Louis A. Cook, South Weymouth
W. E. Bean, North Weymouth.

SEALER OF WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.
Frank D. Sherman, Weymouth.

REPRESENTATIVE TO GENERAL COURT.
(From Seventh Norfolk District.)
Kenneth L. Nash, South Weymouth, Mass

SENATOR
Louis F. R. Langelier of Quincy.

County Officers.

OFFICES AT DEDHAM.

Judge of Probate and Insolvency, James H. Flint of Weymouth.

Register of Probate and Insolvency, J. Raphael McCoole.

Assistant Register, Thomas V. Nash, of South Weymouth.

Clerk of Courts, Louis A Cook of South Weymouth.

Assistant Clerk, Robert B. Worthington.

Second Assistant, Louis A. Cook, Jr., of South Weymouth.

Register of Deeds, John H. Burdakin.

Assistant Register of Deeds, Edward L. Burdakin.

County Treasurer, Henry D. Humphrey.

Sheriff, Samuel H. Capen.

Special Sheriff, Edward E. Wentworth, Cohasset

County Commissioners, John F. Merrell of Quincy, chairman. Evan F. Richardson, of Milli Everett M. Bowker, Brookline. Session every Tuesday at 10 a. m.

Special Commissioners, Fred L. Fisher, of Norwood; Henry A. Whitney, of Bellingham.

District Attorney, (Southeast District, Norfolk and Plymouth), Albert F. Barker, of Brockton Assistant, D. A., Fred L. Katzman, of Hyde Park

Clerk of Dist. Court, (East. Norfolk), Lawrence W. Lyons, of Quincy.

Calendar of County Courts.

Supreme Judicial Court Jury Sitting, third Tuesday of February.

Superior Court, Civil Sessions—For work with Juries—First Monday of January, first Monday of May, and first Monday of October. For Court work—First Monday of February, first Monday of April, first Monday of September, and first Monday of December.

Superior Court, Criminal Sittings—First Monday of April; first Monday of September; first Monday of December.

Probate Court—At Dedham, on the first and third Wednesdays of every month, except August. At Quincy, on the second Wednesday of every month, except August. At Brookline, on the fourth Wednesday of every month, except August.

County Commissioners' Meetings—Third Tuesday of April; fourth Tuesday of June; fourth Tuesday of September, last Wednesday of December. By adjournment: On Tuesdays, except during August.

District Court of East Norfolk. Jurisdiction Randolph, Braintree Cohasset, Weymouth, Quincy, Holbrook and Milton. Court held at Quincy for criminal business every week day except legal holidays, and for civil business Tuesdays at 9 a. m. Justice, Albert E. Avery, Braintree. Special Justices, E. Granville Pratt, Quincy; Louis A. Cook, Weymouth. Clerk, Lawrence W. Lyons. Asst. James McDonald. Probation Officer, Francis A. Spear, 25 Thayer Street, Quincy. Court Officer and Bail Commissioner, William Marden, 24 Coddington Street, Quincy.

Weymouth Gazette

AND TRANSCRIPT

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☞The Gazette & Transcript is printed and mailed Friday afternoons, and is for sale at all News-stands in the Weymouths and at the South Terminal, Boston.

All communications must be accompanied with the name of the writer, and unpublished communications cannot be returned by mail unless stamps are enclosed.

Notices of all local entertainments to which admission fee is charged must be paid for at regular rates, 10 cents per line in the reading matter, or regular rates in the advertising columns.

Friday morning, July 9th. Once more the sun is out bright and with a good, healthy breeze blowing. It has been a week of unusual precipitation with severa extremely heavy rains, streets washed and gulleyed, much cut grass partially destroyed for any use as fodder, but when we hear of the tornadoes, destruction of property and loss of life in the middle western states we are thankful that we are as well off as we are with a cheering look for our growing gardens and fruit prospects.

The problems which the Marlboro Board of Trade have been compelled to meet are identically the same as those which have come to the Natick Commercial Club. Business enterprises looking for locations were invariably looking for capital at the same time and the experience is identically the same in all cases.—Natick Bulletin.

The Weymouth Board of Trade has met many proposals of that kind. A business location, rent free, furnished, capital and exemption from taxes as a rule are what is asked for but they are not desirable industries for Boards of Trade and Commercial Clubs to encourage.

Politics in town are beginning to boom, now that the glorious Fourth is a thing of the past. The first sign on the horizon we have noticed, was the circulation a few days ago of papers by Martin E. Hawes of East Weymouth, former owner and manager of this paper. Mr. Hawes has entered the representative field and having served two terms some years ago, is well versed on the needs of the position. He will be strongly opposed by Kennith Nash, the popular South Weymouth young man, who is at present playing baseball with the Montreal Club. As "Ken" has already served two terms and is by no means at all short on popularity all over town, it should be a keen hard fight between a veteran and young blood, with the sometimes, too prominent "mud slinging" left out. We are told that Lawyer William P. Kelley of East Braintree, well known and highly liked all over this town, is to make his initial appearance in the political field, by opposing Louis F. R. Langelier of Quincy, for senator in this district. As yet we have not heard who the Democratic candidates are but without doubt the several positions will be well supplied with aspering citizens who desire election when the date of balloting arrives.

Such Is Fate.

"He had braved a thousand dangers in the land of savage strangers, war and famine, fire and tempest, epidemics and the rest." (This was in metrical form in the London Chronicle.) "But yesterday at five (and it's lucky he's alive), he was hurt in a collision with a boy on roller skates."

Spoiled His Thoughts.

Little Billie was lying quietly, with eyes wide open, but apparently seeing nothing. After a while his mother asked, "Dreaming, Billie?" "Not dreaming; thinking," replied Billie impatiently, "and when anybody speaks to me it cuts the think right in two and I have to begin all over again.

Lost Curls Are Found.

In a picture show at a Madison street theater one evening a little girl and her mother were seated near me. A comic picture was on, showing a lady "making up" with paint, powder, false hair, etc. The climax came when the interested little girl cried out: "Oh, mamma, there's the curls you lost at Aunt Bell's party. Where do you 'spose she found 'em?"—Chicago Tribune.

Doctors and Drugs.

A large number of physicians are themselves addicted to the use of morphine. This is no wonder, considering the strenuous life they lead, and the fact that they are continually handling the drug. Conscientious physicians have for some time past refused to administer it, but then, what was the use, while there were so many others willing to do so?

FOUR SCORE YEARS.



Oliver Burrell, appointed Aide on the Staff of Dept. Commander, G. A. R.

Last Friday evening, at his home on Broad street, Oliver Burrell, Adjutant of Post 58, G. A. R., celebrated his eightieth birthday.

About sixty of his friends gathered to congratulate him, and delegates were present from Post 58, G. A. R.; W. R. C., No. 102; D. of V.; S. of V.; Auxiliary to S. of V., and B. S. of A., with E. O. Pearson, patriotic instructor of Post 84 of Braintree, and Dr. Marston, past commander of Post 88 of Quincy were special guests.

Many gifts were showered upon Comrade Burrell, and probably the one most appreciated was a badge signifying his new rank and accompanied by the following letter:

Special Order No. 1 July 2, 1915.

Comrade Oliver Burrell of Post 58, Dept. of Mass., G. A. R., having reached the good age of eighty years, is hereby appointed an Aide on the Staff of the Department Commander.

He will be obeyed and respected accordingly.

By command of
ALFRED H. KNOWLES,
Commander.

WILFRED A. WETHERBEE,
Asst. Adjt. General.

The premises were beautifully decorated with the national emblem and with the electric lights made a very attractive setting for the occasion.

During the evening music was furnished by Flint's orchestra, Mrs. M. Eveline Philbrook rendered vocal solos, old time dancing was enjoyed and refreshments were served by a caterer.

Comrade Burrell was heard to remark, as some of the guests were taking their leave, that he expected at least to celebrate 15 more such occasions, and we all trust he may.

NORTH WEYMOUTH.

—Cards are out announcing the marriage of Miss Doris Lovell to Henry Francis Clapp, to take place on the 24th of July, at 15 Lovell street.

—Miss Katherine Lyons of Pittsfield, Mass., has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. William Gray, of Lincoln street, for the past two weeks.

—William A. Harrington of Pittsfield, Mass., has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. William Gray of Lincoln street over the holiday.

—C. W. Dyer and family of Athens street moved on Thursday of last week to Everett.

—Rev. Joseph Walthers of Wollaston has taken a cottage at Riverbank for the season.

—Miss Evelyn Tibbetts has taken a position with Edward Brown.

—Mr. and Mrs. Horace W. Walker and family spent the week end and holiday with relatives in Lowell.

—Miss Ruth Powers of Arlington has been a guest of her sister, Mrs. Lewis D. Loring, this week.

—P. J. Derrig and son Howard left Wednesday for a trip to the Pacific Coast and expositions. Mrs. Derrig will spend a few weeks with relatives in New York.

—William B. Dasha has broken ground for an addition to his bothouse.

—Miss Gladys Sidelinger of Dorchester spent a few days of this week as the guest of her uncle, A. J. Sidelinger.

—Miss Emily Poulin, daughter of Mr. Joseph Poulin of North street, and district nurse at Hingham, is enjoying a month's vacation. She will spend part of the time with her father and the remainder at Naples, Maine.

—Miss Viola Tirrell and Lester Tirrell of Brookline are spending a week with their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Tirrell.

—Mrs. Charles Clark is spending a short while with relatives in Ashby.

—E. P. Shaw of Fort Point has been entertaining his brother-in-law, the Rev. Mr. Cook of Hillsboro, N. H., this week.

—Edward Jordan of Palmer is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Jordan of Green street.

—Willis Keene has rented his house on Green street to Mr. Wilson of Hingham. Mr. Keene and family will take up their residence at Norwell.

—Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Shaw spent several days of this week with their son, Irving Shaw of Wollaston.

—Mrs. Sophia Beal of Hingham has been a guest of relatives in town this week.

—Dr. W. A. Drake returned Saturday from the Boothby Hospital and is now improving.

—The Ladies' Auxiliary to the King Cove Boat Club held a quilting bee in the clubhouse last week.

—Mr. and Mrs. George W. Clark and Mr. and Mrs. Manuel Page have gone to their summer cottages at Great Hill Beach for the season.

—On account of the bad weather last Friday, the picnic of the Congregational and Universalist Sunday schools was postponed until Wednesday of this week.

—Mrs. Augustus Tirrell is ill at her summer home at Great Hill Beach.

—Oscar F. Cox, Dr. A. Caroline Cox and Dr. O. F. Cox, Jr. of Boston, occupy the Outlook.

—The Nospotlikit cottage is taken by Mr. and Mrs. Elmer E. Blackington of Brockton and Mr. and Mrs. Edward Curren of Marlboro.

—The Abbott cottage is taken by Mr. and Mrs. John Hopkins of Rockland.

—Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Erickson and Mrs. L. G. VanAmringe of Dorchester are at Hunt's Hill Beach for the season.

—Hate-to-Quit-It cottage is occupied by Mrs. W. H. Coggswell, Raymond and Alice Coggswell of Pittsburg. Mrs. A. L. Raymond of Allston is a guest.

—Mr. and Mrs. Albert Baker and family of Roxbury are spending the summer season on Birchbrow avenue.

—The Valldon cottage is taken by Miss Sarah Dunn and guests of Rockland.

—The Swasitka cottage is occupied by John H. Rider and family of Cambridge.

—Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Varney of Rockland have taken the Autorest cottage on Hunt's Hill.

—The Eagle cottage at Hunt's Hill is occupied by D. S. Ferguson and family of Dorchester.

—Mr. and Mrs. Paul F. Brown of Boston are at their cottage on Hunt's Hill for the season.

—The Wessagussett Yacht club met in the clubhouse on Thursday evening of last week, with members of the King Cove Yacht club and Quincy Town River Yacht club as guests. Capt. Charles R. Tuckett of the Customhouse Guards gave an address.

—Dr. and Mrs. W. W. Colburn, Hardy, Elinor, Doris, Marjorie, Phyllis, and Harry, Jr., of Boston, occupy a cottage on Birch Brow avenue. Mr. A. L. Fernald and Fred C. Fernald are guests there.

—The executive committee of the Pilgrim Brotherhood met on Tuesday evening to appoint committees and plan the work for the coming fall and winter.

—The regular business meeting and social of the Christian Endeavor, which was to be held on Wednesday of this week, has been postponed until Wednesday evening of next week.

—For the remaining Sunday evenings in July the meetings of the Christian Endeavor of the Pilgrim church will be held at 5.30 o'clock.

—Beginning next Sunday evening, as has been the custom for several years, Twilight services will be held at the Pilgrim Congregational church at 6.30 o'clock. The music will be a special feature of these meetings.

—On Monday, July 5th, the Wessagusett Yacht club kept an open house the entire day. There were water and land sports during the day, and a dance in the evening ended the day's celebration.

—The Fourth of July was celebrated at the North Weymouth Yacht club last Monday. The day's program consisted of a band concert, motor boat races, land and water sports, and a children's dance in the afternoon. Dancing was enjoyed in the evening, and there was a fine display of fireworks.

Why Editors Age Prematurely.

"Will you please give me," an East side woman writes earnestly to the Star, "a little information through your columns of 'Answers?' I am making a shoe polish and want to know what ingredients to use to produce the shine. It is all satisfactory except that it does not give the desired polish."—Kansas City Star.

Pathetic.

Another pathetic little feature of everyday life is the way a stout woman verging on middle age will read the directions for making the angles trim and shapely, to meet the demands of the short skirt vogue, and laboriously but confidently go through all the prescribed exercises.—Columbus (O.) Journal.

Forces to Be Destroyed.

The forces of nature we must endeavor to avoid. Working blindly as they do we can do nothing to overcome them. At most we can avoid their destructive influence and alleviate the suffering they give rise to. But the forces that are thrust out by ourselves, that spring from our own minds, must be controlled and overcome. They are primitive. They are brutal. They are animal forces. Against these we must direct our energies.

To Make Bandages.

Bandages can be prepared from the good parts of worn sheets or pillow slips if perfectly clean. Rolls six to eight yards in length are most convenient—one inch wide for fingers, two inches for feet, two and one-half to three inches for head and arms and four inches for legs. A good way of keeping them in condition for use is to seal the rolls in a perfectly clean glass fruit jar.

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Her Waist Measure.

A teacher in one of the city schools—who, to say the least, is of rather generous proportions—was trying to explain to her scholars the correct measurements of the human frame. "For example," she said, "twice around my thumb, once around my wrist; twice around my wrist, once around my neck, once around my neck, once around my waist." Then she paused, and a shrill voice from the back of the room exclaimed, "Twice around yer waist, once around the city hall."

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STORAGE ROOMS TO LET

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159 Middle St. East Weymouth

His Probable Defeat.

"A man dat buys his neckties to match de color of his eyes," said Uncle Eben, "may have good taste, but he ain' liable to have good judgment."

SOUTH WEYMOUTH

—Leon Marsh of Waterbury Conn., spent the holiday with his parents Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Marsh of Pleasant street.

—Everett Frost of the U. S. S. Wyoming returned to his ship at Newport, R. I. after four days furlough spent at his home here.

—Thomas Iliffe is working at Nantasket for the summer.

—Henry Clavin of Waltham, a former resident was in town a few days ago.

—Miss Helen Courtney has returned from Fort Wayne, Ind., where she has been visiting relatives.

—A. C. Heald has returned from a business trip through the west.

—Miss Bertha Brennen and Ruth Wright are spending two weeks at Gardiner, Me.

—The Boy Scouts with Scoutmaster Brown camped out at Lovell's Corner over the holiday.

—Marshall Abbott is back at his duties in Boston after a three week's vacation.

—Hugh Sherman of Willamantic, Conn. has been the guest of his father the past few days.

—Robert Vining and wife of Beverly, spent the Fourth with Mrs. Vining's sister Mrs. Burton Wright.

—Mrs. Warren Palmer of Avon has been spending a few days with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Walter Frost.

—Gayheart Otto is ill with dipthera at his home on Pleasant street.

—William Hill of West street has taken a position as a newsboy with Union News Co. of Boston.

—Bates Torrey Jr., of Syracuse N. Y. spent the week end with his parents at their home on Tower avenue.

—Miss Ethelyn Doble is out again after being confined to her home for six weeks with scarlet fever.

—Stanley Heald received a degree of Bachelor of Science at Amherst last week.

—Mr. and Mrs. Albert Vinal, have returned from their wedding trip.

—The members of Combination 5, W. F. D. held their monthly meeting last Tuesday evening in the engine house.

—Arthur Vinson of Newark, N. J., was in town over the Fourth.

—Miss Sylvia Putney of Woonsocket, R. I. has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Linton of Tower avenue.

—Hester Swan was away over the holiday.

—The White Sox won two games the Fourth. In the morning they defeated North Quincy A. A. at Atlantic by a score 10 to 0. The batteries for the winners, Stackpole and Hurt; the losers, Sawyer and MacDonald. In the afternoon they defeated the Mt. Pleasant team at Webb Park in a close game the score being 6 to 5. Langford and Hirt were the battery for the winners and E. Condrick and L. Condrick for the losing side.

—James Carley is on a week's trip to New York City.

—James Dondero was in town over the holiday. Mr. Dondero is living in New York City.

—George Sellars is enjoying his annual vacation.

—Eugene Morris of Dorchester, Neb. has been spending a few days with Leo Madden. Mr. Morris was room mate of Mr. Madden's at Valpariso University.

—Loring Tirrell, Marcus Tirrell and William Desmond are on a 10 days fishing trip to Camp Molunkus, Me.

—Miss Marion Halligan of South Boston is the guest of her aunt Mrs. Richard Horace.

—Carl Loud of this town and a former Brown University outfielder has left the Pawtucket Tigers to take up a position as counselor at a boys camp in Oxford, Maine. Loud went to Pawtucket from Brockton two weeks ago and since that time has had a batting average of over 300.

—An open meeting of the Prudential committee of the Union Congregational church was held in the parsonage on the evening of July 1st, the topic discussed being "The Social Life of the Church".

—On the early morning of the fifth Comb. 5 was called to box 45 for a fire in a hen house belonging to the estate of the late Mrs. McLaughlin. To all appearances the fire was set. The loss was small. Hardly had they arrived there when box 49 was blown in and the fire truck was rushed with a squad of men to the Pratt School were the box is located. This proved a false alarm and the second within a week from the same box.

—Miss Pearl Chandler, the popular clerk at H. W. Barnes' store, is sojourning at Brant Rock for the week.

—Pasquale Ferbert of the U. S. S. Constellation is on a furlough.

—Jennie, Mary and Johanon Shanahan are spending two months' vacation at Newcastle, N. B., their former home.

—The White Sox and North Quincy meet tomorrow at Fair grounds.

—Mr. and Mrs. Mark Coolen recently celebrated their fifth wedding aniversary.

—Walter Shaw and family are spending the month at Brant Rock.

—Jeannette Sherman of Pond street has returned from Willamantic, where she has been visiting relatives.

—Mrs. Fletcher Howe is chaperon of the Camp Fire Girls of Universalist church at Humrock Beach this week.

—Charles Holbrook and family and Wilbur Howe motored to the Cape yesterday and viewed the Cape Cod canal.

—D. D. Luxton is driving a new Chandler six touring car.

—Rev. Merrill C. Ward of Jamaica Plain will presch at the Universalist church next Sunday. Wilbur Howe will lead the Y. P. C. U. in evening, the subject: "Courage of Conviction."

—West Abington and Wessagusett will play at Thomas' field on Pond street next Saturday.

—Oswald Ralph, the florist, has purchased a new touring car.

—Elmer Kibby and family are visiting in Randolph, Vermont.

—While sitting on her veranda Thursday afternoon, Mrs. Greely of South Weymouth saw a meteor fall which lighted up all the square around. The Brockton Times records another such phenomena occuring in Hingham, Wednesday with serious results.

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JACKSON SQ. J. E. Mulligan, New-Business Manager. EAST WEYMOUTH, MASS.

Precocity.

Precocity may be defined as a form of premature mental development that is instanced when a child five years old has learned that the drumstick is not the best part of a turkey gobbler.—Houston Post.

Deserves Admiration.

Our admiration for the man who, whether the conversation starts on garden sass or the philosophy of Bergson, will yet bring it in three adroit sentences to his favorite hobby.—Milwaukee Journal.

Modern Children.

In describing the children who had moved in next door little Helene said: "They're not troublesome children; they don't do anything you tell them not to do, but they do everything you don't say anything about."

Hardly a Matter of Creed.

"I am sorry, but I advertised for a Scandinavian cook," said Mrs. White. "Lawd Sake!" replied Paralysia Pearl Waddles. "What difference do it make what a lady's 'ligion am, des so's she kin cook?"—Judge.

The Best of References.

Mrs. Hiram Daly—"Can you get a reference from your last employer?" Applicant—"Shure I can. I've been workin' for meself for the past six months, an' I recommend meself to yez very highly."

WEYMOUTH FIRE ALARM BOXES.

12—Pole, River and Parnell Sts.
13—Bradley Fertilizer Works.
14—Pole, Wessagusset Road.
114—Pole, Wessagussett & Hobomac St
15—Pole, Bicknell square.
115—Pole, Pearl and Norton Streets.
16—Pole, Bay View Street.
116—Pole, Bridge and Saunders Sts.
17—Pole, Sea and North Sts.
18—Pole, Lovell and Bridge Sts.
19—Pole, Church and North Sts.
21—Pole, Grant and High Sts.
221—Pole, Wharf St.
23—Pole, Jackson Square.
223—Pole, Commercial and Putnam Sts.
24—Pole, Electric Station, private.
224—Pole, Charles St. in front of Clapp's factory.
25—Pole, Central square.
225—Pole, Middle St., near Lake.
26—Pole, Broad St., near Essex.
226—Pole, Cedar and Hawthorne Sts.
27—Pole, Broad St. and Bates Ave.
28—Pole, Shawmut St.
29—Pole, Strong's Factory, priv.
31—Pole, Summer and Federal Sts.
32—Pole, Congress and Washington Sts.
34—Opposite 412 Front St.
35—Pole, Prospect and Granite Sts.
36—Pole, Garfield Square.
37—Engine House No. 3.
38—Pole, Washington Square.
39—Pole, Commercial Street, opposite Wharf.
41—Pole, Lovells Corner.
42—Pole, Elm and Pleasant Sts.
43—Pole, Nash's Corner.
45—Pole, cor. Park Ave. and Main St.
46—Pole, Middle and Washington Sts.
47—Pole, Pleasant and Canterbury.
48—Lake View Park.
49—Pole, opp. Pratt School, Pleasant St.
441—Cor. Park and Pine Sts.
51—Pole, Pleasant, opp. Otis Torrey's.
52—Engine House No. 5.
53—Pole, Independence Square.
54—Pole, near Depot.
55—Pole, Pond St., near Robinson's.
56—Pole, Thicket and Pond Sts.
57—Pole, May's Corner, Union St.
58—Henry Chandler's, Union Street.
61—Corner Randolph and Forest Sts.
62—Pole, E. C. Staples, Main St.
63—Cor. Columbian and Forest Sts.

NO SCHOOL SIGNALS.

2—2—2. Repeat once.

At 7.30 o'clock a.m., no school in any grade during a.m. The same signal at 8 o'clock, no school in grades 1 to 4 inclusive during a. m. The same signal at 11.45 o'clock, no school in grades 1 to 4 inclusive during p. m. The same signal at 12.45 o'clock p. m., no school in any grade during p. m.

BREVITY OF ENGLISH.

Its Advantage In This Respect Over French and German.

In an international report, printed in parallel columns in French, German and English, the three versions being exact translations of each other, the English report invariably finished first, sometimes it won by a whole page. As a rule, the French report was the most diffuse.

This brevity of English is partly explained by the fact that English is made up to an extraordinary extent of words of one syllable. Its nouns having (unlike the German) lost all their inflections except the possessive "s," have become mere roots, a very large proportion of them monosyllabic. In Germany a monosyllabic root practically always gets an extra syllable tacked on by way of case ending. In the second place English has little of the elaborate and explicit machinery of structure that French has, so it saves space in prepositions and such paraphernalia. Instead, English has what the grammarians call incipient agglutination—that is, sticking words together in groups without either prepositions or case endings to connect them.

An example of the former kind of brevity is a word like "earthquake," two syllables, compared with the German "erdbeben," three syllables, and the French "tremblement de terre," five syllables. An example of the terseness of English would be a phrase like, "I have been to the house and have now come back:" every word a single syllable. In a telegram this would be just as intelligible in the form "Been house now back." You cannot carry that sort of thing far in any other European language.—Manchester Guardian.

THE STATE OF FRANKLIN.

It Had a Short Life In What Is Now Eastern Tennessee.

In 1784 North Carolina, growing impatient of the burden that her western settlements had imposed upon her treasury and irritated by the complaints of the people of those sections, passed an act conveying to the federal government all the lands that now constitute the state of Tennessee.

The people of the country that is now eastern Tennessee, feeling themselves left without a government, made haste to organize themselves into an independent commonwealth, which they called, as a tribute to the illustrious philosopher, the state of Franklin. These people applied for admission into the Union; but, the federal government being slow and unwilling to act and North Carolina having repealed the act of cession of her western province to the Union, the state of Franklin came into very troubled waters for some years.

Some efforts were made to persuade the Kentuckians to join themselves to the state of Franklin, a provision having been made for such co-operation in the constitution of the experiment, but they came to nothing. The new state gradually fell to pieces, and in 1787 its brilliant and able governor, John Sevier, was put on trial for high treason. He was released by a daring rescue and subsequently pardoned and restored in name to the leadership, which he never lost in the affections of his people. In 1787 the last legislature of the state of Franklin held its session at Greenville.—Philadelphia Press.

Napoleon's Confidence.

Just before his marriage Napoleon received the appointment of commander in chief of the army of Italy. He was then twenty-six. "You are rather young," said one of the directors, "to assume responsibility so weighty and to take command over veteran generals."

"In one year," Napoleon replied, "I shall be old or dead."

"We can place you in command of men only," said Carnot, "for the troops are in need of everything, and we can furnish you with no money to provide supplies."

"Give me only men enough," Napoleon answered, "and I ask for nothing more; I will be answerable for the result."—"Table Talk and Opinions of Napoleon Buonaparte."

Pure Bred Arab Horses.

In Cairo there is a society for preserving the pure bred Arab horse. It is said that recent changes in the lives and habits of the Bedouins have resulted in the deterioration of these horses. A practical horseman of wide experience says that as a rule the Arab horse is now no better treated than our own horses, whatever may have been true of the old days when such poems as "The Arab to His Steed" were written.

Not Too Egotistic.

Little sister was gazing at the mirror very admiringly, it seemed to big sister, who remarked, severely and sarcastically, "Think you're pretty, don't you?" "Oh, no," said little sister, "I'm just half and half."

BRAINTREE FIRE ALARM BOXES.

21—Quincy Ave. and Hayward St.
23—Quincy Ave. and Commercial St.
24—Elliot St.
25—Allen St. and Commercial St.
26—Allen St. and Shaw St.
27—Commercial St., opp. Fan Shop.
29—Commercial St. and Elm St.
31—Elm St. and Middle St.
32—River St. and Middle St.
34—Elm St. and Washington St.
35—West St. and Washington St.
36—Ash St. and Hollis Ave.
38—Washington St., opp. Monatiquot school.
41—Union St. and Middle St.
42—Union St. and Washington St.
43—Pearl St. and Washington St.
45—Pearl St., opposite Shoe Factory.
46—Hancock St., private, Hollingsworth
47—Pond St., opp. A. O. Clark's house
48—Franklin St. and Central Ave.
51—Corner Hancock and Highland Ave.
52—Corner Washington St. and South St.
123—Corner Quincy Ave. and Allen St.
125—Liberty St., opp. Elmer Vinton's.
131—Corner Cedar St. and Pleasant St.
135—West St. and Mt. Vernon Ave.
142—Corner Franklin St. and Central St.
143—South Braintree Engine House.
145—Fountain St. and Pearl St.
146—Corner Plain St. and Grove St.
147—Town St. and Pond St.
221—Corner Howard St. and Hayward St.
225—Corner Liberty St. and Stetson St.
244—Corner Tremont St. and Hobart St.

For Sale

A farm of 25 acres, 12-room house, two barns, 10 acres mowing and tillage, 4 acres woodland and about twelve acres pasturage. Located on a lake and has fine chance for development along other lines than farming.

A 10-room house with all conveniences on about 1½ acres of land, some good fruit, plenty of shade, good garden spot, fine view, good neighbors, and is handy to all conveniences of trade and travel.

A 7-room house and small barn, on about an acre of good land, some fruit, good garden spot, house furnished with all conveniences, perfect neighborhood, handy to trains and car service and on a good elevation.

An all year round and summer home, right on the river front, with fine view down the river, water heat, hot and cold water, good beach with bathing and boating privileges, within six minutes of electrics and all in fine condition.

Two small summer cottages, near salt water and bathing, in good neighborhood and within five minutes of electrics.

A few desirable house lots with from 7,000 to 12,000 feet of land.

A good business with all equipments for sale to the man with some capital to invest. Has been operated by present owner for several years. Good reasons for selling at this time.

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NORFOLK ss. PROBATE COURT

TO the heirs at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of

DAVID P. TILDEN

late of Weymouth in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court for Probate by Henry P. Tilden of said Weymouth who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving surety on his official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Brookline in said County, of Norfolk on the twenty-eighth day of July, A. D. 1915, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the Weymouth Gazette, a newspaper published in said Weymouth, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing, postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, JAMES H. FLINT, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this thirtieth day of June in the year one thousand nine hundred and fifteen.

16 18 J. R. McCOOLE, Register.

The Man for the Job.

A bank should be cleaned out by the janitor, not by the cashier.—Judge.

Dark Hollow

By Anna Katharine Green

Illustrations by C. D. Rhodes

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CHAPTER XV.

He Must Be Found.

Next morning an agitated confab took place at the gate, or rather between the two front gates. Mr. Black rang for admittance, and Mrs. Scoville answered the call.

"One moment, Mrs. Scoville. How can I tell the judge! Young Ostrander is gone—fled the city, and I can get no clue to his whereabouts. I have been burning the telegraph wires ever since the first dispatch, and this is the result. Where is Reuther?"

"At Miss Weeks. I had to command her to leave me alone with the judge. It's the first time I ever spoke unkindly to her. Have you the messages with you?"

He bundled them into her hand.

"I will hand them in to him. We can do nothing less and nothing more. Then if he wants you, I will telephone."

"Mrs. Scoville—" she felt his hand laid softly on her shoulder—"there is some one else in this matter to consider besides Judge Ostrander."

"Reuther? Oh, don't I know it! She's not out of my mind a moment."

"Reuther is young, and has a gallant soul. I mean you, Mrs. Scoville, you. You are not to succumb to this trial. You have a future—a bright future—or should have. Do not endanger it by giving up all your strength now. It's precious, that strength, or would be—"

"He must be found! Oliver must be found!" How the words rung in her ears. She had handed in the messages to the waiting father; she had uttered a word or two of explanation, and then, at his request, had left him. But his last cry followed her: "He must be found!"

Mr. Black looked serious.

"Pride or hope?" he asked.

"Desperation," she responded, with a guilty look about her. "Possibly, some hope is in it, too. Perhaps, he thinks that any charge of this nature must fall before Oliver's manly appearance. Whatever he thinks, there is but one thing to do: Find Oliver."

"Mrs. Scoville, the police have started upon that attempt. I got the tip this morning."

"We must forestall them. To satisfy the judge, Oliver must come of his own accord to face these charges."

"It's a brave stock. If Oliver gets his father's telegram he will come."

"But how are we to reach him! We are absolutely in the dark."

"If I could go to Detroit, I might strike some clue; but I cannot leave the judge. Mr. Black, he told me this morning when I carried in his breakfast that he should see no one and go nowhere till I brought him word that Oliver was in the house. The hermit life has begun again. What shall we do? Advise me in this emergency, for I feel as helpless as a child—as a lost child."

"You say you cannot go to Detroit. Shall I go? Court is adjourned. I know of nothing more important than Judge Ostrander's peace of mind—unless it is yours. I will go if you say so."

"Will it avail? Let me think. I knew him well, and yet not well enough to know where he would be most likely to go under impulse."

"There is some one who knows him better than you do."

"Reuther? Oh, she mustn't be told—"

"Yes, she must. She's our one adviser. Go for her—or send me."

"It won't be necessary. There's her ring at the gate. But, oh, Mr. Black, think again before you trouble this fragile child of mine with doubts and questions which make her mother tremble."

"She has sources of strength which you lack. She believes absolutely in Oliver's integrity. It will carry her through."

"Please let her in, Mr. Black. I will wait here while you tell her."

Mr. Black hurried from the room. When his form became visible on the walk without, Deborah watched him from where she stood far back in the room. A staff had been put in her hand, rough to the touch, but firm under pressure, and she needed such a



"Oliver Must Come of His Own Accord."

staff. But she forgot gratitude and every lesser emotion in watching Reuther's expression. The young girl running into her arms, burst out with the glad cry:

"Oliver is no longer in Detroit, but he's wanted here, and Mr. Black and I are going to find him. I think I know where to look. Get me ready, mother dear; we are going tonight."

"But," objected Deborah "if you know where to look for him, why take the child? Why go yourself? Why not telegraph to these places?"

His answer was a look, quick, sharp and enigmatical enough to require explanation. He could not give it to her then, but later, when Reuther had left them, he said:

"Men who fly their engagements and secrete themselves, with or without a pretext, are not so easily reached. We shall have to surprise Oliver Ostrander, in order to place his father's message in his hands."

"You may be right. But Reuther? Can she stand the excitement—the physical strain?"

"You have the harder task of the two, Mrs. Scoville. Leave the little one to me. She shall not suffer."

Deborah's response was eloquent. It was only a look, but it made his harsh features glow and his hard eye soften.

But his thoughts, if not his hopes, received a check when, with every plan made and Reuther in trembling anticipation of the journey, he encountered the triumphant figure of Flannagan coming out of police headquarters.

His jaunty air, his complaisant nod, admitted of but one explanation. He had told his story to the chief authorities and been listened to. Proof that he had something of actual moment to tell them; something which the district attorney's office might feel bound to take up.

* * * * * * * *

A night of stars, seen through swaying treetops whose leaves crisping to their fall, murmured gently of vanished hopes and approaching death.

Below, a long, low building with a lighted window here and there, surrounded by a heavy growth of trees which are but the earnest of the illimitable stretch of the Adirondack woods which painted darkness on the encircling horizon.

Within, Reuther seated in the glow of a hospitable fire of great logs, talking earnestly to Mr. Black. As they were placed, he could see her much better than she could see him, his back being to the blaze and she, in its direct glare.

He could, therefore, study her features without offense, and this he did steadily and with deep interest, all the while she was talking. He was looking for signs of physical weakness or fatigue; but he found none. The pallor of her features was a natural pallor, and in their expression, new forces were becoming apparent, which gave him encouragement, rather than anxiety, for the adventure whose most trying events lay still before them.

This is what she was saying:

"I cannot point to any one man of the many who have been about us ever since we started north. But that we have been watched and our route followed, I feel quite convinced. But, as you saw, no one besides ourselves left the cars at this station, and I am beginning to hope that we shall remain unmolested till we can take the trip to Tempest lodge. How far is it, Mr. Black?"

"Twenty-five miles and over a very rough mountain road. Did I not confidently expect to find Oliver there, I should not let you undertake this ride. But the inquiries I have just made lead me to hope for the best results."

* * * * * * * *

"What's that?"

"That's the cry of a loon."

"How awful! Do they often cry like that?"

"Not often in the nighttime."

Reuther shuddered.

Mr. Black regarded her anxiously. Had he done wrong to let her join him in this strange ride?

"Shall we go back and wait for broad daylight?" he asked.

"No, no. I could not bear the suspense of wondering whether all was going well and the opportunity being given you of seeing and speaking to him. We have taken such precautions—chosen so late (or should I say so early) a start—that I'm sure we have outwitted the man who is so watchful of us. But if we go back, we cannot slip away from him again; and Oliver will have to submit to a humiliation it is our duty to spare him. And the good judge, too. I don't care if the loons do cry; the night is beautiful."

And it was, had their hearts been in tune to enjoy it. A gibbous moon had risen, and, inefficient as it was to light up the recesses of the forest, it illumined the treetops and brought out the difference between earth and sky. The road, known to the horses, if not to themselves, extended like a black ribbon under their eyes, but the patches of light which fell across it at intervals took from it the uninterrupted gloom it must have otherwise had. Mr. Sloan, who was at once their guide and host, promised that dawn would be upon them before they reached the huge gully which was the one dangerous feature of the road.

Their guide had prophesied truly. Heralded by that long cry of the loon, the dawn began to reveal itself and the everyday world of the mighty forest was upon them with its night mystery gone.

But not the romance of their errand, or the anxiety which both felt as to its fulfillment. Full sight brought full realization. However they might seek to cloak the fact, they could no longer disguise from themselves that the object of their journey might not be acceptable to the man in hiding at Tempest lodge. Reuther's faith in him was strong, but even her courage faltered as she thought of the disgrace awaiting him whatever the circumstances or however he might look upon his father's imperative command to return.

But she did not draw rein, and the three continued to ride up and on. Suddenly, however, Mr. Sloan was seen to turn his head sharply, and in another moment his two companions heard him say:

"We are followed. Ride on and leave me to take a look."

Instinctively they also glanced back before obeying. They were just rounding the top of an abrupt hill, and expected to have an uninterrupted view of the road behind. But the masses of foliage were as yet too thick for them to see much but the autumnal red and yellow spread out below them.

"I hear them; I do not see them," remarked their guide. "Two horses are approaching."

"How far are we now from the lodge?"

"A half-hour's ride. We are just at the opening of the gully."

"You will join us soon?"

"As quickly as I make out who are on the horses behind us."

Reuther and the lawyer rode on. Her cheeks had gained a slight flush,



A Small Trail of Smoke Hovering Above Its Single Chimney.

but otherwise she looked unmoved. He was less at ease than she; for he had less to sustain him.

The gully, when they came to it, proved to be a formidable one. It was not only deep but precipitous, and for the two miles they rode along its edge they saw no let-up in the steepness on one side or of the almost equally abrupt rise of towering rock on the other. It was Reuther's first experience of so precipitous a climb, and under other circumstances she might have been timid; but in her present heroic mood, it was all a part of her great adventure, and as such accepted.

The lawyer eyed her with growing admiration. He had not miscalculated her pluck.

As they were making a turn to gain the summit, they heard Mr. Sloan's voice behind them. Drawing in their horses, they greeted him eagerly when he appeared.

"Were you right? Are we followed?"

"That's as may be. I didn't hear or see anything more. I waited, but nothing happened, so I came on."

His words were surly and his looks sour; they, therefore, forbore to question him further, especially as their keenest interest lay ahead, rather than behind them. They were nearing Tempest lodge. As it broke upon their view, perched like an eagle's eyrie on the crest of a rising peak, they drew rein, and, after a short consultation, Mr. Sloan wended his way up alone. He was a well-known man throughout the whole region, and would be likely to gain admittance if anyone could. But all wished the hour had been less early.

However, somebody was up in the picturesque place. A small trail of smoke could be seen hovering above its single chimney, and promptly upon Mr. Sloan's approach, a rear door swung back and an old man showed himself, but with no hospitable intent. On the contrary, he motioned the intruder back, and shouting out some very decided words, resolutely banged the door shut.

Mr. Sloan turned slowly about.

"Bad luck," he commented, upon joining his companions. "That was Deaf Dan. He's got a warm nest here, and he's determined to keep it. 'No visitors wanted,' was what he shouted, and he didn't even hold out his hand when I offered him the letter."

"Give me the letter," said Reuther. "He won't leave a lady standing out in the cold."

Mr. Sloan handed over the judge's message, and helped her down, and she in turn began to approach the place. As she did so, she eyed it with the curiosity of a hungry heart. It was a compact structure of closely cemented stone, built to resist gales and harbor a would-be recluse, even in an Adirondack winter.

Mr. Sloan had been repulsed from the west door; she would try the east. Oliver (if Oliver it were) was probably asleep; but she would knock, and knock, and knock; and if Deaf Dan did not open, his master soon would.

But when she found herself in face of this simple barrier and was lifting her hand to the door it suddenly flew open and a man appeared before her.

To be continued

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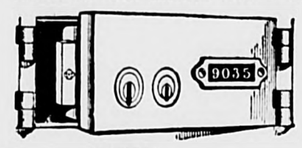
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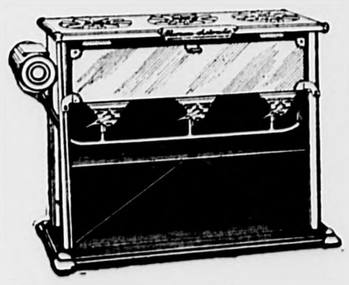
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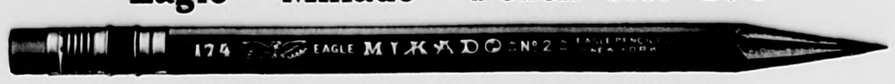


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Town Clerk's Office

— AT —

East Weymouth Savings Bank

Office Hours: 10 to 12 a. m. 2 to 5 p. m.

At all other hours at residence on Hillcrest Road, opposite Catholic Church.

JOHN A. RAYMOND, TOWN CLERK

BORROWING MONEY.

Be Sure Deferred Charges Can Be Met Before Incurring Them.

One reason why corporations have not been looked upon with friendly eyes is the fact that they have adopted financing methods of which we don't approve.

You and I have been taught to believe that we'd better do without a thing unless we have the money to pay for it. To us that seems to be safe and sane thrift doctrine.

But when corporations became numerous they adopted another plan. They decided not to wait until they could pay for what they wanted if they could borrow money with which to make the purchase. They began to load upon themselves "deferred charges."

Certain charges of this kind, of course, are justified; when it can be proved without the shadow of a doubt that what will be earned by borrowed money is more than the cost of the loan, borrowing is justified. But not otherwise.

So intelligent thrift practice in the home and the family can be measured by the same test. If you're going into debt to buy a home you should be able to demonstrate mathematically by borrowing money to buy a home you will in the end save more in rent than the cost of the land and house, repairs and taxes and insurance.

You have no business to place any "deferred charge" upon your individual resources or those of your family that those who come after you will not cheerfully pay because they recognize that it is a just charge. The test ought to be:

"If I should die tomorrow would my heirs prefer to go on meeting these charges rather than allow them to be defaulted?" It is when the answer of either the individual or a new board of corporation directors is in the negative that we see the unwisdom of much borrowing in anticipation of benefits or earnings.

If you're honest, "deferred charges" have to be met, and if you have had much experience you will know that it isn't often that the future develops as well as you think it will.—John M. Oskison in Chicago News.

PRISONERS OF WAR.

Code of Honor by Which Their Treatment Is Governed.

In ancient times prisoners of war were killed unless, of course, the belligerents found it more profitable to exchange or liberate them for ransom. But today nations are bound to one another by a code of honor which forbids inhuman treatment of prisoners.

Prisoners are subjected to no punishment in any form. Neither must they be placed in a convict prison, although they may be detained in a fortress, camp or town. A reasonable supply of nourishment must be provided them by their captors, and they are regarded as being in the power of the government of the captor and not under the control of those who actually capture them.

All personal belongings remain in the custody of the prisoner, but arms, horses and military papers can be confiscated, these constituting booty.

Governments can put their prisoners of war to work, but only such work as accords with the prisoner's rank and capacity; also the work must not be excessive or relate to military matters, and in all cases must the labor be paid for.

A prisoner always lives in hope of being exchanged for a prisoner of his own government. The exchange is effected in accordance with agreements, in which time, place and method of exchange are fully detailed. This is generally that of strict equivalents, man for man, rank for rank, disability for disability.

An officer can obtain a greater freedom of movement or certain privileges while being a prisoner of war if he makes out a parole, a written or verbal promise. An officer giving his parole pledges his honor to refrain from a particular course of conduct, and if he makes a breach of this guarantee he is liable to the extreme penalty.—Pearson's Weekly.

Self-Righteous.

"Some people," said Uncle Eben, "talks about heaven like it was their own property dat dey was preparin' to tack a 'No admittance' sign on to."—Washington Star.

What a Girl Can Do.

One of the authorities was asked whether a girl can love two men at the same time. Probably not. But she can give a sufficiently lifelike imitation of the passion to fool both of the men.—Topeka Capital.

IN OUR TOWN.

By Observer.

Who wouldn't be a school boy! Nothing to do until September.

Today is the big day for the young ladies who won in the recent Travel club contest conducted by this paper. I haven't been all over the entire route they are to take, but they will see enough at Niagra Falls to talk about for one while. Bon Voyage, the Misses Lewis, Shaw, Connell and Dunn and to you also Mrs. Libby.

I hear our representative Kenneth L. Nash is playing great ball for Howley's Montreal team. Well, Ken will be around batting for about 1000 in the vote league next fall, if signs do not fail. Ken tells me he isn't through on the hill yet.

Did you have a good time at Webb park on Monday? It was some day, some program and arranged by a fine committee.

Welcome to our city Dick Talbot! May you enjoy writing and working for the Gazette as much as I have.

June weddings are a thing of the past for 1915. However, don't get discouraged young men and young women. Offhand I can think of several other months in the year that are just as good.

At last I see that the road between South Weymouth and Rockland hill is being put in first class condition. Superintendent J. L. Maynard has repaired the Weymouth section and Henry Baker, the neighboring town highway surveyor, has thoroughly regraveled the Rockland district. Now perhaps some of the travel that has been going to Rockland over the state road through Abington, will go back to the old road. It looks now as if the next thing is to have a new roadbed and rails on the Bay State railway track. It sure needs it.

It was with considerable sadness I learned a few days ago of the serious accident to my good friend "Jack" Gannon, the veteran and very popular motorman on the East Weymouth and Braintree line. After working about twenty years on the front end of a car without any bad accidents, it seems rather a strange coincident that he should be so badly smashed up by an electric car.

Politics and its various phrases are with us again and with Messrs. Hawes and Nash in the field for representative, William "Pete" Kelley and others out for office, it looks like a big time in the political arena the next few months.

A LEFT HANDED ARTIST.

Leonardo da Vinci Even Wrote From Right to Left.

A right handed man in making a drawing puts his shading from right to left diagonally downward. A left handed man puts his shading from left to right. This is especially noticeable in the drawings of Leonardo da Vinci, who was left handed. In the same way a right handed man, being asked to draw a spiral, naturally makes what is called a "left handed" spiral—that is, one that curves clockwise, while the left handed man draws the "right handed" spiral, or that which curves counter clock-wise.

In his book, "The Curves of Life," Theodore Andrea Cook says that a Sherlock Holmes could tell from the curves of a carpenter's shavings whether he was right or left handed, as a right handed carpenter invariably drives his plane a little to the left, producing right handed screws, while the left handed carpenter pushes his plane a little to the right and produces left handed screws.

Screws and corkscrews are right hand screws unless made for some special purpose. Left hand screws can be bought from any large hardware dealer. Coffin screws for some unexplained reason are always left hand screws. Man is naturally right handed, and it has been suggested that this may be owing to the position of his heart on the left side. So all tools and weapons have been adapted to right handed men. This is true of the adze, plane, scythe, gimlet, auger, scissors, snuffers, shears, etc.

The strongly left handed man will continue to use such tools with his left hand, even though with inconvenience, but he in whom the left handedness is not a strong bias becomes ambidextrous through the use of the right handed contrivances and appliances of everyday life.

Mr. Cook mentions many customs that have arisen through the normal right handedness of man. Among these is the rule of driving to the left, which still obtains in England, Portugal, Sweden and parts of Austria, Italy and Switzerland. This is a survival of riding days, when men held the reins in their left hands in order to leave their right free to use their swords.

The most notable example of a left handed artist is Leonardo da Vinci. He also wrote with his left hand and wrote from right to left. So that any one who wants to read his manuscripts or the annotations on his drawings must use a mirror. This, according to Mr. Cook, is the natural method of the left handed man.

Her Own Business.

The charming young woman who expected to be married soon, went to the registration book for the first time. The man in charge asked: "With what party do you expect to be affiliated?" "That's none of your business," she replied. "If I have to tell his name I'm not going to register, so there."

TREAT CANCER QUICKLY.

"It Is Not Surgery, but Delayed Surgery That Fails to Cure."

That cancer is at first a local growth and not a general disease of the system is now clearly established. This fact is of the utmost importance, since in holds out a high hope of cure if the malignant growth is removed before it has time to spread to other parts of the body. Cancer beginning in one spot later appears elsewhere, because small particles or cells are carried away from the first site and start other growths, not because there exists previously some poison in the blood which causes the disease to break out in different parts of the body. The great hope of cure, therefore, lies in removing cancer entirely from the system before it has a chance to spread from its first foothold.

The reason why so many people came to believe that cancer was a blood disease is doubtless because it was observed to come again in the same or other parts of the body after having been apparently cut out. It was natural to assume that when the disease kept coming back in this manner there must be some cause or taint in the blood which led to its breaking out in different places much like certain skin diseases.

The trouble which started this fallacious reasoning was that in those earlier days cancer was not so well understood as it now is. Surgeons then did the best they knew how, but without the advantages of modern methods they were unable successfully to exterminate the disease. The microscope has now shown us the paths by which cancer cells start their invasion of the body if the first and local appearance is neglected. Modern surgeons are, therefore, repeatedly successful in removing the disease once for all. As an eminent American doctor has well said, "It is not surgery, but delayed surgery, that fails to cure."

OUR CALENDAR IMPERFECT.

Under the Present System a Day Is Lost Every 2,500 Years.

Many people are dissatisfied with the calendar. They propose to take it back and change it. They would have to go back to an act of the British parliament in 1751—that is, English speaking folk would—and then still farther into the recesses of time. It was that statute which later led American schoolboys into doubt as to whether George Washington was born on Feb. 22 or Feb. 11. Eleven days were lost between Julius Caesar and George Washington, but that hardly seems appalling enough after all to justify so many preachments on the subject of lost time, does it? The way things are arranged now it will be 2,500 years or more before we lose another day.

The scientist, however, is never satisfied with anything less than accuracy, and he wants a perfect calendar. He has taken his ideas of reform into the legislatures of several nations, but nothing has happened yet. Reform is sure to get into trouble, anyway, when it gets into politics. But truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again, and maybe the dream of the scientist will come true. The first day of every month will fall on the first day of the week, and so forth. The printed calendar which comes from the insurance company or the grocery store will be just as good one year as another, and the months will be all alike. Probably a more durable form will be invented, so that it will last a lifetime, be moved from house to house with the rest of the furniture and be handed down to future generations as an heirloom. Time, with such a calendar, wouldn't seem so flighty.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Wisdom Teeth.

The so called wisdom teeth are the two last molars to grow and they have no real connection with the possesson of wisdom. They take their name from the time of their arrival, from twenty to twenty-five years, at which age the average person is supposed to have reached years of discretion. Cutting one's wisdom teeth means simply arriving at the point of completeness in physical equipment and has no direct relation to mental equipment. The possession of these teeth is no guarantee of wisdom. They grow at about the same age in people whether they are wise or not.

The Prussian Versailles.

Potsdam is the Prussian Versailles and contains four palaces. It was founded by the great elector of Brandenburg, but owes most of its splendor to Frederick the Great, whose apartments, which are shown to visitors, remain almost exactly as they were when he was alive. Among the most interesting treasures is a copy of Frederick's works annotated in the handwriting of Voltaire.

A Prudent Provision.

"Jones is nothing if not thorough. No matter how he starts out he always gets to the very bottom of things."

"Then it is very lucky for him that he didn't start out as a sea captain."—Baltimore American.

The Coward.

"Has that young man given you any encouragement, daughter?"

"Oh, yes, mother."

"What did he say?"

"He asked me to tell him what sort of a disposition father had."—Yonkers Statesman.

Afraid to Risk It.

Miss Withers—Think you could come anywhere near guessing my age? He—Not with any degree of safety.—Judge.

CHURCH SERVICES

Under this heading the pastors of ALL the churches are cordially invited to make such announcements of services, etc., as they may wish. We only stipulate that such notices to be inserted shall reach us at the least on Thursday morning of each week—the day before publication.

OLD SOUTH CHURCH (South Weymouth). Rev. H. C. Alvord, pastor. Morning service, 10.30. Sunday School, 11.45. Baraca Young Men's Class, 12.00. Y. P. S. C. E. meeting at 6.15. Evening service at 7.00. Thursday evening, 7.30.

TRINITY CHURCH (Weymouth) Rev. William Hyde, rector. Service with sermon at 10.30 a. m. and 7.30 p.m. Sunday School at 12.00 m.

UNION CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH (South Weymouth.) Rev. Ora Atwill Price, Pastor. Morning service at 10.30. Sunday School at 12 m. Y. P. S. C. E. meeting at 6 p. m.

UNIVERSALIST CHURCH (North Weymouth.) Rev. Arthur Mercer, pastor. Sunday school at 1.15 p. m. preaching at 2.30 p. m.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH (East Braintree.) Rev Nelson Allen Price, pastor. Morning service, 10.30. Sunday School, 11.45. Junior League, 4.30 p.m. Epworth League, 6.30 p. m. Evening preaching service 7.15. Prayer meeting, Friday evening, 7.30. A cordial welcome is extended to all these services.

BAPTIST CHURCH (Wey) Rev. Chester Underhill, pastor. Lord's Day services: Preaching at 10.30 a. m. and 7.0 p. m. Bible School 12 p. m. Prayer meeting, Thursday, evening, 7.45 p. m Y. P. S. C. E. at 5.45 P. M. on Sunday.

UNION CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH (Weymouth and Braintree.) Rev. Albert P. Watson, Pastor. Morning service at 10.30 Sunday School at 12. Y. P. S. C. E. at 6.00 Prayer Meeting Thursday evening at 7.30. All are invited to attend these services.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH (East Weymouth.) Rev. William M. Newton, pastor. Morning worship and preaching at 10.30 Sunday School at noon. Epworth League meeting at 6.00 p m. Evening service at 7.00. Tuesday evenings, 7.30. prayer meetings. Holy Communion, first Sunday in every month following morning service.

OLD NORTH CHURCH (Weymouth Heights.) Rev. Edward Yaeger, pastor. Morning service at 1030. Evening service at 7.00. Sunday-school at 11.45 a. m. Thursday evening at 7.30. A cordial invitation is extended to all of these services

PILGRIM CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH (North Weymouth). Rev. Charles Clark, pastor. Morning service at 10.30. Sunday school, 11.45 a. m. Y. P. S. C. E. 6.15 p. m. Evening service at 7.00. A cordial welcome is extended to all of these services. Preaching at both morning and evening service.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH (East Weymouth.) Rev. Edward T. Ford, Pastor. Morning Worship and Sermon at 10.30. Church Bible School at 12.00 Senior Y. P. S. C. E. at 6.00. Evening Church Service discontinued until September. Mid-Week Fellowship Service, Tuesday, at 7.30 p. m. Church closed the last two weeks in August.

FIRST UNIVERSALIST CHURCH (Weymouth.) Rev. Arthur Mercer, pastor. Sunday morning service at 10.30 Sunday School at 12 m. Y. P. C. U. at 5.30 p. m.

SECOND UNIVERSALIST CHURCH (South Weymouth.) Minister; William Wallace Rose. Morning service at 10.30. Sunday School at 12 m.

PORTER M. E. CHURCH (Lovell's Corner) Rev. Karle R. Thompson pastor. Preaching service 10.30 a. m. Sunday School 11.45 a. m. Epworth League at 6.00. Social and Praise service at 7 p. m. All are cordially invited.

CHURCH OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER (South Weymouth) Rev. D. J. Crimmins, rector. Sundays- Masses 8.00 and 10 a. m. Sunday School at 2.30 p. m. Rosary and Benediction at 3.30 p. m. Week days: Mass at 7.30 a. m.

CHURCH OF THE SACRED HEART (Weymouth) Rev. J. B. Holland, rector. Sunday — Masses at 7.30, 10.00 a. m. Sunday School at 11.00 a. m. Vespers at 7.30 p. m. Week days—Mass 7 a. m.

CHURCH OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION (East Weymouth) Rev. C. F. Riordon, rector. Rev. Fr. Brosnahan assistant. Masses Sunday at 7, 8, 9 and 10 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Vespers at 7.45 p. m. Masses week days at 7 and 7.30.

ZION'S HILL CHAPEL (East Weymouth) Social service at 2 and 6.30 p. m. Rev E. W. Smith, Preacher.

CHRISTIAN MISSIONARY ALLIANCE AND FAITH MISSION, (Hall 28 School St. East Weymouth.) Sunday services: 10.30 a.m Prayer, 1 p. m. Sunday School, 2.30 p. m. Preaching, 7 p. m. The first Sunday in the month devoted to Foreign Missions Mid-week prayer meeting Thursdays at at 7.30.

ALL SOULS CHURCH (Braintree). Preaching at 10.30A M Kindergarden class in charge of Miss Elizabeth B. Pray at 10.30. Second session of this class at 11.45. Regular Sunday school at 11.45. All are welcome.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST (of Quincy, Alpha Hall cor. Hancock st. and Cottage Ave.) Morning service and Sunday School at 10.45. Wednesday, 7.45 P. M., an experience and testimony meeting. Reading room open every week day from 3 to 5. All are welcome. Subject,

HAYWARD BROTHERS
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QUINCY AVENUE,
East Braintree.

P. O. Address, Weymouth.

Dangerous Method.

"What are your usual modes of punishment?" was among the questions submitted to a teacher in a rural district in Ohio. Her answer was, "I try moral suasion first, and if that does not work I use capital punishment." As it was a neighborhood where moral suasion had not been a success, and the children were scarce, the committee took no risks.

WEYMOUTH AND EAST BRAINTREE

—Universalist lawn party, Tuesday, July 13th, afternoon and evening, on the Weston estate. (If rainy, the next fair day.) Admission 10 cts.—Adv

—D. H. Clancy, Undertaker, office 134 Washington street, below Richmond. Tel. —Adv.

—A patriotic service was held at the East Braintree Methodist church, Sunday evening under the direction of the new pastor, Rev. Earle M. Rugg. Members of the Grand Army and allied patriotic organizations attended. Rev. Mr. Rugg preached on "A Vision of True Patriotism" and there was a recitation "The Flag" by Miss Emily Pentz. The special music was under the direction of Miss Mabel Johnson. The Epworth league presented the church a large American flag, the presentation speech being made by Mrs. Charles Goss and was accepted in behalf of the church by the pastor.

—Miss Katherine McCormick has gone to New York City where she is attending Columbia college summer school.

—Mrs. Sylvanus Richmond and son, William, have been visiting at Lawrence.

—Mr. and Mrs. W. Edward Gutterson and son, Walter, and Mrs. Mary Nash are at Oak Bluffs.

—George Whitmarsh, John Marr and Lee Lawrence are camping out at Brunswick, Vt.

—Mr. and Mrs. William Felker have been spending a few days in Marshfield.

—Rev. Oliver Huckell, who is pastor of the Congregational church in Baltimore, Md., who with his family are at Scituate, preached at the Park Street church, Boston, Sunday. A number from this town attended the service.

—Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Northrup are visiting at heir old home Bristol, Conn

—Miss Julia Gagon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Gagon and Mr. Martin Welch were married at the Church of the Sacred Heart last evening by the pastor, Rev. J. B. Holland. The bride's sister, Miss Katherine Gagon, was bridesmaid and Charles Kanzig was best man. A reception followed the ceremony at the home of the bride's parents on Elliott street. Mr. and Mrs. Welch left after the reception in an automobile for the wedding trip.

—Mr. and Mrs. Frank M. Bryant and children have gone on a two weeks' visit to relatives in North Jay, Maine. They made the trip in their automobile.

—Edward D. Tipton Jr. of New York has been the guest of Mrs. John Donovan of Elm avenue.

—The Misses Margaret McCabe, Elizabeth Connean and Mary Sullivan of Boston are spending the week with Mr and Mrs. Daly of 16 Common street.

—Miss Marie Daly is spending her vacation with Mr. and Mrs. Lane of Danversport.

—Miss Lillian Guertin is visiting relatives in Southbridge.

—Rev. James H. Flannery of St. Ann's church, Neponset, is spending two weeks in New York.

—Condon Dalton, a student at Brighton Seminary, is spending his vacation with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. F. J. Dalton. Last Sunday he officiated as sub-deacon at the solemn high mass at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, East Weymouth.

—Mrs. Artemus Binney and son, George Brown, were the guests of her brother in Worcester over the Fourth.

—Mr. and Mrs. William White (nee Alice Ingersoll) of Dorchester have been visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund P. White.

—Mrs. John Ghiorzi and children of Brockton have been visiting her father, Seth Cushing.

—John V. DeNeil was home from Groton, Conn., over the holiday.

—Stanley Lawrence is spending his vacation at Tamworth, N. H.

—Mrs. William B. Gutterson of Bellevue has been spending two weeks at Marshfield.

—John Maloney is on a two weeks' visit to his aunt in Syracuse, N. Y.

—Mr. and Mrs. Charles O. Miller and daughter are home from an automobile trip to Richmond, Quebec.

Wants, For Sale, To Let, Etc.

Four lines or less under this head, 25 cents each insertion; each extra line 10c. Count 5 words to a line.

No ads. accepted in this department unless accompanied by the cash.

FOR SALE—Jackson Automobile, 1910 Model 30, in first class running condition. Owner will gladly demonstrate. Inquire of J. E. Fabyan, Clapp Memorial Ass'n. Tel. 224 W. 3tf

FOR SALE—1 2 seated democrat wagon; 1 light concord wagon and 1 bar spring box top buggy. All in good condition. Apply to HUNT, News Agent, Broad street, East Weymouth. 9 tf

FOR SALE—A bay horse, 8 years old, a good roader and safe driver, also a rubber tired open buggy. Call or address James P. Haddie, 46 Union Ave., East Weymouth. 10 tf

FOR SALE—A most desirable lot of land on Center Street, near Middle, East Weymouth. Near two lines of cars, and is high and dry. Price remarkably low. $250 takes it. Apply at 174 Middle Street, East Weymouth. 13tf

FOR SALE—8 room house with small barn, about ¼ acre of land, flush closet, steam heat, good neighborhood, some fruit, 5 minutes to station and electrics. Price reasonable. Apply "Owner," Gazette Office. 17-1t

RENT—Tenement on Broad St., all modern improvements, five rooms. W. H. Pratt, 678 Broad St., E. Weymouth. 11tf

TO LET—Large, pleasant rooms, furnished or unfurnished, pleasantly located, convenient to electrics and trains. Apply, 81 Commercial St., Weymouth. 13tf.

WANTED—Girl for general housework for July and August. Apply to 14 Elmknoll road, East Braintree. 'Phone 454 W Braintree. 1t

WANTED—People to know that it costs only 25 cents to make known their wants in this column.

—Miss Louise Hunt leaves this week for California with a party of teachers from the Perkins Institution for the Blind of which she is assistant librarian.

—Miss Jennie Aiken has been sojourning at Bryantville.

—Miss Kate Cross of Brockton is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Margaret Fowler.

—Miss Helen Summers is visiting friends in New York.

—Miss Amelia Raasch has been entertaining Miss Jennie Adamson of Belmont.

—John C. Wilder is erecting a dwelling on Sheppard avenue. David DeCoste is the contractor.

—Miss May Chessman of Summer street is spending the month with her cousin, Mrs. Charles Putnam of Bellevue road.

—Arthur Clifford has taken a position in New Jersey.

—Joseph Sweeney has gone to Henicker, N. H., on a visit.

—Horace M. Bickford has sold his estate, the old H. H. Johnson estate on Quincy avenue, and has taken the J. W. Davy house on Cedar Cliff road for the summer.

—Mrs. Robert Locke of Allen street is entertaining her mother, Mrs. Vern Overcrocker from the West.

—Miss Elsie Norris is spending a few weeks with her mother in New York.

—John Cain, gateman at the depot crossing, is on duty again after a two weeks' vacation.

—Contractor C. P. Small of South Weymouth, who is erecting a dwelling for John Gagon on Elliott street fell from the roof a distance of 25 feet to the ground Tuesday and his back was broken. He was removed to his home and it is said he has a chance for recovery.

—John A. McIntosh with his son, Henry McIntosh of the Edison Light Co., Boston and Charles Clancy are spending the week in Camden, Maine.

—Dr. N. V. Mudin had a narrow escape from serious injury Tuesday, and as it was, received numerous cuts and bruises. He received a call from a party on Quincy avenue and as he was entering the driveway a wire which had been stretched across broke the wind shield of his auto and the flying glass cut him about the head and face. The automobile was also badly scratched. The fact that the doctor was running his machine slowly and that the wire broke was all that saved his life. The wire had been put across to keep out trespassers.

—Superintendent of Mails Francis M. Drown, Mrs. Drown and son, Hollis, leave Sunday for their camp at Litchfield, Maine for a two weeks' stay.

—Stetson Avery sailed Saturday from New York on the S. S. Philadelphia of the American line where he goes to assume charge of the London office of the United States Forterner Company. His father, Judge Albert E. Avery, went over to New York to see him off.

—William McCarthy of the U. S. Marine Corps and at present stationed at Portsmouth, N. H., is home on a visit to his sister, Mrs. Franklin P. Whitten.

—Mr. and Mrs. Louis F. Bates were called to Burlington, Vt., this week by the death of a relative.

—A number of High school students spent a joyful day at Nantasket beach, Wednesday, chaperoned by Mrs. William Caulfield.

—The Prophet Ezra's "Eagle of Empire" and its relation to the war in Europe will be the subject of Rev. William Hyde's sermon at Trinity church next Sunday morning.

—Mr. and Mrs. Frank C. Lyon spent Sunday with his mother, Mr. G. P. Lyon.

—The Breezy Hill Neighborhood club will hold a Lawn party on their "Gentlemen's Night (Friday, this week) at the home of Mrs. W. H. Bicknell.

—Rev. Frank B. Cressey of Cambridge, formerly of Weymouth, has returned from a trip to Chicago, where his two sons are living and where one of his brothers is slowly dying of cancer of the stomach, and from Shurtleff college, Alton, Illinois, where he graduated 50 years ago, and whose trustees conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Divinity. He also visited a brother in St. Louis, and his only sister in Des Moines, Iowa.

Union Church Notes.

Morning worship at 10:30. Sermon subject: "John Huss, the Martyr." Sunday school will meet at 12 o'clock.

Prayer meeting will be held on Thursday evening at 7.45.

Woman's Advantage.

"Women undergo greater trials than men." True, fair one, but no matter whom they have murdered there's always an acquittal or a hung jury.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Not Worth Solving.

"I have pondered all my life," says B. P. Walker, "on which was more important in this world, brains or money. But when I look around and see how many get along on little of either, I conclude I am wasting my time trying to solve the question."—Kansas City Star.

As a Reminder.

Frances was finding it tiresome to be kept in on a rainy day. After several futile appeals to be allowed to go out, she said emphatically: "Well, I am going to leave this house and never come back." Thinking to frighten her out of the idea I said: "Very well, then we'll pack your clothes." "No," was the calm reply. "I think I will leave them here so you can always remember just how big I was when I left."

EAST WEYMOUTH AND WEYMOUTH CENTER.

—Miss Ruth A. Cushman of Fitchburg is making a two weeks' visit with Miss Mildred W. Newcomb of Putnam street.

—Arthur W. Cook, the local photographer, is enjoying a week's vacation at South Ashburnham, Mass. Mr. Cook made the trip by bicycle and is planning to make several side trips into Southern New Hampshire.

—Pasquale Santacroce of Lake street is enjoying a two weeks' vacation from his duties with the Blake & Stearns Co. of Boston. Patsy tells us that after a short visit at Savin Rock beach, New Haven, Conn., he is to take in the sights of New York City.

—Miss Antoinette Renzi of Hoboken, N. J., is visiting with her aunt, Mrs. Joseph D'Amico of Lake street.

—Miss Evelyn Nash has accepted a position as clerk in the store of W. M. Tirrell for the summer.

—As Combination 2 was backing into the house after answering a false alarm the morning of the 5th, the steering gear broke, but a telephone call to the headquarters of the Knox Co. in Cambridge brought an agent of the company with a new part and in three hours was ready for service again.

—Louis Seabury and family of Middle street, are spending the week with Mr. Seabury's father at Grafton, Mass.

—Mrs. Herbert K. Cushing and her sister, Mrs. Ida Burrell are at York Beach, Maine, for the month of July.

—Burton Durgin of the Clapp Shoe Co.'s office spent the week end at Chester, New Hampshire.

—Lovell Flint is having an outing at Nova Scotia.

—Mr. and Mrs. Harry Spear were called suddenly to Waltham by the severe illness of their daughter, Mrs. Linwood Turner, the paat week.

—John Easton of Portland, Maine, is visiting his father, Douglas M. Easton, over the holidays.

—Mr. and Mrs. Geo. L. Bates are spending a few weeks at Ashbury Grove.

—Misses Alice Shannahan, Annie Connell, Stewart Cochran, Nellie Cochran, Anna Coakley, Mary Dwyer, May Healey and Alice Iliffe, with Mrs. Sadie Attwood as chaperone, are spending the week at the cottage, Squad A, Moreland avenue, Nantasket.

—Miss Martha J. Hawes is spending a part of her vacation at the Weirs, N. H.

—Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Bouldry of High street are summering at Houghs Neck.

—Mrs. Newman Page is visiting her mother, Mrs. Litchfield of Hill street.

—Miss Viola Vavreau of Peabody is the guest of Miss Olive D. Sylvester of Commercial street.

—Miss Mabel McCue is spending the summer at Dixell Notch, N. H.

—Miss Josie Cummings spent the holiday season at Oak Bluffs.

—A boy is the new arrival at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick J. Higgins of Lafayette avenue.

—Albert R. Humphrey of Hawthorne street is on his annual vacation from his duties with Marden, Orth & Hastings of Boston.

—Roy Wheaton spent the past few days with friends in Exeter.

—Miss Anna Gibson of Bath, Me., returned with her brother, Charles D. Gibson and will spend the rest of the summer in East Weymouth.

—Mr. and Mrs. William C. Earle, daughter Florence and relatives from Hyde Park are touring in the state of Maine.

—Mrs. Charles Q. Marion is slowing recovering from her recent illness.

—Mr. and Mrs. Winfred C. Bonney of Commercial street are the happy parents of twins born on the fourth.

—Extensive alterations to the home of Thomas B. C. Wade on High street have just been completed.

—John A. MacFaun spent his 4th of July vacation visiting friends in Wellesley.

—Elmer B. Sampson of this place has opened an electrical establishment in South Easton and all his East Weymouth friends wish him the best of success.

—Miss Fanny Fay is at Vineyard Haven for a two weeks' stay.

—Miss Ethel Hoey of Holbrook is the guest of Mrs. Charles D. Gibson.

—Mrs. George D. Burckett of Victoria, B. C., arrived here the past week and will make Weymouth her future home.

—Miss Georgia Cushing left Wednesday for Oak Bluffs, where she will spend the summer.

—Louis Abraham, Hyman Feldman, Louis Cutler and Hyman Gordon received a bad shaking up Monday night when the horse began kicking the democrat wagon in which they were riding, while coming down the hill in front of the High school. The wagon was completely demolished and Mr. Gordon, a visitor for the day, got the worst of the argument, it requiring eleven stitches to close a cut on his face and having his arm badly broken.

—The Friendship class held a day's outing at Whale Island, Wednesday of this week. The members of the class, their children and friends reported a very enjoyable day and further add that the steamed clams couldn't be beat.

—Mr. and Mrs. Harry G. Studley are at Atlantic City for a weeks vacation.

Congregational Church Notes.

During the months of July and August the choir will take their annual vacation. They will however provide the music during this period. Next Sunday E. N. Shufelt of Boston, basso; Miss Hazel Clark, violinist with Miss Ethel F. Raymond as organist will furnish the music.

The postponed annual meeting of the Christian Endeavor society will take place tonight in the church parlor and dining room. A supper will be served at 6:30 and the election of officers for the coming year will follow. Every member is urged to be present at this meeting.

LOVELL'S CORNER

—Augustus Thorn has returned from New York where he went with his wife and daughter, Elizabeth, who will spend the winter there.

—The Scout camp, Sunday afternoon, drew a large crowd to Lovell's field. With about one hundred and fifty scouts and five large tents the camp had a lively appearance. At 7 o'clock colors were lowered, and there was a review of all the troop by the Scoutmaster. Then came the camp fire with story telling and singing. At 12 o'clock all turned out for the bonfire.

—Arthur White is spending a few days this week at Sagamore Hill, Nantasket.

—Saturday afternoon, the Porters defeated the Rocklands by the score of 20 to 4. The feature of the game was long hits by Moss, French and Lane for the Porters.

—Among the former residents of this place who returned here to celebrate the Fourth, were Raymond Hund of Scituate, Mr. Solomon Beals and family, Mrs. Francis Hunt and Mr. Irving Hunt, Mrs. Burton Wright and many others from the Weymouths.

—The regular monthly meeting of the Improvement Society will be held at the home of Mr. Fred S. Sherman on Pleasant street, next Tuesday evening.

—The monthly business meeting of the Ladies' Aid was held in the church vestry Wednesday evening.

—William Burt of East Weymouth has purchased the house owned by Mrs. James VanTassel, on the corner of Pleasant and Washington streets.

—The monthly business meeting of the Epworth League was held at the home of Miss Dorothy Rea on Pleasant street, Wednesday evening. Plans were made for a lawn party to be held next week.

—Saturday morning at nine o'clock, a special car will leave the church for Ridge Hill Grove, where a Union picnic is to be held with the East Weymouth M. E. Sunday school. Among the sports of the day will be a ball game and tug-a-war between the two schools.

—The regular services will be resumed at the Porter church this week. None being held last Sunday on account of the pastor's absence on a visit to his home in Indiana.

—During the storm Thursday, a bolt of lightning demolished the chimney of the M. E. church, and the falling bricks broke through the roof in several places. It is also reported that Robert Gay, while working on a pole near Lake View Park, was thrown to the ground and rendered unconscious. A slight injury was sustained.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE First National Bank, of South Weymouth,

AT SOUTH WEYMOUTH, IN THE STATE OF MASSACHUSETTS,
at the Close of Business, May 1, 1915.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts (notes held in bank)	$180,668 26	
Total loans		$180,668 26
Overdrafts, unsecured		3 03
U. S. Bonds deposited to secure circulation (par value)	$100,000 00	
Total U. S. Bonds		100,000 00
Securities, other than U. S. bonds (not including stocks) owned unpledged	$82,326 86	
Total bonds, securities, etc.		82,326 86
Subscription to stock of Federal Reserve Bank	$7,800 00	
Less amount unpaid	3,900 00	
	$3,900 00	
All other stocks including premiums on same	4,550 00	
		8,450 00
Due from Federal Reserve Bank		6,967 96
Due from approved Reserve agents in other Reserve Cities		42,161 31
Outside checks and other cash items	$1,281 06	
Fractional currency nickels and cents	123 52	
		1,404 58
Notes of other National Banks		935 00
Lawful Money Reserve in Bank:		
Total coin and certificates		19,802 70
Legal-tender notes		4,460 00
Redemption fund with U.S. Treasurer (not more than 5 per cent. on circulation)		5,000 00
Total		$452,179 70

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in		$100,000 00
Surplus fund		30,000 00
Undivided profits	$14,885 65	
Less current expenses, interest and taxes paid	1,711 40	
		13,174 25
Circulating notes	$100,000 00	
Less amount on hand and in Treasury for redemption or in transit	4,002 50	
		95,997 50
Due to banks and bankers (other than included in 5 or 6)		29,230 36
Demand deposits: Individual deposits subject to check	$183157, 69	
Certified checks	619 90	
		183,777 59
Total		$452,179 70

State of Massachusetts, } SS.
County of Norfolk, }

I, J. H. STETSON, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

J. H. STETSON, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 2nd day of July, 1915.

FRED T. BARNES, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest:

GORDON WILLIS
THERON L. TIRRELL } Directors.
GEORGE L. BARNES

The National Mount Wollaston Bank
QUINCY, MASS.

HENRY M. FAXON, Pres. ARTHUR H. ALDEN, Vice Pres.
HORACE F. SPEAR, Cashier. GEORGE F. HALL, Asst. Cashier.

CAPITAL $150,000 SURPLUS $50,000

Two percent interest paid on non-borrowing accounts subject to check, with an average balance of $500, or over.

Three percent interest paid on Savings Accounts and on time Certificates of Deposit.

George M. Keene
CARPENTER AND BUILDER
16 Fairmount Ave., East Weymouth
Repair Work of all kinds promptly attended to
Agent for Metal Ceilings. Tel. Con.

Take Notice!

The price of coal has advanced 25c per ton and will surely go higher soon.

We have two barges of fresh-mined coal unloading now.

Order right away and get in on the lower price.

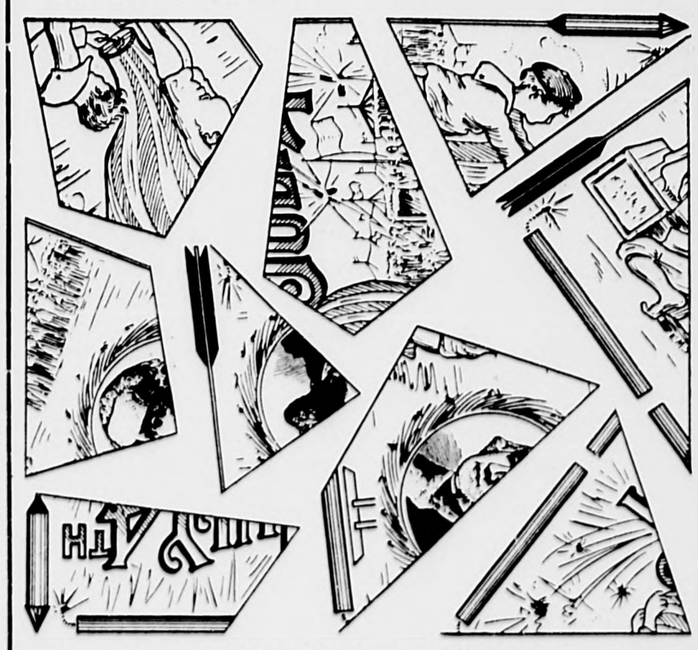
A. J. Richards & Son.
Telephone Weymouth 51, or Quincy 648.

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"Priscilla" Prepared Flour
For Cake, Doughnuts, Gingerbread. 15c pkg.
HUNT'S MARKET GROCERY
WASHINGTON SQ., WEYMOUTH 'PHONE 152

FREE PRIZES

In order that the readers of this paper will be better acquainted with our firm and the wonderful line of pianos we handle, we will give away ABSOLUTELY FREE to the persons sending in answers to this PICTURE PUZZLE the list of PRIZES below. Read directions.

Diamond Ring (14k Setting)	Bicycle	Gentleman's Gold (Watch, 20 yr case)	Mandolin
Ladies' Gold Watch (20 years case)	Sewing Machine		Scarf Pin
	Guitar	Cuff Links	Girls' Roller Skates
Chest of Roger's Silver. (32 pcs.)	Camera	Violin	
	Brass Bed	Gold Wrist Watch	Boys' Roller Skates
	Silver Tea Set	Safety Razor	



CAN YOU SOLVE THIS PICTURE PUZZLE?

This 4th of July picture when properly put together will have a perfect likeness of the Father of our Country in the lower right hand corner. You can use this or other material if you desire. **To the 18 nearest correct and artistic sulutions** will be given absolutely free the 18 prizes in the order named. Remember that neatness and artisticness will be taken into consideration by the judges as well as correctness. Only those living in New England are elegible and only one answer from one household. Winners will be notified by mail. All answers must be in our hands not later than July 16th. Mail or bring answers to our piano store.

Lord's Piano Warerooms
757 Boylston St. Boston, Mass.
34 Lawrence St., Lawrence, Mass. or Masonic Building, Portland, Maine,

Weymouth Gazette AND TRANSCRIPT

WEYMOUTH, MASS., FRIDAY, JULY 16, 1915. VOL. XLIX. NO. 18. PRICE FIVE CENTS

Tufts Library free

Annual C. E. Meeting.

Last Friday evening, in the parlor and dining room of the Congregational church, East Weymouth, the Christian Endeavor Society, held their annual meeting.

At 6.30, forty members sat down to the banquet served by a committee under the supervision of Norman E. Dizer.

Following the banquet, the meeting was called to order by the president, Miss Adella G. Rix; reports of the various committees were received and the following officers elected for the coming year: president, John A. McFaun; vice-president, Arthur Ruso; secretary, Grace Taylor; treasurer, Helen M. Lewis; chairman prayer-meeting committee, Norman E. Dizer; chairman Missionary committee, Dr. Ford; chairman look-out committee, Mildred W. Newcomb; chairman social committee, Adella G. Rix; pianist and chairman music committee, Lilla H. Wing, and chairman information committee, Emerson R. Dizer.

At an executive committee meeting, Arthur Ruso was appointed as a delegate to the Sagamore Institute, August 26 to September 5, 1915.

A social hour followed and the annual meeting of 1915 goes on record as one of the best ever held.

Frank A. Brown.

Frank A. Brown, aged 61 of 29 Pleasant street, South Weymouth, was found unconscious on Boylston street, Boston, last Friday. He was carried to the City hospital and there passed away in the late evening, never recovering consciousness.

The deceased was a son of Lorenzo Brown, who conducted a drug store here for many years and he succeeded his father in the same business. He is survived by a brother, Freeman Brown, a former resident but now living at Capital City, California. It was by a letter from his brother that he was identified.

Funeral services were held from his late home last Tuesday afternoon. Rev. Henry C. Alvord of the Old South church conducting the services. The bearers were Alfred Hastings, Amasa Stoddard, Abbott Howe and Joe Taylor. Burial was at the Highland cemetery.

WEYMOUTH HEIGHTS

—Rufus Bates and son Edward Bates are stopping for a few days with Mr and Mrs. Arthur Dow of New York City.

—Mr. and Mrs. Preston Lewis, who have been summering at Whale Island for a month, are now moving into their new home on Church street, which was owned for many years by Justin E. Taylor, and recently purchased by Mr. Lewis.

—James B. Jones has resumed work after enjoying a week's vacation.

—Mrs. Harold Beane of Arlington, R. I. stopped off on her way down Maine to make a short visit with Miss Mercy Hunt.

—The "Wide Awakes" are holding a picnic at Fort Point today (Friday) under charge of Mrs. James B. Jones.

—Miss Theoda Merrill left town today to make a month's visit with her parents in Plattsburg, N. Y.

—Fred Lunt is spending the summer with his grandparents in Mechanics Falls, Maine.

—Mr and Mrs. Russell Sanborn entertained over Sunday Miss Bessie Levine of Boston.

—Mr and Mrs. Elmer Lunt enjoyed the company of Mr and Mrs. Frank Rider and son of Roxbury, on Saturday and Sunday.

—Mrs. Chandler of Needham has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. S. W. Stockbridge.

—Miss Abbie E. Bates and her friend, Miss Ann Raymond of Boston are sojourning at Intervale, N. H. for the month of July.

—Saturday was a gala day for the Old North Sunday school when they held their annual picnic at Island Grove Park, Abington. A special car, which was well filled, left W. J. Sladen's Store at 9.30 o'clock. Although this was the second picnic the Old North Sunday school has held at Island Grove Park, the place proved to be no less attractive, for it was voted by all present that this year's picnic was the most enjoyable and successful one held for some few years. Races, games, boating and canoeing were the interesting features of the day.

—In place of the regular evening meeting of the Old North Church on next Sunday, there will be a special service under the auspices of the Sunday school at five o'clock in the chapel. Cross and Crown pins will be presented to all those whose record shows a perfect attendance, one absence being allowable. A large number will receive the second Cross and Crown pin, while several others will receive their first pin. Parents and friends are heartily invited.

TOWN BUSINESS.

At the Monday meeting of the selectmen a contract was made with Mr. Armstrong, now constructing concrete sidewalks to make the needed repairs at the soldiers' monument.

Engineer Whiting and Superintendent of Streets Maynard were authorized to make the needed survey to apportion abuttors' taxes for oiling streets.

Chief Pratt was authorized to investigate the supplying of boats with gasoline from the Weymouth end of the bridge at Quincy Point.

The partially burned and disused building of Patrick Burke near Lovell's Corner is deemed a menace to safety and efforts will be made for its removal under Section 1, Chap. 101, Revised Statutes.

Notice is received from the State Board of Health that they approve the Tuberculosis Dispensary as arranged by the town.

Joshua H. Shaw was appointed fence viewer to fill a vacancy.

The appropriation committee recommends the taking of $400 from the reserve fund for use of the Forest Warden, whose appropriation has run short on account of forest fires.

Walter W. Pratt, chief of the Fire Department filed a request for better police service in Ward 4 and also that permits to sell gasoline be more definitely defined. The latter request was referred to Chief Pratt and Bradford Hawes, clerk of the board of selectmen.

Weymouth Officers Raid Roadhouse.

Inspector Fitzgerald and Officers Baker and Trask were members of the party which made a sensational raid upon Maplewood Inn, formerly Seven Oaks, in East Braintree, early Sunday morning.

The police blocked all approaches to the inn and then made a thorough search, finding a quantity of liquor. Inspector Fitzgerald came upon the chef of the inn, dropping bottles down a hole in the fireplace, and it was mostly on account of this that the liquor was found.

The proprietor, who is said to be John H. Griffin of Boston, and also some of the 60 odd guests, will in all probability, be summoned to court in Quincy, later on.

Engine Backfires, Auto Burns.

Near the intersection of Winter and Front streets, Saturday noon, a six-passenger car, owned and operated by Louis F. Bates of Weymouth, was burned before the chemical could be summoned. Mr. Bates, who is proprietor of Bates' opera house, in cranking the car, caused it to backfire and explode. Combination 3 arrived at the scene too late to prevent the complete destruction of the car. The value of the machine was estimated at $2200; insurance covered $200 of the loss.

First Universalist Lawn Party.

On Tuesday afternoon and evening, a lawn party was held on the Weston estate, Front street, for the benefit of the Universalist church.

In the afternoon, Miss Lucelle Eldridge, Miss Marion Nash and Miss Dorothy Dasha gave solo dances with Miss Mae Allen, accompanist. Helen C. Tracy won a prize in the parade as a red cross nurse, Barbara Senior as a flower girl, Hawthorne Price as circus girl. Edward Wells, Emerson Niles and Raymond Holls, vegetable man, patriotic man and farmer's man, respectively were given awards.

"Interviewing a Granger" was presented in the evening by Lyman Williams and Franklin Whitten. Miss Helen Linnehan and Miss Alice White executed solo dances. There was orchestral music as a closing feature.

Sunday School Picnic.

The M. E. churches of East Weymouth and Lovell's Corner united in holding a picnic at Ridge Hill Grove, Norwell, last Saturday. Special cars which left Jackson square at nine o'clock conveyed about 150 to the grounds and with the ideal day provided a combination which was perfect.

The committees in charge of the arrangements were as follows: sports, Arthur Cunningham and Bowdoin Smith; peanuts, B. B. Sylester; ice cream, C. H. Chubbuck, Jr. and I. B. H. Hawes; prizes, Arthur Cunningham and Rev. W. M. Newton; baseball, Arthur Cunningham's class, Julian Rea.

The ball game between the two schools in the afternoon was the main feature and resulted in favor of the East Weymouth church by the score of 7 to 6.

The party left the grove at 6 o'clock all acknowledging that the day had been a most enjoyable one.

Optimistic Thought.

The generous man grows rich in giving.

Forsyth—Conlan.

A very pretty wedding was solemnized in Trinity church on Wednesday evening when Miss Edith Conlan became the bride of Mr. Joseph Forsyth. The bridal party was met at the entrance of the church by the vested choir and to the strains of Lohengrin's Bridal Chorus marched to the Chancel, where the choir sang "The voice that breathed o'er Eden." The Rev. William Hyde performed the marriage service and and the organist, Miss Chase, played Mendelssohn's Wedding march as the procession left the church.

The bride wore white silk crepe met or trimmed with shadow lace, white picture hat and carried bridal roses. She was attended by the maid of honor, Miss Elizabeth Conlan, who wore dove colored silk poplin trimmed with chiffon and lace and carried pink sweet peas. Thomas Payne was best man and William Adams was an usher. A reception followed at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Payn and Mr. and Mrs. Forsyth left on a wedding tour. Upon their return they will live in their new home, Dobson road, East Braintree.

The bride is a member of the vested choir and Trinity Altar chapter, and the groom is a member of the vestry and clerk of the parish.

Weymouth A. C. Loses at Hingham

The United States Marine Corps was victorious over the Weymouth A. C. by a score of 12 to 10, at Hingham, Saturday. The game was featured by the work of Ahlstedt and Condrick for the winners and Callahan and Burrill for the losers.

U. S. M. C.

	bh	po	a	e
Ahlstedt, c	2	10	2	0
Condrick, p	2	1	2	0
Lincoln, lf	2	0	0	0
Rochelle, 2b	1	2	1	0
Romines, cf	1	0	0	0
Townsend, ss	0	1	7	0
Jennings, rf	1	2	0	0
Moran, 1b	2	11	0	0
Humphrey, 3b	2	0	0	0
	13	27	12	0

Weymouth A. C.

	bh	po	a	e
Doble, 1b	2	8	1	1
Horgan, 3b	1	1	3	1
Callahan, ss	1	0	[illegible]	
Dean, 2b	0	4	0	0
Davis, cf	1	1	0	1
Drinkwater, c	2	9	1	0
Baker, rf	1	1	0	0
Habel, lf	0	0	0	0
Burrill, p	1	0	1	0
	9	24	12	3

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
U. S. M. C.	0	1	5	0	2	0	1	3	0	—12
Weymouth A. C.	0	2	1	0	1	3	0	0	3	—10

Runs made by—Ahlstedt 2, Condrick 2, Lincoln 2, Romines, Townsend, Moran 2, Humphrey 2, Doble, Horgan, Callahan 2, Dean 2, Davis, Drinkwater, Baker 2. Two base hits—Ahlstedt, Humphrey, Burrill. Stolen bases—Moran, Lincoln, Ahlstedt. Base on balls by—Condrick 2, Burrill 2. Struck out by—Condrick 8, Burrill 7. Sacrifice hits—Lincoln, Romines, Townsend, Jennings. Hit by pitched ball—Baker. Umpire—Jones. Time—1 hr., 50 min.

Lawn Party.

James L. Bates Camp 36 S. of V. and the auxiliary to the camp held a lawn party on the grounds of the G. A. R. Wednesday evening under the general direction of Mrs. Charlotte B. Stoddard, president of the auxiliary and Carleton White, Commander of the camp.

The grounds were decorated with many colored lights and Japanese lanters.

The weather threatened to put a damper on the occasion for a while in the afternoon but it cleared off and a large crowd gathered in the evening.

Dancing in the hall was the most attractive part of the program with music furnished by Miss Marjorie Keith at the piano and Lyman Pratt on the traps.

A supper was served at six o'clock by a cummittee consisting of Mrs. Nellie Wrightington, Mrs. Alice Lunt, Mrs. Stella Richards and Mrs. Laura Manuel.

The other tables were in charge of the following: food table, Mrs. Jennie Keene and Mrs. Mary Flint; snips, Mrs. Hannah Abbott and Mrs. Mary Cushing; ice cream, Mrs. Edith Loud and Mrs. Agnes Abbott; tonic, Everett D. Richards and Irving Hunt.

BOY SCOUT NOTES.

Weymouth and Quincy scouts will go into summer camp at Oldhams Pond, Pembroke, the last two weeks in July. Bonney's Camp is the sight settled, and a fine time is expecred by all.

The regular monthly Scoutmasters' Council meeting for July is postponed indefinitely.

Troop 1, Weymouth.

Troop 1 assisted the U. S. C. at their Lawn party, Wednesday, of this week.

Trop 1 will go to Bonney's Camp, July 19th, to stay one week.

Candidates Barnard K. Lang and Dizer passed their tenderfoot examinations.

TRAVEL CLUB DEPARTS



Photo by Arthur Jordan

From left to right: Miss Connell, Miss Shaw, Mrs. Libby (chaperone), Miss Lewis and Miss Dunn

With about 150 friends and relatives from all over town, the Travel club quintet left the South station promptly at 6 o'clock, last Friday night, and since that time have been enjoying the many sights in New York, Albany, Niagara Falls and other points of interest in the itinerary.

The party started last Friday afternoon at 3.45, when a large limousine called at the home of Miss Shaw in South Weymouth. After leaving that village, a call was made in East Weymouth for Miss Lewis and Mrs. Libby the chaperon, then Miss Dunn got aboard at North Weymouth, and finally Miss Connell in Weymouth. The gathering was rounded up at the Gazette office, where photographer Arthur Jordan snapped the group. Then the party journeyed to the South station in Boston, and after being wished the best of good times pulled out for Fall River with "Everybody Happy."

Cards and letters we have received since the departure, state the party is having a most enjoyable trip in every detail. On the return tomorrow evening, the party will be met at the South station by auto and conveyed to their homes in town.

Hooks and Straight ones.

Kenneth L. Nash of Montreal ranks first among the hitters of his own club and fourth among those of the International league, according to the averages published Saturday. He is batting for .328.

An item cut from a Lewiston daily speaks for itself: Fraher, a catcher who worked for the Lewiston New England league team in the game against Newport a few Sundays ago, reported to Lewiston for duty, yesterday, and while he worked out with the team was not sent into the game. Fraher looks young and active. He will be given a tryout and may replace one of the present catchers, Smith and Foster.

For the first time in years Clapp Memorial is not represented by a baseball club. However, there is all the material needed for a good semi-pro nine, that is all but the "pep".

A word of praise for Lou Callahan! Lou is the South Weymouth flinger now representing the Livermore Falls club, of Maine. The local paper has the following to say about Lou:

"Louis Callahan, the Weymouth high school pitcher, was in the box for the home team Wednesday and he pitched great ball, allowing but four hits. Gee! but he made them burn".

The West Quincy A. A. defeated the local White Sox, 6 to 5, at the Fair Grounds Saturday. The hitting and fielding of Horgan for the visitors was a feature.

"Scoot" Gloster writes from Maine to say that all is well. From the sporting columns of the Maine papers we gather that "Scoot" is holding down the hot corner to perfection. In the game at Rumford Wednesday he secured two of the five hits made by his team and incidentally broke up the game with one of them.

Use Same System.

The Pacific Gas & Electric Company of San Francisco has been awarded a Medal of Honor by the Superior Jury of the Panama-Pacific Expositisn for its welded high-pressure gas main system, about 8 miles of steel mains about the Exposition grounds. The Old Colony Gas Company is using the same system, autogenous welding with oxygen and acetylene gas. When welded the joints are as strong as the pipe itself and the main becomes practically one continuous pipe—without any possibility of leakage or of a broken joint.

Lemon Juice for Headache.

Lemon juice and water will very often give great relief in the case of a sick headache. A wineglass of lemon juice in a little water taken three times a day is also recommended for rheumatism.

LOVELL'S CORNER

—The district superintendent, J. F. Cooper, conducted the first quarterly conference at the Porter M. E. church Thursday evening.

—Miss Helen White is spending a part of her vacation with relatives in Brockton.

—John Hanley has purchased a five passenger Reo automobile.

—Miss Alta Hawes is spending the week visiting relatives in Malden.

—Late Saturday evening a still alarm was sounded and a telephone call sent in for Combination 2, for a small fire in the old shop owned by Patrick Burke at the rear of Pratt's store.

—The damage done to the roof of the church has been repaired and a new chimney erected.

—Wednesday evening a lawn party was held at the home of Miss Vivian Richards on Pleasant street. The affair was in charge of the Epworth league.

—Misses Arline and Thelma Haniford have returned from a visit to relatives in Wakefield.

—Mrs. Caroline Pratt has returned from visiting Mrs. Albert Chapman of West Bridgewater.

—Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Bancroft and son, Theodore, are spending several weeks on a trip in New Hampshire.

—Mrs. Charles Holmes is spending the week on a visit to Plymouth and Carver.

—The local troop of Boy Scouts spent the week end camping at North Weymouth.

—Monday evening a meeting of the trustees was held in the church vestry. Plans were made to hold a lawn party at the home of Charles Turner.

—Friday afternoon a motorcycle tipped over while taking the turn above the church. Both riders were thrown and one was badly cut about the hands and face.

—The regular meeting of the Improvement society was held at the home of Mrs. Frank Sherman, Tuesday evening. A debate was held on the subject: "The Single Tax," Irwin Hawes taking the affirmative, Bowdoin Smith, the negative. The meeting was held in the yard which was prettily decorated with Japanese lanterns. Refreshments were served during the evening.

Woman's Loyal Moose Circle, Weymouth, No. 123.

The heavy shower of Wednesday afternoon made it necessary for a postponment of the lawn party until Thursday. We go to press too early to give any account of the affair.

Next meeting, July 21st. All try and come.

ORATORICAL TOWN MEETING.

Town Not to Build Washington Street Highway.

A great deal of shouting, with very little argument, was the order of affairs in the special town meeting, held last evening. This fact is witnessed to by the very decisive vote that came at the end of the debate on Article 2, which was the apparently perplexing question.

John A. Raymond, the town clerk, called the meeting to order at 7.45 o'clock. The first business business was to elect a moderator, Hon. Louis A. Cook being unanimously elected. The next article, No. 2 was to see whether or not the town would build the State highway on Washington street.

It was moved and carried, that Art. 2 and 4 be taken together. After a heated discussion, in which the voices of Mr. O'Brien, Mr. Healey and Mr. Gallant were predominant, a motion to reconsider the previous motion was made. By a vote of 58 to 41 the meeting agreed to recall their first decision, and to take Art. 2 and Art. 4 separately.

A motion was put forward, not to take the two together, but to take them at the same time. Lost. Motion: To take up Art. 4, lost.

At this time, when an hour had elapsed and nothing had been done, Mr. Inkley moved that the Selectman be instructed to have the State take up the road contract.

After quite a little more fruitless debate M. E. Hawes, moved that debate be closed. Carried. A vote was then taken on Mr. Inkley's motion, and the tellers, Elmer E. Leonard and Prince Tirrell reported that it had been carrried, 147 to 36.

Art. 3 was that the town raise and appropriate an additional expenditure for the Ward 3 schoolhouse. Motion: that no action be taken. Carried.

An additional sum of money for expenditure on the town highways was asked for in Article 4. It was moved to indefinitely postpone Article 4. This was carried by a large majority.

Art. 5, to accept the provisions of Chapter 248, Acts of 1915, in relation to holding town meetings was next considered. Previous to this there had been a general exit. Hon. Louis A. Cook read the provision to a much diminished house. The motion put forward was to accept the provision. This was carried unanimously.

It was moved to reconsider Art. 3, but on account of the great body of voters having gone it was not deemed advisable to bring the matter back.

The meeting adjourned at 9.45.

Eklund—Rosendale.

On Saturday evening, July 3rd, Miss Helen A. Rosendale, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. August Rosendale of Bridge street, and Mr. Carl O. Eklund of Brockton, were married at the summer home of the bride's uncle, Mr. Emil Olsen, at Wessagussett. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. O. Hammarberg, pastor of the Swedish Baptist church at Brockton, the double ring service being used.

The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Elba C. Rosendale, as maid of honor and Miss Agnes Sandell of Brockton, a friend, as bridesmaid. Mr. Arthur Eklund and Mr. Harry Eklund, brothers of the groom, were the bestmen. The bride was very prettily attired in a gown of white messaline, with overdress of embroidered net. Her veil was caught with lilies of the valley, and she carried a shower bouquet of lilies of the valley.

A reception followed the ceremony. A wedding luncheon was served and the guests were entertained by piano solos and violin solos by Miss Esther Sundberg and Miss Alice Sandell.

After a wedding journey, Mr. and Mrs. Eklund will reside at 165 Riverview street, Brockton.

Scouts Present "The Striped Sweater."

On Wednesday evening, the Boy Scouts of Troop 5 presented two plays, "The Striped Sweater," and "A Day in Camp," to a large audience in Fogg's Opera House, South Weymouth. Scouts in uniform took the tickets and acted as ushers.

The first play was a farce, constructed upon the adventures of a striped sweater. As a chinaman, John Corcoran played his part well, while Leon Record, who played the country sheriff, was excellent. Ernest Mowry, John Talbot, Otto Zwecker and Ernest Morrison delighted the audience by their work.

The camp-fire scene of "A Day in Camp" was especially good. In this play, Harold Mowry, Frank Bearce, Samuel McPhetres and Miss Marion Brown contributed well-applauded selections.

The entire program was in charge of Charles F. Brown, who reports the receipts to be about $75.00. Scout Leon Gundstrum received a blanket as a prize, for having sold the greatest amount of tickets, 72. Most of the money received will go towards the camping fund.

CHURCH SERVICES

Under this heading the pastors of ALL the churches are cordially invited to make such announcements of services, etc., as they may wish. We only stipulate that such notices to be inserted shall reach us at the least on Thursday morning of each week—the day before publication.

OLD SOUTH CHURCH (South Weymouth). Rev. H. C. Alvord, pastor. Morning service, 10.30. Sunday School, 11.45. Baraca Young Men's Class, 12.00. Y. P. S. C. E. meeting at 6.15. Evening service at 7.00. Thursday evening, 7.30

TRINITY CHURCH (Weymouth) Rev. William Hyde, rector. Service with sermon at 10.30 a. m and 7.30 p.m. Sunday School at 12.00 m

UNION CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH (South Weymouth.) Rev. Ora Atwill Price, Pastor. Morning service at 10.30. Sunday School at 12 m. Y. P. S. C. E meeting at 6 p. m

UNIVERSALIST CHURCH (North Weymouth.) Rev. Arthur Mercer, pastor. Sunday school at 1.15 p. m. preaching at 2.30 p. m.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH (East Braintree.) Rev Nelson Allen Price, pastor. Morning service, 10.30. Sunday School, 11.45. Junior League, 4.30 p.m. Epworth League, 6.30 p. m. Evening preaching service 7.15. Prayer meeting, Friday evening, 7.30. A cordial welcome is extended to all these services.

BAPTIST CHURCH (Wey) Rev. Chester Underhill, pastor. Lord's Day services: Preaching at 10.30 a. m. and 7.00 p. m. Bible School 12 p. m. Prayer meeting, Thursday, evening, 7.45 p. m. Y. P. S. C. E. at 5.45 P. M. on Sunday.

UNION CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH (Weymouth and Braintree.) Rev. Albert P. Watson, Pastor. Morning service at 10.30 Sunday School at 12. Y. P. S. C. E. at 6.00 Prayer Meeting Thursday evening at 7.30. All are invited to attend these services.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH (East Weymouth.) Rev. William M. Newton, pastor. Morning worship and preaching at 10.30 Sunday School at noon. Epworth League meeting at 6.00 p m. Evening service at 7.00. Tuesday evenings, 7.30. prayer meetings. Holy Communion, first Sunday in every month following morning service.

OLD NORTH CHURCH (Weymouth Heights.) Rev. Edward Yaeger, pastor. Morning service at 1030. Evening service at 7.00. Sunday-school at 11.45 a. m. Thursday evening at 7.30. A cordial invitation is extended to all of these services

PILGRIM CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH (North Weymouth). Rev. Charles Clark, pastor. Morning service at 10.30. Sunday school, 11.45 a. m. Y. P. S. C. E 6.15 p. m. Evening service at 7.00. A cordial welcome is extended to all of these services. Preaching at both morning and evening service.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH (East Weymouth.) Rev. Edward T. Ford, Pastor. Morning Worship and Sermon at 10.30. Church Bible School at 12.00. Senior Y. P. S. C. E. at 6.00. Evening Church Service discontinued until September. Mid-Week Fellowship Service, Tuesday, at 7.30 p. m. Church closed the last two weeks in August.

FIRST UNIVERSALIST CHURCH (Weymouth.) Rev. Arthur Mercer, pastor. Sunday morning service at 10.30 Sunday School at 12 m. Y. P. C. U. at 5.30 p. m.

SECOND UNIVERSALIST CHURCH (South Weymouth.) Minister; William Wallace Rose. Morning service at 10.30. Sunday School at 12 m.

PORTER M. E. CHURCH (Lovell's Corner) Rev. Karle R. Thompson pastor. Preaching service 10.30 a. m. Sunday School 11.45 a. m. Epworth League at 6.00. Social and Praise service at 7 p. m. All are cordially invited.

CHURCH OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER (South Weymouth) Rev. D. J. Crimmins, rector. Sundays- Masses 8.00 and 10 a. m. Sunday School at 2.30 p. m. Rosary and Benediction at 3.30 p. m. Week days Mass at 7.30 a. m.

CHURCH OF THE SACRED HEART (Weymouth) Rev. J. B. Holland, rector Sunday — Masses at 7.30, 10.00 a. m. Sunday School at 11.00 a. m. Vespers at 7.30 p. m. Week days—Mass 7 a. m.

CHURCH OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEITION (East Weymouth) Rev. C. F. Riordon, rector. Rev. Fr. Brosnahan assistant. Masses Sunday at 7, 8, 9 and 10 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Vespers at 7.45 p. m. Masses week days at 7 and 7.30.

ZION'S HILL CHAPEL (East Weymouth) Social service at 2 and 6.30 p. m. Rev E. W. Smith, Preacher.

CHRISTIAN MISSIONARY ALLIANCE AND FAITH MISSION, (Hall 28 School St. East Weymouth.) Sunday services: 10.30 a.m Prayer, 1 p. m. Sunday School, 2.30 p. m. Preaching, 7 p. m. The first Sunday in the month devoted to Foreign Missions Mid-week prayer meeting Thursdays at at 7.30.

ALL SOULS CHURCH (Braintree). Preaching at 10.30A.M Kindergarden class in charge of Miss Elizabeth B. Pray at 10.30. Second session of this class at 11.45. Regular Sunday school at 11.45. All are welcome.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST (of Quincy, Alpha Hall cor. Hancock st. and Cottage Ave.) Morning service and Sunday School at 10.45. Wednesday, 7.45 P. M., an experience and testimony meeting. Reading room open every week day from 3 to 5. All are welcome. Subject, Sunday Morning, July 1s, "Life."

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Well, What Do They Do?

Expert says that, writers to the contrary notwithstanding, bullets neither whine, hiss, howl, hum nor whisper. Very well. Majority will take the expert's word for it.—New York Evening Telegram.

Near-Sightedness.

Many people believe that a child may be born near-sighted, but this is not the case. Near-sightedness always results from strain, and in the great majority of cases can be prevented, or at least kept down to low degrees.

Insect Feigns Death.

The deathwatch beetle has the invariable habit of feigning death when seized or disturbed. The simulation is so persistent that when immersed in water, or even in alcohol, the insect remains perfectly immovable, and will allow itself to be burned alive rather than betray itself. The tick made by the deathwatch resembles that made by tapping the finger nail upon the table—so much so that the insect may be led to recommence his sounds by doing this.

Following Are a Few of the Items Which Appeared in the Gazette Years Ago This Week.

THIRTY-SEVEN YEARS AGO.

By invitation of Amazon Engine Company, the Active boys visited the Landing Wednesday evening of last week, and the two companies paraded through the village, music being furnished by the Weymouth Drum Corps. In a trial of the machines the Amazon played a horizontal stream of 180 feet and the Active, 175 feet.

* * *

At a meeting on Monday evening of the East Weymouth Yacht Club, the following named gentlemen were elected officers: President, James S. Mears; vice president, Albert D. White; sec'y, P. Halnan; treas. and steward, W. F. Ames; committee on membership, Jas. Curtin, M. Reidy, W. J. Bates, H. C. Thayer.

* * *

Two great days have passed away—the 4th of July and the examination of candidates for the High School. Some have been exalted and some just as good ones cast adrift. They came home from the examination tired, worn out and sick, anxiously waiting to learn the news—whether they knew anything or not. The way scholars are examined for that position, is far from just.

* * *

At a meeting of Wildey Lodge, Ko. 21, I. O. O. F., the following officers were installed by District Deputy Geo. W. Pratt and suite, July 1st:

N. G., Noah B Thayer; V. G., Geo. Hollis; R. S., F. F. Bullock; treas., Geo. R. Thayer; W., E. C. Derby; Con., Geo. Chessman; O. G., Chas. H. Clapp; I. G., Frank Sargent; R. S. N. G., Stephen McGill; L. S. N. G., E. J. Whitcomb; R. S. V. G., A. F. Bullock; L. S. V. G., Seth C. Vining; R. S. S., Gordon Willis; L. S. S., G. B. Bailey; chaplain, O. B. Bates.

TWENTY-TWO YEARS AGO.

Russell Worster passed his twenty-first birthday last Friday and received from his father and mother a beautiful gold watch and chain.

* * *

The first mackerel, which have been caught down the river this season, were taken by Wilton Tirrell last Saturday and the catch continued on Monday and Tuesday with good results.

* * *

The electric cars are having a very large patronage from North Weymouth. The president of the road said, that the patronage from North Weymouth has been far beyond his expectations since the road started, and he wished the track was laid to East Weymouth.

* * *

At the close of service at the Union church last Sunday morning Rev. Mr. Huckel read a letter to the church and society in which he tendered his resignation and asked for his release the first of September.

* * *

The work of the assessors is so far complete as to fix the rate of taxes for the current year at $17.20 on the $1,000. This is twenty cents less than last year, but is far above the $16 recommended and striven for by the committee on appropriations.

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

The heavy rain of the early part of the week interfered seriously with hay making and caused quite a loss to many farmers, which however is more than offset by the improved condition of pastures, vegetable gardens, fruits and berries.

* * *

As an evidence of the growing popularity and increased interest in electric railroad travel, the patronage of the East Weymouth branch of the Quincy and Boston road was more than twice as much last week as it was Fourth of July week one year ago.

* * *

At the last monthly meeting of the George W. Bates H. & L. Co. Matt O. Dowd and Wm. I. Reilly were appointed a committee of two to confer with a like committee from Hose Co. 5 in regard to purchasing a flag to be floated over the Engine house on appropriate occasions.

* * *

The South Weymouth part of the Braintree and Weymouth Street Railway which it was predicted by some, would be drag upon the other portion has shown itself able to hold up its own end of the business. On several days and last Sunday in particular the receipts on the South Weymouth line have far exceeded those of the other.

* * *

Rain had its effect on the local gun cracks on the Fourth as only a handful gathered at the grounds of the South Weymouth Fish and Game club. The score shows a large number of birds thrown some good shooting being done by C. A. Taylor of Rockland. C. H. Tinkham did well in the doubles, scoring five out of three pairs twice.

Sizing Up Baby.

"Which side of the house do you think the baby resembles most?" proudly asked young Popjoy. "Well—h'm!" answered Smith. "I can't see that he looks so very much like the side of a house."—Woman's Home Companion.

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MEETINGS OF THE
Selectmen & Overseers of the Poor

SELECTMEN

Edward W. Hunt, Chairman, Weymouth.
Bradford Hawes, Secretary, East Weymouth.
George L. Newton, North Weymouth.
Henry E. Hanley, East Weymouth.
Ralph P. Burrell, South Weymouth.

Meetings Savings Bank Building, East Weymouth, Every Monday.

during the municipal year, from 2 to 5 o'clock p.m

Meet at the Town Home every first Tuesday of the month.

Lazy Folk.

"Even ef some folks knowed dar wuz a free possum farm in de nex' worl'," said Brother Williams, "dey wouldn't be in no hurry ter git dar, fer fear dey'd hatter climb a tree ter git a possum."—Atlanta Constitution.

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32x3½	"	"	11.40;	"	12.00
33x4	"	"	16.30;	"	17.10
34x4	"	"	16.60;	"	17.40
36x4½	"	"	23.50;	"	24.55

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Persons who cannot call for personal interview may have printed information of terms and conditions by mail. Will reopen September 7th.

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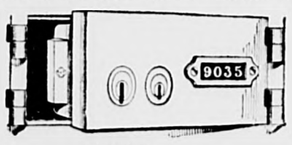
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Vice-Presidents, T. H. EMERSON, EUGENE M. CARTER

Clerk, JOHN A. MacFAUN Treasurer JOHN A. RAYMOND

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Deposits placed on interest on the tenth of January, April, July and October.

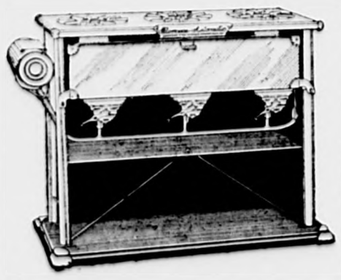
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ON THE FARM

Read this column and you can have it delivered at your house with something new every week for a full year by sending $2.00 to this office now.

Weeds eat up the plant food. Worse than that, they drink up the water. Weedy corn is hungry and thirsty. It costs you more to let the weeds grow than it does to exterminate them.

Watch your horse. If he stops sweating suddenly, or if he breethes short and quick, or if he stands with his legs braced sideways, he is in danger of a heat or sunstroke and needs attention at once.

Keep the celery seed bed partially shaded until the plants are of considerable size. Cool, moist conditions are conducive to the best growth of the celery plant.

A good building is absolutely necessary to get the profit out of poultry in the wintertime. Hens, to lay well, require comfort as well as food and drink. It is better to build a good house, as the expense is but little more and the results are much satisfactory.

This hot weather, if the chicks hatching in the incubator are among the last coming out and have already pipped and partly broken the shell about their head, you had better help them farther out at this point, as a chick dies quickly at this stage of hatching.

Cows are now out on pasture, and milk is more easily produced under sanitary conditions than during the winter months when the cows are stabled continuously. Milk may be handled by the most correct and sanitary methods known, and yet if it is not cooled immediately after milking and kept cool until consumed, it very soon begins to change and grow sour.

The management of the lawn after it is once established is an extremely important matter, and there are a few general practices that should be followed carefully. Beginning in the early spring, the first thing to do is to remove with a rake the top dressing that has been applied the fall before. After removing this it is usually anvisable to apply some fertilizer, even though the soil is already reasonably fertile.

The refrigerator, unless kept scrupulously clean, often is in itself a source of the bad flavor in milk. The refrigerator should be inspected at short intervals, at which times the outlet for the melted ice should be freed, the ice rack cleaned, and the place where the food is kept scalded with a sal-soda solution. Even though the refrigerator is cold, a few drops of spilled milk, or a small particle of food neglected will soon contaminate it.

A stony loam is often recommended as a desirable fruit soil, but stones are advantageous only in that they may help a soil that is too heavy or clayey or too impervious, by making it somewhat more pervious to water. The fact that a soil stony does not necessarily imply that it is productive. If apples are to be grown with profit, and competiton is keen, the soil must be productive or at least capable of being brought to a productive state and so maintained.

That the juice of currants, blackberries, black raspberries, sour cherries and peaches may be prepared and kept as successfully as grape juice and by the same methods has now been demonstrated in the course of a series of investigations which the department is conducting into the whole complicated question of fruit juices. The juices of the fruits mentioned it has been found, retain their characteristic color and flavor after being sterilized and stored away and can, therefore, be made available for use throughout the year in households.

Liquid manure is beneficial when applied while the plants are making growth or in early stages of flowering or fruiting. Flowering plants receive the greatest benefit from liquid manure before the buds show color, vegetables when about half grown, foliage plants when new growth has become well advanced and fruit trees when the fruit is half developed. Plants that are to receive treatment with liquid manure should first receive an application of pure water.

A safe and effective weapon against the typhoid or house fly has been found in powdered hellebore by scientists of the department. Flies lay their eggs chiefly in stable manure. Powdered hellebore mixed with water and sprinkled over the manure will destroy the larvæ which are hatched from the eggs. Since powdered hellebore is readily obtainable, this puts in the hands of everyone a remedy for one of the pests that has been found dangerous as well as troublesome. Powdered hellebore, however, will not kill adult flies which must be swatted or trapped.

When a man says his hens don't lay or pay, or both, a little observation will usually disclose the fact that his hens are too shy and nervous to stay on the nest long enough to lay an egg. Have you ever watched the successful poultry keeper, the one who is making poultry keeping pay, how his fowls run after him whenever he has occasion to enter the poultry yard? The best results cannot be obtained from hens that are wild and shy. The poultry keeper must be on good terms with his hens or his hens won't lay as they should.

New Record By Thayer's Trotter.

Katherine R., H. C. Thayer's bay mare trotter, equaled and bettered the track record for the half mile at the Old Colony Club matinee Saturday, by doing one heat in 1.07 and one in 1.06¾. Mr. Reay's Ruth D. equaled the pacing record of 1.04 and might have broken the mark had she been pushed. There were seven one-mile heats, J. W. Linnehan's Trne Sail turning in the fastest time in 2.20¼. The score:

Class A, Mixed, Mile Heats

J. W. Linnehan's True Sail, brm	1 1
F. H. Bellows' Chato, blg	2 2
B. C. Wilker's Spirit, chm	dr

Time, 2:21, 2:20¼.

Class B, Mixed, Mile Heats

H. A. Baker's Dammon bm	1 2 1
J. W. Totman's Kaldar, bg	2 1 2
C. Q. Swan's Higgins, brg	3 3 3

Time, 2:22¼, 2:25, 2:23.

Class C Trotting, Mile Heats

W. H. Foss' Warren H, bg	1 1
Joe Franks' Queen McGregor, bm	2 2

Time, 2:31½, 2:33¾.

Class D. Pacing

J. O. Reay's Ruth D., bm	1 1
Q. R. Anderson's Benjamin, chg	2 2

Time, 1:04, 1:05¼.

Class E. Mixed

H. C. Thayer's Katherine R., bm	2 1 1
J. O. Reay's Star Patch, bg	1 3 2
R. D. Stetson's Trixie S., bm	3 2 3

Time, 1:07½, 1:07, 1:06¾.

S. B. Totman's Jack Bingen, bg	1 1
Victor Duplin's Camello, blg	2 2
J. F. Young's Orale, bm	3 3

Time, 1:09½, 1:10.

Class G. Pacing

B. A. Burke's Blix, bm	1 1
D. F. Daly's Bessie Patch, blm	2 2
T. McKenzie's Doubtful, bg	3 3

Time, 1:11, 1:12.

Class H. Trotting

H. S. Thayer's Miss Lake, chm	2 1 1
C. H. Richard's Bover, bg	1 3 3
A. A. Davenport's Lady Sampsn, bm	3 2 2
M. Fitzgerald's Claberta, rom	4 4 4

Time, 1:13, 1:13, 1:11¼.

Class I. Trotting

G. A. French's Pansy Blossom, bm	1 1
H. M. Poole's Sir James, bg	2 2

Time, 1:14, 1:15.

Class J. Trotting

Sandy Boulston's Patriot, blg	1 1 0
R. D. Stetson's Border Prime, bg	3 2 1
C. E. Abbott's Rocket, bg	2 3 2

Time, 1:22, 1:22, 1:23.

Class L. Pacing

H. P. Hobart's Jefferson McKerron, bg	1 1
M. Fitzgerald's Hallie F., chm	2 2

Time, 1:16½, 1:15¾.

Class M. Trotting

G. H. Williamsen's George W. brg	1 3 1
A. R. Hobart's Betty Todd, bm	2 1 3
A. A. Davenport's Sampson Maid, bm	3 2 2

Time, 1:20¼, 1:21, 1:20¼.

A Troublemaker.

"Why did you tell my wife that before I met her I promised to love you forever?"

"Well, didn't you?"

"Sure I did, but that's no kind of conversation to go to a man's wife with."—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Fulfilled.

Mrs. Gnaggs—Before we were married you used to say you could listen to my sweet voice all night. Mr. Gnaggs—Well, at that time I had no idea I'd ever have to do it.—Judge.

Not a Bout Winner.

Tramp—Once I was well known as a wrestler, mum. Lady—And do you wrestle now? Tramp—Only wid poverty, mum.—New Orleans Times-Picayune.

Comparison more than reality makes men happy and can make them wretched.—Feltham.

Battleships Now and Then.

A battleship today is not the same as a battleship in Nelson's day. The old wooden three decker could only be destroyed by long and desperate close quarter fighting. It would stand hours of battering. It would take hundreds of shot and still be capable of fighting. But today one unlucky shot, one blow from a torpedo, and the great fighting machine is a heap of scrap iron.—London Graphic.

Weeping Willows.

The weeping willow, so called (scientific name S. babylonica), is a native of China, from which country it has been taken over most of the civilized earth. It varies in height and dimensions according to climate and soil and invariably maintains its drooping habit, the chief cause of its attractiveness.—New York American.

Not Always Suppressed.

"Times have changed for the better. Torture, for instance, is no longer allowed."

"I don't know about that. There are four families in this apartment whose children take music lessons." — Baltimore American.

The Duke Struck It.

"The duke was about bankrupt when he married Miss Millyuns."

"Then you don't think it was a love match?"

"No; it was a safety match from the duke's point of view." — New York Globe.

Do Not All Shed Horns.

The elk, like all other members of the deer family, lose their horns every year. The hollow-horn animals, like the goats and antelopes, do not shed their horns.

JOSEPH W. McDONALD

UNDERTAKER and REGISTERED EMBALMER

Office and Rooms at Residence:

398 BROAD ST., EAST WEYMOUTH

Tel. 45R.

WEYMOUTH Savings Bank.

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CHARLES T. CRANE, Treasurer.

Vice-Presidents:
EDWARD W. HUNT JAMES H. FLINT

Board of Investment:
CHARLES A. HAYWARD
CLARENCE P. WHITTLE
EDWARD W. HUNT
ARTHUR E. PRATT
CHARLES O. SHEPPARD

Bank Hours—9 to 12 A. M., 1.30 to 5 P. M. 6.30 to 8 Monday Evenings, and 9 to 12 A. M. Saturdays.

Deposits placed on interest on the **First Monday** of January, April, July and October.

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South Weymouth

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Vice-Presidents, ELLIS J. PITCHER. ALMON B. RAYMOND.

Treasurer, FRED T. BARNES.

BANK HOURS:

9 to 12 A. M.; 2 to 4 P. M. Also Mondays, 7 to 8 P. M. Saturdays, 9 to 12 A. M.

Deposits go on interest second Wednesday of January, April, July and October.

Dividends payable on and after the second Wednesday of January and July.

Incorporated March 6, 1868

FIRST NATIONAL BANK, South Weymouth, Mass.

Fogg Building, Columbian Square.

CAPITAL, $100,000. Surplus, $30,000

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GEORGE L. BARNES, Vice-President.
J. H. STETSON, Cashier.

ALLEN B. VINING, GORDON WILLIS.
CHARLES H. PRATT. THERON L. TIRRELL.

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South Shore Co-operative Bank.

MEETINGS First Monday of Each Month

At 9 Commercial Street, at 7.30 P. M.

Money to Loan at Each Meeting on Mortgages of Real Estate.

For Information, or Loans between the meetings, apply to

CHAS. G. JORDAN, Sec'y-Treas. Weymouth, Mass.

Why Vaccination Pays.

Statistics show that to vaccinate a person against smallpox at public expense costs about twenty-five cents, while the disease itself costs the public on an average about $50 per case.

Town Officers of Weymouth and their Post Office Address.

TOWN CLERK
John A. Raymound East Weymouth.

TOWN TREASURER.
John H. Stetson, South Weymouth.

SELECTMEN.
Edward W. Hunt, Chairman, Weymouth.
Bradford Hawes, secretary, East Weymouth.
George L. Newton, North Weymouth.
Henry E. Hanley, East Weymouth.
Ralph P. Burrell, South Weymouth.

OVERSEERS OF THE POOR.
Edward W. Hunt, Chairman, Weymouth.
Bradford Hawes, Secretary, East Weymouth.
George L. Newton, North Weymouth.
Henry E. Hanley, East Weymouth.
Ralph P. Burrell, South Weymouth.

ASSESSORS.
John F. Dwyer, Chairman, Weymouth.
Frank H. Torrey, Clerk, North Weymouth.
Leavitt W. Bates, East Weymouth.
Charles H. Clapp, South Weymouth.
Lewis W. Callahan, South Weymouth.

Regular meeting of Board first Wednesday evening of each month at Town Office Savings Bank building, East Weymouth.

SCHOOL COMMITTEE.
Clarence P. Whittle, Chairman, Weymouth.
Theron L. Tirrell, Secretary, South Weymouth.
E. E. Leonard, East Weymouth.
Arthur H. Alden, North Weymouth.
Prince H. Tirrell, South Weymouth.
Sarah S. Howe, South Weymouth.

SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS
Parker T. Pearson, East Weymouth. At close of school on Monday will be at the Athens building; Tuesday at Jefferson; Wednesday at Howe Thursday at Hunt.

WATER COMMISSIONERS.
Frank H. Torrey, Chairman North Weymouth.
George E. Bicknell, Clerk, Weymouth.
Robert S. Hoffman, East Weymouth.
John H. Stetson, South Weymouth
Edward W. Hunt Weymouth.

BOARD OF HEALTH.
George E. Emerson, Chairman, So. Weymouth.
Fred L. Doucette, East Weymouth.
John S. Williams, Weymouth.

SUPERINTENDENT OF STREETS.
John L. Maynard, East Weymouth.

TAX COLLECTOR.
Winslow M. Tirrell, East Weymouth

FIRE ENGINEERS.
Walter W. Pratt, chief, East Weymouth.
I. Q. Hunt, clerk, East Weymouth.
M. O'Dowd, South Weymouth.
Philip W. Wolf, North Weymouth
Russell B. Worster, Weymouth.

ELECTRIC LIGHTING COMMITTEE
Russell B. Worster, Weymouth.
Winslow M. Tirrell, North Weymouth.
Walter W. Pratt, East Weymouth.
Matthew O'Dowd, South Weymouth.
Sidney G. Dunbar, North Weymouth.

TRUSTEES OF TUFTS LIBRARY.
Clarence P. Whittle, Chairman, Weymouth.
Francis M. Drown, Clerk, Weymouth.
John B. Holland, Weymouth.
William F. Hathaway, Weymouth.
James H. Flint, Weymouth.
William A. Drake, North Weymouth.
Frederick T. Hunt, East Weymouth.
Louis A. Cook, South Weymouth.
Joseph E. Gardner, South Weymouth.

TREE WARDEN
Charles L. Merritt, South Weymouth.

POLICE OFFICERS.
Thomas Fitzgerald, Weymouth.
A. H. Pratt, East Weymouth.
Elbert Ford, South Weymouth.
Geo. W. Nash, North Weymouth.
Charles W. Baker, Weymouth.

CONSTABLES.
George W. Nash, North Weymouth.
Patrick Butler, East Weymouth.
Arthur H. Pratt, East Weymouth.
Thomas Fitzgerald, Weymouth.
George B. Bayley, South Weymouth.
Elbert Ford, South Weymouth.
George W Conant, South Weymouth.
Willard F. Hall, East Weymouth.
Charles W. Barrows, East Weymouth.
Charles W. Baker, Weymouth.

AUDITORS.
William H. Pratt, East Weymouth.
Wm. E. Thayer, Weymouth.
Frank N. Blanchard, East Weymouth

PARK COMMISSIONER.
J. Herbert Walch, Weymouth.
Louis A. Cook, South Weymouth.
W. E. Bean, North Weymouth.

SEALER OF WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.
Frank D. Sherman, Weymouth.

REPRESENTATIVE TO GENERAL COURT.
(From Seventh Norfolk District.)
Kenneth L. Nash, South Weymouth, Mass

SENATOR
Louis F. R. Langelier of Quincy.

County Officers.

OFFICES AT DEDHAM.

Judge of Probate and Insolvency, James H. Flint of Weymouth.

Register of Probate and Insolvency, J. Raphael McCoole.

Assistant Register, Thomas V. Nash, of South Weymouth.

Clerk of Courts, Louis A. Cook of South Weymouth.

Assistant Clerk, Robert B. Worthington.

Second Assistant, Louis A. Cook, Jr., of South Weymouth.

Register of Deeds, John H. Burdakin.

Assistant Register of Deeds, Edward L. Burdakin.

County Treasurer, Henry D. Humphrey.

Sheriff, Samuel H. Capen.

Special Sheriff, Edward E. Wentworth, Cohasset

County Commissioners, John F. Merrell of Quincy, chairman. Evan F. Richardson, of Milton. Everett M. Bowker, Brookline. Session every Tuesday at 10 a. m.

Special Commissioners, Fred L. Fisher, of Norwood; Henry A. Whitney, of Bellingham.

District Attorney, (Southeast District, Norfolk and Plymouth), Albert F. Barker, of Brockton

Assistant, D. A., Fred L. Katzman, of Hyde Park

Clerk of Dist. Court, (East. Norfolk), Lawrence W. Lyons, of Quincy.

Calendar of County Courts.

Supreme Judicial Court Jury Sitting, third Tuesday of February.

Superior Court, Civil Sessions—For work with Juries—First Monday of January, first Monday of May, and first Monday of October. For Court work—First Monday of February, first Monday of April, first Monday of September, and first Monday of December.

Superior Court, Criminal Sittings—First Monday of April; first Monday of September; first Monday of December.

Probate Court—At Dedham, on the first and third Wednesdays of every month, except August. At Quincy, on the second Wednesday of every month, except August. At Brookline, on the fourth Wednesday of every month, except August.

County Commissioners' Meetings—Third Tuesday of April; fourth Tuesday of June; fourth Tuesday of September; last Wednesday of December. By adjournment: On Tuesdays, except during August.

District Court of East Norfolk. Jurisdiction Randolph, Braintree Cohasset, Weymouth, Quincy, Holbrook and Milton. Court held at Quincy for criminal business every week day except legal holidays, and for civil business Tuesdays at 9 a. m. Justice, Albert E. Avery, Braintree. Special Justices, E. Granville Pratt, Quincy; Louis A. Cook, Weymouth. Clerk, Lawrence W. Lyons. Asst. James McDonald. Probation Officer, Francis A. Spear, 25 Thayer Street, Quincy. Court Officer and Bail Commissioner, William Marden, 24 Coddington Street, Quincy.

Weymouth Gazette
AND TRANSCRIPT

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WEYMOUTH, - MASS.

NORTON F. PRATT,

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MARK J. GARRITY, Supt.

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FRIDAY, JULY 16, 1915

☞The Gazette & Transcript is printed and mailed Friday afternoons, and is for sale at all News-stands in the Weymouths and at the South Terminal, Boston.

All communications must be accompanied with the name of the writer, and unpublished communications cannot be returned by mail unless stamps are enclosed.

Notices of all local entertainments to which admission fee is charged must be paid for at regular rates, 10 cents per line in the reading matter, or regular rates in the advertising columns.

"Does anybody believe that the 15-mile speed limit adopted by the Revere City Council can be enforced in this city"?

The Revere Journal asks the above question, and if Revere is like other towns or cities we refer our friend Pierce to the language of the immortal Patrick Henry, "I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past"

It took several years after that to fight the Revolutionary War, but a great nation came out of it. Don't compromise on the 15 mile, it is none too little for the safety of the public.

"I wish there was no such thing as an automobile horn, there never ought to be one allowed on the street." The above is substantially the remark of one of the best automobilists in town, a man of ample means, owner of automobiles and a skillful operator. His theory is that properly managed and with a thorough knowledge of the rights of teams and pedestrians, accidents would be reduced to as small a minimum as they now are from teams. The difficulty is a wrong opinion of the amount of licenses which goes with the permit to operate a machine.

The vacation season is now at flood tide and Weymouth is well represented on all means of travel either by sea or land. We can fill our columns every week with list of home people who are abroad indulging in camp life or luxuriating at farm houses or hotels, but the season will go by without a Home Week for Weymouth. We are forcibly reminded of this as we look at our file of August 3d, 1906. We made history for Weymouth that year which will ever stand as an honor and credit. There has been one or two feeble attempts since then for an Old Home Week but they lacked organization and system, nevertheless an occasional Old Home Week is a good thing and a full decade is a sufficiently long interval between such events and now is the time to think and plan for a genuine Old Home Week in 1916. It is none too early to ask your absent friends and relatives to include Weymouth in their next season's schedule.

Daily Thought.

The end and purpose of work is the development of the body, mind and character, not success.

Presidential Cheeses.

The first monster cheese presented to a president of which we can find record is that offered with great publicity to Jefferson in 1802. The cheese was made—one might almost say built—in Cheshire, Mass., in a press giving it the great dimensions of four feet diameter and eighteen inches high. After being successfully pressed it was drawn from Cheshire to Washington in a six horse dray amid popular rejoicing. With regard for the dignity of his office, the president insisted on footing the bill to the tune of $200. There is record of an even greater cheese presented to President Jackson, and President Van Buren received a great cheese every year of his incumbency. With him the custom seems to have ended.—New York Sun.

Selecting a Vest.

"Haven't you any larger checks?"

"No," said the tailor. "These are the largest I have."

"I fear you have not a very extensive line of cloth."

"These are about as large as checks come in cloth. I might possibly make you up a vest out of linoleum."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Perfect Cinch.

"What a very fortunate woman Mrs. Tipper is! Her husband never spares expense in gratifying her every wish."

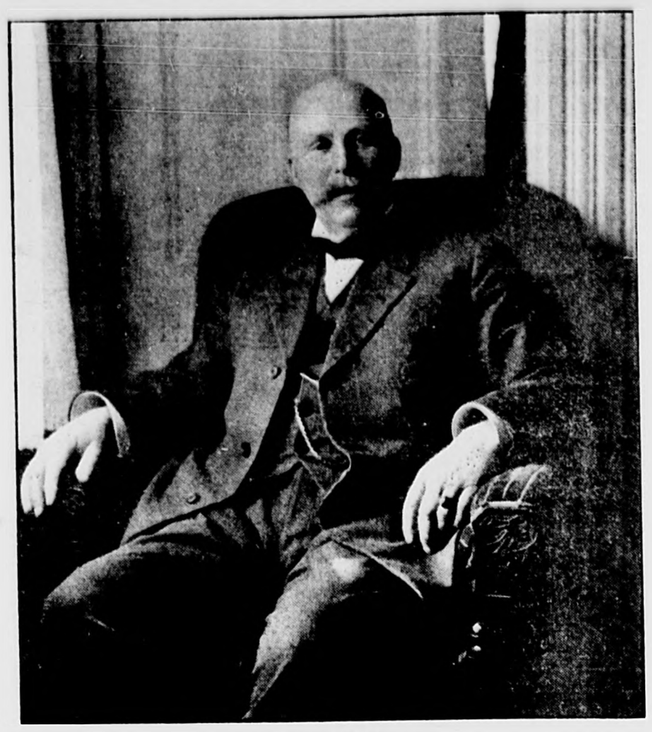
"Is he so very rich?"

"No, but Mrs. Tipper is one of those enviable people who can have hysterics at will."—Pittsburgh Press.

Which?

When a man insists on classifying all women as fools the evidence is weighty that either he or his wife married one.—Washington Post.

CHIEF OF POLICE HONORED



CHIEF A. H. PRATT

On the eve of his departure for the West, Chief Arthur H. Pratt of the police force, received the surprise of his life when about 50 of his friends and brother officers gathered at the Police Headquarters, Wednesday night, and presented him with a solid gold badge and a purse of gold.

George L. Barnes, after a complimentary speech in behalf of those present, in which he emphasized the duties imposed on police officers and the necessary qualities required and stating that the present chief had all those qualities, presented Chief Pratt with the badge and gold. The Chief responded, thanked all for their kind remembrance and assured them that he would strive to do honor to the town of Weymouth and live up to the significance of the badge.

The cigars were brought out and the Chief received the congratulations of his friends, after which they departed wishing him the time of his life on his trip.

Chief Pratt left yesterday morning, via the Sunset Route of the Southern Pacific, for a six weeks' trip through California, during which time he will have the opportunity to take in both of the large fairs on the coast. He will meet his wife in Los Angeles and will make his headquarters there with Mrs. Pratt's brother. On their return, a short stop will be made at Salt Lake City.

NORTH WEYMOUTH.

—Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Goodwin and son, Edwin, have returned to their bungalow on North street, after spending the winter at Auburn, Maine.

—Miss Priscilla Alden is visiting her uncle in Bridgewater this week.

—Mrs. J. W. Grandell is at St. Elizabeth's Hospital, Brighton, where she was operated on Saturday for appendicitis. At present writing she is reported as comfortable.

—Ronald Shaw of Wollaston has been visiting his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Shaw of Sea street.

—Miss Mildred Alden has had as guests the past week, Mr. and Mrs. Allen R. Thatcher of Middleboro.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Pratt and son, Robert of Milwaukee, Wis., are the guests of Mr. Pratt's mother, Mrs. E. B. Pratt, with whom they will spend the summer.

—Dr. and Mrs. William A. Drake and Wallace N. Drake are at their summer home at Lake Pennesseewasee, Norway, Maine, for a few weeks. Miss Marion White is a guest there.

—Erving Dunbar has gone to Mamaranock, N. Y., where he will enter the employ of the Davey Tree Expert Company.

—Miss Emily Poulin left Wednesday for a vacation at Naples, Maine.

—W. H. Macomber, Miss Gladys Macomber, Mrs. Ira Newcomb and Miss Annie Newcomb have been visiting relatives in Middleboro this week.

—Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Kittredge and family, of Melrose, spent the week end with Mr. Kittredge's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kittredge of Shaw street.

—Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Dunbar of Sea street have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stevens of Seaview this week.

—Mrs. W. D. Adams and Miss Beatrice Adams will leave tomorrow for Naples, Maine, where they will enjoy a vacation.

—Miss Mabel Robbins of Wallingford, Conn., is spending her summer vacation at the home of her aunts, the Misses Robbins of North street.

—Miss Doris L. Torrey entertained a party of friends at her home on Lovell street last Saturday evening. A most enjoyable evening was spent.

A social event of the week, at the Wessagussett Yacht Club, was the reception given by the members of the club to the officers, on Wednesday evening of last week.

—Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Rice of Cambridge are at their summer home on Fort Point road for the season.

—By-the-Way cottage at Fort Point is occupied by Mrs. Lelia Clark, Miss Reba Clark and Mr. and Mrs. William Fenno of Rockland.

—Mr. and Mrs. Richard H. Baker, and Misses Marie and Helen Baker of Roxbury have taken a cottage on Fort Point road for the season.

At their cottage at Port Point, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin F. Tirrell, Miss Marion Tirrell, David and Horace Tirrell of Melrose will stay the season out.

—The Tonawanda cottage on Columbia road is taken by Mr. and Mrs. Judson K. Boomhower, Paul and Herbert Boomhower of Roxbury.

—The Columbia cottage is occupied by Mrs. Edith J. Hard, Mrs. M. M. Jefferson, Miss Mary Hard, Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Jefferson of Allston.

Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Dunbar and family of Dorchester occupy a cottage a Fort Point.

—Mr. and Mrs. Albert P. Sacalow of Brockton occupy a cottage at Fort Point.

—Mr. and Mrs. Capen Brown of Boston are at their summer home on Columbia road for the season.

—Mr. and Mrs. Herman T. Dean, Misses Myrtle and Muriel Dean are occupying their new summer home at Fort Point.

—During the summer, there will be no services at the Universalist church. The church will reopen the second Sunday in September.

—Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Barr of Wellesley are at their cottage, the Poneman, on Columbia road, for the season.

—Wild Rose cottage is occupied by Mr. and Mrs. George B. Dodge of Brookline and Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Bailey of Boston.

—Benjamin Lockhart of Boston, Miss Eunice Lockhart of Waverley and Mrs. Clara Nelson of Roxbury, occupy a cottage on Columbia road.

—Herbert W. Bartlett of Philadelphia, Pa., has been a recent guest of his mother, Mrs. J. W. Bartlett of North street.

—The regular monthly business meeting of the Christian Endeavor was held in the vestry of the Pilgrim Congregational church, last Wednesday evening. After the business meeting a social hour was enjoyed.

—The first of a series of twilight services was held at the Pilgrim church, last Sunday evening, with a very good attendance. It has been planned to have the music at these meetings a special feature, and next Sunday evening, at 6.30 o'clock, there will be a special song service in connection with the twilight service.

—Last Monday evening, an audience of about 350 men and women gathered at Thomas's Corner for the first open air equal suffrage meeting held in North Weymouth. Miss Helen Goodnow of Boston was the first speaker. Her speech was short but to the point, and she soon had her audience in the proper mood to absorb the wisdom of the following speaker. Miss Goodnow has spoken at a street meeting every evening during the past two months, weather permitting. Miss Minnie Mulry was the next speaker. Miss Mulry has spoken before almost every men's club and labor union in the State, and her reception at her first appearance here proved that her fame had preceeded her. For one-half hour she held the undivided attention of her audience, and her arguments, forceful in themselves, were presented with such potency and sincerity as to convince the most skeptical. J. H. Spitz was the closing speaker, who sopke along the same line of thought. There was great enthusiasm shown at this meeting, and those who listened received a very enlightening view of suffrage. "Votes for Women" pins were sold and cards distributed for signatures.

Daily Thought.

The calm or disturbance of our mind does not depend so much on what we regard as the more important things of life as in a judicious arrangement of the little things of daily occurrence.—La Rochefoucauld.

POWER OF ELOQUENCE.

A Scotch Preacher Who Proved Himself a Real Spellbinder.

The magic power of eloquence to hold an audience bound as by a spell is commonly credited to the political stump speaker. But that some of this gift of fascination is to be found in the pulpit the Rev. Dr. Currier makes clear in his book, "Nine Great Preachers." To show the importance of the voice and manner in delivering the message he tells the following story of the preaching of the Rev. Dr. Guthrie of Scotland:

Guthrie possessed to an eminent degree the power of apt, impressive illustration. Joined to the witchery of his voice, it sometimes amounted to a power of enchantment. His auditors were then spellbound by it.

An amusing instance is presented in the conduct of a Highland cattle drover one day in Guthrie's congregation in Free St. John's. The man stood throughout the service in one of the crowded aisles within a few yards of the pulpit. From the first he was riveted, a pinch of snuff every now and then evincing his satisfaction. Toward the end of the sermon and just as the preacher was commencing a prolonged illustration, the stranger applied to his horn mull.

Arrested, however, he stood motionless, his hand raised with the snuff between his fingers, his head thrown back, his eyes and mouth wide open. The instant the passage was finished, and before the audience had time to recover their breath, the drover applied the snuff with gusto to his nostrils, and, forgetting in his excitement alike the place and the occasion he turned his head to the crowd behind and exclaimed, "Na, sirs, I never heard the like of that!"

Crafty Editor.

A Virginia editor threatened to publish the name of a certain young man who was seen hugging and kissing a girl in the park unless his subscription to the paper was paid up in a week. Fifty-nine young men called and paid up the next day, while two even paid a year in advance.

LOOK

All Straw Hats are marked down. Now is the time to buy.

W. M. TIRRELL

771 Broad Street - East Weymouth

DOG OFFICERS

In accordance with the law of the State the Chairman of the Board of Selectmen has appointed George W. Nash, Lawrence Schofield, Charles W. Baker, George B. Bailey and Willie B. Loud to enforce and carry out the laws relating to unlicensed dogs. The form of appointment and instruction is as follows.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

NORFOLK, ss.

To (name of appointee) constable or police officer of the Town of Weymouth, Ward —

In the name of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts you are hereby required to proceed forthwith *to kill, or cause to be killed*, all dogs within said ward of the said town, not licensed and collared according to the provisions of Chapter 240, Acts of 1907.

And *you are required* to make and enter complaint against the owners or keepers of every such dog.

Hereof fail not, and make due return of this WARRANT with your doings therein stating the number of dogs killed and the names of the owners or keepers thereof, and whether all unlicensed dogs in said ward have been killed, and the names of persons against whom complaint have been made under the provisions of said Chapter, on or before the first day of October next.

Given under my hand and seal at Weymouth aforesaid, the ninth day of July, nineteen hundred and fifteen.

EDWARD W. HUNT,
Chairman of the Selectmen of the Town of Weymouth.

Mr. Man of the House:—

Make HER life a little more worth while.

The housewife's modern workshop—the All Gas Kitchen combines the advantages of Gas Cooking and Water Heating.

Cleanliness, Comfort, Convenience, Economy, and All Around Satisfaction.

Dosen't your Wife deserve every convenience?

Then why not now?

Old Colony Gas Company

The National Mount Wollaston Bank

QUINCY, MASS.

HENRY M. FAXON, Pres. ARTHUR H. ALDEN, Vice Pres.
HORACE F. SPEAR, Cashier. GEORGE F. HALL, Asst. Cashier.

CAPITAL $150,000 SURPLUS $50,000

Two percent interest paid on non-borrowing accounts subject to check, with an average balance of $500, or over.

Three percent interest paid on Savings Accounts and on time Certificates of Deposit.

Coal - COAL - Coal

BEST QUALITY OF ALL KINDS ALL-RAIL ANTHRACITE IS SUPERIOR

CHARLES T. LEAVITT, Successor to H. M CURTISS COAL Co

Yard Wharf St., EAST WEYMOUTH. Tel. 19

Easy Cooking!

Make Summer Cooking Easy By Using

"Priscilla" Prepared Flour

For Cake, Doughnuts, Gingerbread. 15c pkg.

HUNT'S MARKET GROCERY

WASHINGTON SQ., WEYMOUTH 'PHONE 152

FOR SALE

1 Parlor Set, 5 Chamber Sets, 1 Iron Bed, 1 Oil Stove, 2 Burners, 1 Large Ice Chest, 1 Oil Heater, 3 Couches, 4 Bureaus. Lot of Small Tables, Pictures, Chairs, Commodes, Cribs, 3 Trunks, 1 Baby Carriage and other Household Goods. Also 1 Safe and 1 Leather Traveling Bag in first class condition.

STORAGE ROOMS TO LET

C. W. JOY

159 Middle St. East Weymouth

For Sale

A farm of 25 acres, 12-room house, two barns, 10 acres mowing and tillage, 4 acres woodland and about twelve acres pasturage. Located on a lake and has fine chance for development along other lines than farming.

A 10-room house with all conveniences on about 1½ acres of land, some good fruit, plenty of shade, good garden spot, fine view, good neighbors, and is handy to all conveniences of trade and travel.

A 7-room house and small barn, on about an acre of good land, some fruit, good garden spot, house furnished with all conveniences, perfect neighborhood, handy to trains and car service and on a good elevation.

An all year round and summer home, right on the river front, with fine view down the river, water heat, hot and cold water, good beach with bathing and boating privileges, within six minutes of electrics and all in fine condition.

Two small summer cottages, near salt water and bathing, in good neighborhood and within five minutes of electrics.

A few desirable house lots with from 7,000 to 12,000 feet of land.

A good business with all equipments for sale to the man with some capital to invest. Has been operated by present owner for several years. Good reasons for selling at this time.

For further information on any of above, apply to

CAREY'S
REAL ESTATE AGENCY
733 Broad Street
East Weymouth.
Telephone

GOOD NEWS

Many Weymouth Readers Have Heard It and Profited Thereby.

"Good news travels fast", and the many bad back sufferers in Weymouth are glad to learn where relief may be found. Many a lame, weak and aching back is bad no more, thanks to Doan's Kidney Pills. Our citizens are telling the good news of their experience with this tested remedy. Here is an example worth reading:

Thomas Fryer, prop. shoe repair shop, Washington street, Weymouth, says: "Kidney trouble in my case came on by having to sit in one position many hours every day. I began to notice an occasional dull pain through the small of my back. I finally got so bad that I couldn't walk over a mile and I couldn't stand up straight. Even on getting up in the morning, my back ached and I felt tired and languid. During the day I had severe headaches and dizzy spells. The kidney secretions passed too often both day and night and were highly colored. Finally, I began using using Doan's Kidney Pills and the backache left and the action of my kidneys became a great deal better. I use Doan's Kidney Pills once in awhile and they keep my back strong and tone up my system."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Fryer had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

New Source of Profit.

Ted—"Smere sold his sketches of city life for five thousand." Ned—"Well, he's the best artist I ever knew who made money painting the town."—Judge.

Wherein They Differ.

Little Lemuel—"Say, paw, what is the difference between a newspaper man and a journalist?" Paw—"A newspaper man always smokes a pipe, son, while a journalist smokes any old thing people give him."—Indianapolis Star.

BRAINTREE FIRE ALARM BOXES.

21—Quincy Ave. and Hayward St.
23—Quincy Ave. and Commercial St
24—Elliot St.
25—Allen St. and Commercial St.
26—Allen St. and Shaw St.
27—Commercial St. opp, Fan Shop
29—Commercial St. and Elm St
31—Elm St. and Middle St.
32—River St. and Middle St.
34—Elm St. and Washington St
35—West St. and Washington St.
36—Ash St. and Hollis Ave.
38—Washington St. opp, Monatiquot school.
41—Union St. and Middle St.
42—Union St. and Washington St.
43—Pearl St. and Washington St.
45—Pearl St, opposite Shoe Factory.
46—Hancock St., private, Hollingsworth
47—Pond St., opp. A. O. Clark's house
48—Franklin St. and Central Ave.
51—Corner Hancock and Highland Ave.
52—Corner Washington St and South St.
123—Corner Quincy Ave. and Allen St.
125—Liberty St., opp. Elmer Vinton's.
131—Corner Cedar St. and Pleasant St.
135—West St. and Mt. Vernon Ave,
142—Corner Franklin St. and Central St
143—South Braintree Engine House.
145—Fountain St. and Pearl St.
146—Corner Plain St and Grove St
147—Town St and Pond St
221—Corner Howard St. and Hayward St.
225—Corner Liberty St. and Stetson St.
244—Corner Tremont St. and Hobart St.

SOUTH WEYMOUTH

—John Seabury, clerk at Gordon Willis' grocery store is spending his two weeks vacation at Wellfleet on the Cape.

—James Carley has returned from a week's stay at Halifax, N. S., his former home.

—Quincy and Wollaston Lodges I. O. O. F. will be guests of the Wildey lodge on the evening of July 22nd.

—Frank Loud, the hardware dealer, and wife are spending two weeks at Manomet.

—Judge Wentworth and family are at their summer home at Nantucket.

—Mrs. Ralph Sanborn is spending a few days in New York City.

—The Stetson Shoe band gave a concert on the green in Columbian square, last evening. A large crowd attended.

—Susie Burns spent the week end at Little Sandy pond.

—Albert Bennett is home from Montreal. Mr. Bennett is employed by a large wire concern there.

—Louis Callahan, the crack Weymouth High school pitcher, has gone to Livermore Falls, Me., to play ball with the team of that place.

—Mr. and Mrs. William A. Sears and son, Harry, of Christobal, Canal Zone, have been visiting Mrs. Sears' cousin, Mrs. W. B. Nash of Pleasant street.

—J. B. Reed is driving a new Pierce Arrow car.

—Henry Lowell, U. S. S. Louisana, has returned to his ship at Newport, R. I.

—Mr. and Mrs. Freeman Putney of Gloucester have taken up their residence on Tower avenue.

—Miss Florence Cook, who has been at Omaha, Neb., the past six months, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Cook.

—Charles Foster and wife of Manchester, N. H., have been spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Joe Taylor.

—Russell Tinkham and wife of Medford have been visiting Mr. Tinkham's grandparents, the past week.

—H. H. Joy, Mrs. Joy and their daughter, Minnie, have been on an auto trip through New Hampshire the past week.

—Mrs. W. Carleton Barnes is entertaining Mrs. Van Gordon of New York City.

—About thirty young friends of Miss Mildred Tirrell tendered her a surprise party last Monday evening at her home on Pleasant street, it being in honor of her fifteenth birthday. She was presented with an umbrella. Refreshments were served and games were played until a late hour.

—Collamore P. Small of West street, who fell and broke his back while working on a house at Weymouth Landing last week, is at present resting as well as can be expected.

—Ernest Blanchard has been appointed a membember of Combination 5 succeeding William Nash, resigned.

—William Heffernan is having a vacation from his duties in the wholesale department of Cobb, Bates & Yerxa of Boston.

—William Connor of Highland place, was stricken suddenly ill while at his work in the Stetson Shoe factory last Monday morning. He was carried to his home and at present writing is resting comfortably.

—William MacQuinn, musical director of the theatrical company of which Montgomery and Stone, the wellknown comedians, are taking the leading parts, is at his home on Front street for the summer.

—North Quincy came back strong last Saturday beating the White Sox 6 to 5 at the Fair grounds. The White Sox easily defeated the winners in the morning of the Fourth to the tune of 10 to 0. Batteries for the winners Smith and MacDonald, the losers, Langford and Stone.

—Lillian Clark of Union street, is having a vacation this week.

—Rev. F. H. Cole of Hinsdale, N. H., will preach at the Universalist church next Sunday morning.

—Nathaniel E. Williams, the newsdealer, is spending a few days at Onset.

—Miss Marjorie Taylor of Westboro, has been visiting her cousin, Miss Hattie Taylor of Main street.

—Edward Burns has returned from a few days stay at Hillsboro, N. H.

—Fred Clark is back at his duties with the Old Colony Trust Co., after a two weeks' vacation.

—Edward P. Welch of Reed avenue has taken a position at the Charlestown Navy Yard.

—Miss Veronica Burke of Brockton is visiting Mr. and Mrs. James Cullinane of Central street.

—Thomas Welch spent the week end at Monponsett.

—Harry Granger is visiting relatives at Prince Edward Island.

—Mrs. Fred Churchill and son Guilford are visiting relatives at Lincoln, Me.

Universalist Church Notes.

Morning service at 10.30, conducted by Rev. F. H. Cole of Hinsdale, N. H. 11.45, Sunday school and Kindergarden, 6.00, Y. P. S. C. E., leader, John W. O'Donnell, subject: "Lessons from a Lighthouse." The vested choir, under Miss Deane, will furnish music at the morning service.

Buttermilk Drinkers.

Buttermilk drinkers are called "lactomaniacs." No suggestion of "offness" in their mental constitution is implied by the name. They are always of sound mind and memory. Charles Lamb said nothing serious could be wrong with the man who was fond of apple dumplings. The same observation covers the drinker of buttermilk.

The Electric Home is The Modern Home

You can never fully appreciate a beautiful home unless your home is wired for

ELECTRICITY

Electric lights change the atmosphere of the home. They beautify every room. Write or phone today for our proposition.

WEYMOUTH LIGHT & POWER COMPANY,

JACKSON SQ. J. E. Mulligan, New Business Manager. EAST WEYMOUTH, MASS.

WHEN THE SUN DIES.

Deadly Havoc the Change Will Enact Upon Our Poor Planet.

"If the sun should go out how long would it be before darkness would appear on the earth?" asks a reader.

Eight minutes, eighteen seconds and five hundred and sixty-six one-thousandths of a second!

At the end of that brief interval of time the blue curtain of day would disappear as if an almighty hand had snatched it off, and the dome of night, spangled with stars, would instantaneously arch the earth. We would be plunged into darkness so quickly that for a moment nothing would be visible. Then the piercing rays of the stars would begin to affect our eyes, and after that, gradually, our immediate surroundings would dimly emerge from the gloom. There would be starlight, but no moonlight, for the moon shines only with reflected sunlight.

At first the disappearance of the light would be the thing most troublesome to us, but as time went on a chill would begin to creep over the sunless earth, and out of the dark and frozen air, all around the globe, a pallid snow would descend, as the atmospheric moisture condensed. When days and weeks had elapsed the awful cold of outer space would chill the atmosphere down to the earth's surface and animal and vegetable life would alike perish in the endless winter of universal night!—Garrett P. Serviss in New York Journal.

ACTION OF PEROXIDE.

It Cleanses a Wound, but Does Not Aid in the Healing Process.

"It would be well for people to understand what peroxide of hydrogen will do and what it will not do," remarked a dentist just after extracting two old roots on which a large abscess had formed. "It is one of the best, if not the very best, antiseptics we have, but it has no healing qualities. Many people imagine that it will heal a sore place in the mouth, yet that is just what it will not do.

"I have just injected peroxide and water into the cavities in the gums from which I extracted those roots. I did that to destroy the pus that had been left behind by the abscess, for that is the use of peroxide. It unites chemically with the pus and kills the germs that make it. But this is all that it does. And if you continue to use it you will retard the healing instead of hastening it. Peroxide, improperly used, has injured almost as many mouths as it has benefited. The sore place in your mouth is clean now, and all it needs is something to keep it clean while nature heals it. Peroxoxide will not do that—in fact, it will retard it."

The dentist then prescribed a healing wash. There are many such on the market, but any one having a tooth pulled is foolish to select his own.—New York World.

The First Canal Builder.

General Goethals is the latest canal builder to achieve fame, but he has had many predecessors, and the earliest so far as is known was one Naram-Sin, who nearly 5,000 years ago opened a canal from Nippur to the Euphrates. This was discovered by Dr. George A. Barton in deciphering some of the ancient Sumerian tablets at the museum of the University of Pennsylvania. He found a tablet dated "the year when the divine Naram-Sin opened the mouth of the canal Erin at Nippur." This was not an Irish canal, so far as is known, but it was a great event in the history of Nippur, which gave it transportation facilities with the rest of the world. Naram-Sin was a king of Babylonia, and he is responsible only for financing the canal, and slaves probably did the work.—Baltimore American.

The "Land of Cattle."

Italy may fairly claim to be senior among the nations of Europe, so far as its name is concerned. The peninsula has been "Italia" almost as far back as even legend reaches. According to Mommsen, the "Itali" proper were the inhabitants of the southern part of the country. As to the origin of the name, there is the normal legend of a King Italus, but his name must have been pronounced Vitalus and Vitulus, which means a bull calf, and it is easy to recognize in it an allusion to Italy as the land of cattle.—Spectator.

Pink Pearls.

One of the most important industries of the Bahama islands is the gathering of pink pearls. It is the only place in the world where these pearls are found. They are not taken from the oyster shell, but from a shell resembling a large snail shell, called a "conch." These pearls when perfect bring very high prices.

Optimistic Thought.

More people are slain by suppers than by the sword.

TURKISH SPY SYSTEM.

It Not Only Keeps Tab Upon Strangers, but Spies Upon Itself.

Turkey boasts of more spies to the square mile than any other country, as any one who has been to Turkey will agree.

The peculiar thing about these spies is that they themselves cannot be trusted, so that a regular chain of spies is the result. There are spies to spy upon the spies.

The government officials have their own spies to watch other people, but even the great authorities themselves are already being spied upon.

What is more, the method of spying is quite open, for the spies will stand by wherever two or three foreigners are gathered together and listen to the conversation. Visitors to Turkey naturally get worried over such attentions, especially when it might be their bad luck to be followed about for weeks or months.

It is the "uninitiated" visitor who usually receives the most attention, since he or she will carry on conversation in a quiet undertone. The person who knows Turkey converses in a loud tone for all and sundry—the spies especially—to hear that he is only engaged in pleasure or legitimate business, and the wise man leaves the topic of politics severely alone.—London Answers.

CAPTURING A MODEL.

A Complexion That Delacroix Could Not Let Escape.

Delacroix, the painter, was walking out one day in Paris with a friend of his when he fell into a brown study.

"What is up with you now?" said the friend.

"I can't get a certain shade of yellow," replied the artist.

"What sort of yellow?"

Just then a cab drove past.

"The very thing!" the painter gasped out. "Stop, stop!"

"I am engaged," the cabby replied without stopping.

Delacroix started in pursuit and at a steep place in the Rue des Martyrs overtook the cab. Opening the door, he said in tones of entreaty to the passenger inside:

"Do please tell your driver to stop. I want your complexion for a painting on which I am at work. There is a color merchant close at hand. I shall not detain you above five minutes, and in acknowledgment of the service you render me I will present you with a sketch of my picture."

The bargain was struck. Delacroix got his yellow, and a few months later the "fare" received a sketch of his "Assassination of the Archbishop of Liege."

The People of China.

There are about sixty different peoples, or tribes, which go to make up the population of China. Practically nine-tenths of the population is to be found in China proper, the great majority being of the Chinese race. With the exception of a few Iranians and a few people of the hill tribes, all of the Chinese population belongs, physically, to various branches of the great Mongol-Tartar family. The government of the republic recognized five principal races when designing the new flag, which replaces the yellow dragon of the old national ensign with five stripes—crimson, yellow, white, blue and black—symbolical of the five races comprised in the Chinese people, Mongol, Chinese, Manchu, Mohammedan and Tibetan.

History.

History is a voice forever sounding across the centuries the laws of right and wrong. Opinions alter, manners change, creeds rise and fall, but the moral law is written on the tablets of eternity. For every false word or unrighteous deed, for cruelty and oppression, for lust or vanity, the price has to be paid at last—not always by the chief offenders, but paid by some one. Justice and truth alone endure and live. Injustice and falsehood may be long lived, but doomsday comes at last to them in French revolutions and other terrible ways.—James Anthony Froude.

Soldiers and Mustaches.

The suggestion that soldiers should be clean shaven would not have commended itself to Victor Emmanuel II., who held it incumbent on a soldier to look ferocious. One of his first acts in assuming the royal dignity after the battle of Novara was to change what he called his "milksop's appearance" by applying black dye to his hair and mustache, which were naturally fair. This he continued to use until his death, always applying the dye himself, for he hated barbers or valets to come near him.—London Chronicle.

Some Corroboration.

The theory of an eminent scientist is that the human family is descended from bullfrogs, and it seems to be supported by the fact that some men are known to be incessant croakers.

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will buy 6 Room House 2 Minutes to Electric Cars and 5 Minutes to Steam Cars. Easy Terms. Call and see me about it.

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COAL ICE WOOD
HEAVY TEAMING LIGHT
PIANO MOVING FURNITURE

We now represent as East Weymouth agent in the sale of coal, J. F. Sheppard & Sons, Inc., of East Braintree and Quincy. All orders will receive the courteous attention made possible by increased facilities. All old orders will be filled.

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Commonwealth of Massachusetts

NORFOLK ss. PROBATE COURT

TO the heirs-at-law, next-of-kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of

DAVID P. TILDEN

late of Weymouth in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court for Probate by Henry P. Tilden of said Weymouth, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving surety on his official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Brookline in said County, of Norfolk on the twenty-eighth day of July, A. D. 1915, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the Weymouth Gazette, a newspaper published in said Weymouth, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing, postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, JAMES H. FLINT, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this thirtieth day of June in the year one thousand nine hundred and fifteen.

16-18 J. R. McCOOLE, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

NORFOLK, ss. PROBATE COURT.

TO all persons interested in the estate of

HELEN M. TIRRELL,

late of Weymouth in said County, deceased:

Whereas, Thomas J. Evans, executor of the will of said deceased, has presented for allowance, the first and final account of his administration upon the estate of said deceased:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Dedham in said County, on the first day of September, A. D. 1915, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said executor is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the Weymouth Gazette a newspaper published in said Weymouth, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing, postpaid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, James H. Flint, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this eighth day of July, in the year one thousand nine hundred and fifteen.

18-20 J. R. McCOOLE, Register.

All Have Three Forms.

All things in the world have three forms; these are gaseous, liquid and solid. Everything is moving from one of these forms into another. For instance, the sputum is a liquid. Dried in the open air, it soon becomes a solid. Then, pulverized, it is taken up by the air and circulates in minute dust particles, some of which are too small to be seen.

Dark Hollow

By
Anna Katharine Green

Illustrations by C. D. Rhodes

(Copyright, 1911, by Dodd, Mead & Company)

CHAPTER XVI.

Found and Lost.

It was Oliver. Oliver unkempt and with signs upon him of a night's work of study or writing; but Oliver!—her lover once, but now just a stranger into whose hand she must put this letter.

She tried to stammer out her errand; but the sudden pallor, the starting eyes—the whole shocked, almost terrified appearance of the man she was facing, stopped her. She forgot the surprise, the incredulity of mind with which he would naturally hail her presence at his door in a place so remote and of such inaccessibility. She only saw that his hands had gone up and out at sight of her, and to her sensitive soul, this looked like a rebuff which, while expected, choked back her words and turned her faintly flushing cheek scarlet.

"It is not I," burst from her lips in incoherent disclaimer of his possible thought. "I'm just a messenger. Your father—"

"It is you!" Quickly his hands passed across his eyes. "How—" Then his glance, following hers, fell on the letter which she now remembered to hold out.

"It's the copy of a telegram," she tremblingly explained, as he continued to gaze at it without reaching to take it. "You could not be found in Detroit and as it was important that you should receive this word from your father, I undertook to deliver it. I remembered your fondness for this place and how you once said that this is where you would like to write your books, and so I came on a venture—but not alone—Mr. Black is with me and—"

"Mr. Black! Who? What?" He was still staring at his father's letter; and still had made no offer to take it.

"Read this first," said she.

Then he woke to the situation. He took the letter, and drawing her inside, shut the door while he read it. She, trembling very much, did not dare to lift her eyes to watch its effect, but she was conscious that his back and not his face was turned her way, and that the moment was the stillest one of her whole life.

Then there came a rattling noise as he crushed the letter in his hand.

"Tell me what this means," said he, but he did not turn his head as he made this request.

"Your father must do that," was her gentle reply. "I was only to deliver the letter. I came—we came—thus early, because we thought—we feared we should get no opportunity later to find you here alone. There seem to be people on the road—whom—whom you might feel obliged to entertain and as your father cannot wait—"

He had wheeled about. His face confronted hers. It wore a look she did not understand and which made him seem a stranger to her. Involuntarily she took a step back.

"I must be going now," said she, and fell—her physical weakness triumphing at last over her will power.

* * * * * * *

"Oliver? Where is Oliver?"

These were Reuther's first words, as, coming to herself, she perceived Mr. Black bending helplessly over her.

The answer was brief, almost indifferent. Alanson Black was cursing himself for allowing her to come to this house alone.

"He was here a moment ago. When he saw you begin to give signs of life, he slid out. How do you feel, my—my dear? What will your mother say?"

"But Oliver?" She was on her feet now; she had been lying on some sort of couch. "He must—Oh, I remember now. Mr. Black, we must go. I have given him his father's letter."

"We are not going till you have something to eat. Not a word. I'll—" Why did his eye wander to the nearest window, and his words trail away into silence?

Reuther turned about to see. Oliver was in front, conversing earnestly with Mr. Sloan. As they looked, he dashed back into the rear of the house, and they heard his voice rise once or twice in some ineffectual commands to his deaf servant, then there came a clatter and a rush from the direction of the stable, and they saw him flash by on a gaunt but fiery horse, and take with long bounds the road up which they had just labored. He had stopped to equip himself in some measure for his ride, but not the horse, which was without saddle or any sort of bridle but a halter strung about his neck.

This was flight; or so it appeared to Mr. Sloan, as he watched the young man disappear over the brow of the hill. What Mr. Black thought was not so apparent. He had no wish to discourage Reuther whose feeling was one of relief as her first word showed.

"Oliver is gone. We shall not have to hurry now and perhaps if I had a few minutes in which to rest—"

She was on the verge of fainting again.

And then Alanson Black showed of what stuff he was made. In ten minutes he had bustled about the half-deserted building, and with the aid of the dazed and uncomprehending deaf-mute, managed to prepare a cup of hot tea and a plate of steaming eggs for the weary girl.

After such an effort, Reuther felt obliged to eat, and she did; seeing which, the lawyer left her for a moment and went out to question their guide.

"Where's the young lady?"

This from Mr. Sloan.

"Eating something. Come in and have a bite, and let the horses eat, too. The young fellow went off pretty quick, eh?"

"Ya-as." The drawl was one of doubt. "But quickness don't count. Fast or slow, he's on his way to capture—if that's what you want to know."

"What? We are followed, then?"

"There are men on the road; two, as I told you before. He can't get by them—if that's what he wants to do."

"But I thought they fell back. We didn't hear them after you joined us."

"No; they didn't come on. They didn't have to. This is the only road down the mountain, and it's one you've got to follow or go tumbling over the precipice. All they've got to do is to wait for him; and that's what I tried to tell him, but he just shook his arm at me and rode on. He might better have waited—for company."

Mr. Black cast a glance behind him, saw that the door of the house was almost closed and ventured to put another question.

"What did he ask you when he came out here?"

"Why we had chosen such an early hour to bring him his father's message," Sloan replied.

"And what did you say?"

"Wa'al, I said that there was another fellow down my way awful eager to see him, too; and that you were mortal anxious to get to him first. That was about it, wasn't it, sir?"

"Yes. And how did he take that?"

"He turned white, and asked me just what I meant. Then I said that some one wanted him pretty bad, for, early as it was, this stranger was up as soon as you, and had followed us into the mountains and might show up any time on the road. At which he gave me a stare, then plunged back into the house to get his hat and trot out his horse. I never saw quicker work. But it's no use; he can't escape those men. They know it, or they wouldn't have stopped where they did, waiting for him."

Mr. Black recalled the aspect of the gully, and decided that Mr. Sloan was right. There could be but one end to this adventure. Oliver would be caught in a manifest effort to escape, and the judge's cup of sorrow and humiliation would be full. He felt the shame of it himself, also the folly of his own methods and of the part he had allowed Reuther to play. Beckoning to his host to follow him, he turned toward the house.

"Don't mention your fears to the young lady," said he. "At least, not till we are well past the gully."

"I shan't mention anything. Don't you be afeared of that."

And with a simultaneous effort difficult for both, they assumed a more cheerful air, and briskly entered the house.

It was not until they were well upon the road back that Reuther ventured to speak of Oliver. She was riding as far from the edge of the precipice as possible. In descent it looked very formidable to her unaccustomed eye.

"This is a dangerous road for a man to ride bareback," she remarked. "I'm terrified when I think of it, Mr. Black. Why did he go off quite so suddenly? Is there a train he is anxious to reach? Mr. Sloan, is there a train?"

"Yes, miss, there is a train."

"Which he can get by riding fast?"

"I've known it done!"

"Then he is excusable." Yet her anxious glance stole ever and again to the dizzy verge toward which she now unconsciously urged her own horse till Mr. Black drew her aside.

A half-hour's further descent, then a quick turn and Mr. Sloan, who had ridden on before them, came galloping hastily back.

Mr. Black hastened to meet their guide. "What now?" he asked. "Have they come together? Have the detectives got him?"

"No, not him; only his horse. The animal has just trotted up—riderless."

"Good God! The child's instinct was true. He has been thrown—"

"No." Mr. Sloan's mouth was close to the lawyer's ear. "There's another explanation. If the fellow is game, and anxious enough to reach the train to risk his neck for it, there's a path he could have taken which would get him there without his coming round this turn." Then as Reuther came ambling up: "Young lady, don't let me scare you, but it looks now as if the young man had taken a short cut to the station. Look back along the edge of the precipice for about half a mile, and you will see shooting up from the gully a solitary tree whose topmost branch reaches within a few feet of the road above."

"Yes," she suddenly replied, as her glance fell on the one red splash showing against the dull gray of the cliff.

"A leap from the road, if well-timed, would land a man among some very stalwart branches."

"But—but—if he didn't reach—didn't catch—"

"Young lady, he's a man in a thousand. If you want the proof, look over there."

He was pointing again, but in a very different direction now. As her anxious eye sought the place he indicated, her face flushed crimson with evanescent joy. Just where the open ground of the gully melted again into the forest, the figure of a man could be seen moving very quickly. In another moment it had disappeared amid the foliage.

"Straight for the station," announced Mr. Sloan; and, taking out his watch, added quickly, "the train is not due for 15 minutes. He'll catch it."

"The train south?"

"Yes, and the train north. They pass here."

Mr. Black turned a startled eye upon the guide. But Reuther's face was still alight. She felt very happy. Their journey had not been for naught. He would have six hours' start of his pursuers; he would be that much sooner in Shelby; he would hear the accusation against him and refute it before she saw him again.

But Mr. Black's thoughts were less pleasing than hers. He had never had more than a passing hope of Oliver's innocence, and now he had none at all. The young man had fled, not in response to his father's telegram, but under the impulse of his own fears. They would not find him in Shelby when they returned. They might never find him anywhere again. A pretty story to carry back to the judge.

As he dwelt upon this thought his reflections grew more and more gloomy, and he had little to say till he reached the turn where the two men still awaited them.

In the encounter which followed no attempt was made by either party to disguise the nature of the business which thus had brought them together. The man whom Mr. Black took to be a Shelby detective nodded as they met and remarked, with a quick glance at Reuther:

"So you've come without him! I'm sorry for that. I was in hopes that I might be spared the long ride up the mountain."

Mr. Black limited his answer to one of his sour smiles.

"Whose horse is this?" came in peremptory demand from the other man, with a nod toward the animal which could now be seen idly grazing by the wayside. "And how came it on the road alone?"

"We can only give you these facts," rejoined the lawyer. "It came from Tempest lodge. It started out ahead of us with the gentleman we had gone to visit on its back. We did not pass the gentleman on the road, and if he has not passed you he must have left the road somewhere on foot. He did not go back to the lodge."

"Mr. Black—"

"I am telling you the absolute truth. Make what you will of it. His father desires him home, and sent a message. This message this young lady undertook to deliver, and she did deliver it, with the consequences I have mentioned. If you doubt me take your ride. It is not an easy one, and the only man remaining at the lodge is deaf as a post."

"Mr. Black has told the whole story," averred the guide.

They looked at Reuther.

"I have nothing to add," said she. "I have been terrified lest the gentleman you wish to see was thrown from the horse's back over the precipice. But perhaps he found some way of getting down on foot. He is a very strong and daring man."

"The tree!" ejaculated the detective's companion. He was from a neighboring locality and remembered this one natural ladder up the side of the gully.

"Yes, the tree," acknowledged Mr. Sloan. "That, or a fall. Let us hope it was not a fall."

As he ceased a long screech from an approaching locomotive woke up the echoes of the forest. It was answered by another from the opposite direction. Both trains were on time. The relief felt by Reuther could not be concealed. The detective noticed it.

"I'm wasting time here," said he. "Excuse me, Mr. Black, if I push on ahead of you. If we don't meet at the station, we shall meet in Shelby."

Mr. Black's mouth twisted grimly. He had no doubt of the latter fact.

Next minute they were all cantering in the one direction, the detective very much in the advance.

"Let me go with you to the station," entreated Reuther, as Mr. Black held up his arms to lift her from her horse at the door of the hotel.

But his refusal was peremptory. "I'll be back in just five minutes," said he. And without waiting for a second pleading look, he lifted her gently off and carried her in.

When he returned, as he did in the time specified, he had but one word for her.

"Gone," said he.

"Thank God!" she murmured with a smile.

Not having a smile to add to hers, the lawyer withdrew.

Oliver was gone—but gone north.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Curtain Lifted.

It was dark when Mr. Black came into Shelby, and darker still when he rang the bell of Judge Ostrander's house. But it was not late, and his agitation had but few minutes in which to grow, before the gate swung wide and he felt her hand in his.

She was expecting him. There was no necessity for preliminaries, and he could ask at once for the judge and whether he was strong enough to bear disappointment.



He Was Pointing Again but in a Different Direction Now.

Deborah's answer was disconcerting.

"I've not seen him. He admits nobody. When I enter the library, he retreats to his bedroom. I have not even been allowed to hand him his letters. I put them on his tray when I carry in his meals."

"I am afraid he never will hear from Oliver. The boy gave us the slip in the most remarkable manner. I will tell you when we get inside."

When she had heard him through, she looked about the room they were in, with a lingering, abstracted gaze he hardly understood till he saw it fall with an indescribable aspect of sorrow upon a picture which had lately been found and rehung upon the wall. It was a portrait of Oliver's mother.

"I am disappointed," she murmured in bitter reflection to herself. "I did not expect Oliver to clear himself, but I did expect him to face his accusers if only for his father's sake. What am I to say now to the judge?"

"Nothing tonight. In the morning we will talk the whole subject over. I must first explain myself to Andrews, and, if possible, learn his intentions; then I shall know better what to advise."

"Did the officer you met on your return from Tempest lodge follow you to Shelby?"

"I have not seen him."

"That is bad. He followed Oliver."

"It was to be expected."

"Oliver is in Canada?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Which means—"

"Delay, then extradition. It's that fellow Flannagan who has brought this upon us. The wretch knows something which forbids us to hope."

"Alas, yes." And a silence followed, during which such entire stillness rested upon the house that a similar thought rose in both minds. Could it be that under this same roof, and only separated from them by a partition, there brooded another human being helplessly awaiting a message which would never come, and listening, but how vainly, for the step and voice for which he hungered, though they were the prelude to further shame and the signal for coming punishment.

So strong was this thought in both their minds, that the shadow deepened upon both faces, as though a presence had passed between them; and when Mr. Black rose, as he very soon did, it was with an evident dread of leaving her alone with this thought.

They were lingering yet in the hall, the good night faltering on their lips, when suddenly their eyes flashed together in mutual question, and Deborah bent her ear toward the street.

An automobile was slowing up—stopping—stopping before the gates! Deborah turned and looked at Mr. Black. Then the bell rang. Never had it sounded so shrill and penetrating. Never had it rung quite such a summons through this desolate house. Recoiling, she made a motion of entreaty.

"Go," she whispered. "Open! I cannot."

Quickly he obeyed. She heard him pass out and down the walk, and through the first gate. Then there came a silence, followed by the opening of the second gate. Then, a sound like smothered greetings, followed by quickly advancing steps and a voice she knew:

"How is my father? Is he well? I cannot enter till I know."

It was Oliver!—come from some distant station, or from some other line which he had believed unwatched. Tumultuous as her thoughts were, she dared not indulge in them for a moment, or give way to gratitude or any other emotion. There were words to be said—words which must be uttered on the instant and with as much imperiousness as his own.

Throwing the door wide, she called down the steps:

"Yes, he is well. Come in, Mr. Ostrander, and you, too, Mr. Black. Instructions have been given me by the judge, which I must deliver at once. He expects you, Oliver," she went on, as the two men stepped in. "He bade me say to you immediately upon your entrance that much as he would like to be on hand to greet you, he cannot see you tonight. For tonight at least, and up to a certain hour tomorrow, you are to keep your own counsel. When certain persons whose names he has given me can be gotten together in this house, he will join you, giving you your first meeting in the presence of others. Afterwards he will see you alone. If these plans distress you—if you find the delay hard, I am to say that it is even harder for him that it can be for you. But circumstances compel him to act thus, and he expects you to understand and be patient."

Young Ostrander bowed.

"I have no doubt of the facts," he assured her, with an unsuccessful effort to keep his trouble out of his voice. "But as my father allows me some explanation, I shall be very glad to hear what has happened here to occasion my imperative recall."

Mr. Black glanced at Deborah, who was slipping away. When they found themselves alone together, Oliver's manner altered.

"One moment," said he, before Mr. Black could speak. "I should like to ask you first of all, if Miss Scoville is better. When I left you both so suddenly at Tempest Lodge, she was not well. I—"

"She is quite recovered, Mr. Ostrander."

Involuntarily their glances met in a question which perhaps neither desired to have answered. Then Oliver remarked quite simply:

"My haste seemed warranted by my father's message. Five minutes—one minute even is of great importance when you have but fifteen in which to catch a train."

"And by such a route!"

"You know my route." A short laugh escaped him. "I feared delay—possibly the interference—but why discuss these unimportant matters! But your reason for these hasty summons—that is what I am ready now to hear." And he sat down, but in such a way as to throw his face very much into the shadow.

This was a welcome circumstance to the lawyer. His task promised to be hard enough at the best. Black night had not offered too dark a screen between him and the man thus suddenly called upon to face suspicions the very shadow of which is enough to destroy a life. The hardy lawyer shrunk from uttering the words which would make the gulf imaginatively opening between them a real, if not impassable one. Something about the young man appealed to him—something apart from his relationship to the judge—something inherent in himself. Perhaps it was the misery he betrayed. Perhaps it was the memory of Reuther's faith in him and how that faith must suffer when she saw him next. Instantaneous reflections, but epoch making in a mind like his. Alanson Black had never hesitated before in the face of any duty, and it robbed him of confidence. But he gave no proof of this in voice or manner, as pacing the floor in alternate approach and retreat, he finally addressed the motionless figure he could no longer ignore.

"You want to know what has happened here? If you mean lately, I shall have to explain that anything which has lately occurred to distress your father or make your presence here desirable has its birth in events which date back to days when this was your home and the bond between yourself and father the usual and natural one."

Silence in that shadowy corner! But this the speaker had expected, and must have exacted even if Oliver had shown the least intention of speaking.

"A man was killed here in the old days—pardon me if I am too abrupt—and another man was executed for this crime. You were a boy—but you must remember."

He paused. One must breathe between the blows he inflicts, even if one is a lawyer.

"That was twelve years ago. Not so long a time as has elapsed since you met a waif of the streets and chastised him for some petty annoyance. But both events, the great and the little, have been well remembered here in Shelby; and when Mrs Scoville came amongst us a month or so ago, with her late but substantial proofs of her husband's innocence in the matter of Etheridge's death, there came to her aid a man, who not only remembered the beating he had received as a child, but certain facts which led him to denounce by name, the party destined to bear at this late day the onus of the crime heretofore ascribed to Scoville. That name he wrote on bridges and walls; and one day, when your father left the courthouse a mob followed him, shouting loud words which I will not repeat, but which you must understand were such as must be met and answered when the man so assailed is Judge Ostran-

Continued on Page 7.

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Dark Hollow

Continued from Page 6

der. Have I said enough? If so, raise your hand and I will desist for tonight."

But no movement took place in the shadow cast by Oliver's figure on the wall before which Mr. Black had paused, and presently a voice was heard from where he sat, saying:

"You are too merciful. I do not want generalities but the naked truth. What did the men shout?"

"You have asked for a fact, and that I feel free to give you. They shouted, 'Where is Oliver, your guilty son, Oliver? You saved him at a poor man's expense, but we'll have him yet.' You asked me for the words, Mr. Ostrander."

"Yes." The pause was long, but the "Yes" came at last. Then another silence, and then this peremptory demand: "But we cannot stop here, Mr.



You Met a Waif on the Street and Chastized Him.

Black. If I am to meet my father's wishes tomorrow, I must know the ground upon which I stand. What evidence lies back of these shouts? If you are my friend—and you have shown yourself to be such—you will tell me the whole story. I shall say nothing more."

Mr. Black was not walking now; he was standing stock-still and in the shadow also. And with this space and the double shadow between them, Alanson Black told Oliver Ostrander why the people had shouted: "We will have him yet."

When he had quite finished, he came into the light.

When he had quite finished he came into the light. He did not look in the direction he had avoided from the first, but his voice had a different note as he remarked:

"I am your father's friend, and I have promised to be yours. You may expect me here in the morning, as I am one of the few persons your father has asked to be present at your first interview. If after this interview you wish anything more from me you have only to signify it. I am blunt, but not unfeeling, Mr. Ostrander."

A slight lift of the hand, visible now in the shadow, and with a silent bow he left the room.

In the passage-way he met Deborah.

"Leave him to himself," said he. "Later, perhaps, you can do something for him."

But she found this quite impossible. Oliver would neither eat nor sleep. When the early morning light came, he was sitting there still.

* * * * * * *

Ten o'clock! and one of the five listed to be present had arrived—the rector of the church which the Ostranders had formerly attended.

He was ushered into the parlor by Deborah, where he found himself received not by the judge in whose name he had been invited, but by Mr. Black, the lawyer, who tendered him a simple good morning and pointed out a chair.

There was another person in the room—a young man who stood in one of the windows, gazing abstractedly out at the line of gloomy fence rising between him and the street. He had not turned at the rector's approach, and the latter had failed to recognize him.

And so with each new arrival. He neither turned nor moved at any one's entrance, but left it to Mr. Black to do the honors and make the best of a situation, difficult, if not inexplicable to all of them. Nor could it be seen that any of these men—city officials, prominent citizens and old friends, recognized his figure or suspected his identity. Beyond a passing glance his way, they betrayed neither curiosity nor interest, being probably sufficiently occupied in accounting for their own presence in the home of their once revered and now greatly maligned compeer. Judge Ostrander, attacked through his son, was about to say or do something which each and every one of them secretly thought had better be left unsaid or undone. Yet none showed any disposition to leave the place; and when, after a short, uneasy pause during which all attempts at conversation failed, they heard a slow and weighty step approaching down the hall, the suspense was such that no one but Mr. Black noticed the quick whirl with which Oliver turned himself about, nor the look of mortal anguish with which he awaited the opening of the door and his father's entrance among them. No one noticed, I say, until, simultaneously with the appearance of Judge Ostrander on the threshold, a loud cry swept through the room of "Don't! don't!" and the man they had barely noticed, flashed by them all, and fell at the judge's feet with a smothered repetition of his appeal: "Don't, father, don't!"

Then, each man knew why he had been summoned there, and knowing, gazed earnestly at these two faces. Twelve years of unappeased longing, of smothered love, rising above doubts, persisting in spite of doubts, were concentrated into that one instant of mutual recognition. The eye of the father was upon that of the son and that of the son upon that of the father and for them, at least in this first instant of reunion, the years were forgotten and sin, sorrow and on-coming doom effaced from their mutual consciousness.

Then the tide of life flowed back into the present, and the judge, motioning to his son to rise, observed very distinctly:

"Don't is an ambiguous word, my son, and on your lips, at this juncture, may mislead those whom I have called here to hear the truth from us and the truth only. You have heard what happened here a few days ago. How a long-guarded, long-suppressed suspicion—so guarded and so suppressed that I had no intimation of its existence even, found vent at a moment of public indignation, and I heard you, you, Oliver Ostrander, accused to my face of having in some boyish fit of rage struck down the man for whose death another has long since paid the penalty. This you have already been told."

"Yes." The word cut sharply through the silence; but the fire with which the young man rose and faced them all showed him at his best. "But surely, no person present believes it. No one can who knows you and the principles in which I have been raised. This fellow whom I beat as a boy has waited long to start this damnable report. Surely he will get no hearing from unprejudiced and intelligent men."

"The police have listened to him. Mr. Andrews, who is one of the gentlemen present, has heard his story and you see that he stands here silent, my son. And that is not all. Mrs. Scoville, who has loved you like a mother, longs to believe in your innocence, and cannot."

A low cry from the hall.

It died away unheeded.

"And Mr. Black, her husband's counsel," continued the father, in the firm, low tones of one who for many long days and nights had schooled himself for the duty for this hour, "shares her feeling. He has tried not to; but he does. They have found evidences—you know them; proofs which might not have amounted to much had it not been for the one mischievous fact which has undermined public confidence and given point to these attacks. I refer to the life we have led and the barriers we have ourselves raised against our mutual intercourse. These have undone us. To the question, 'Why these barriers?' I can find no answer but the one which ends this struggle. Succumbing myself, I ask you to do so also. Out of the past comes a voice—the voice of Algernon Etheridge, demanding vengeance for his untimely end. It will not be gainsaid. Not satisfied with the toll we have both paid in these years of suffering and repression—unmindful of the hermit's life I have led and of the heart disappointments you have borne, its cry for punishment remains insistent. Gentlemen—hush! Oliver, it is for me to cry 'Don't' now—John Scoville was a guilty man—a murderer and a thief—but he did not wield the stick which killed Algernon Etheridge. Another hand raised that. No, do not look at the boy. He is innocent! Look here! look here!" And with one awful gesture, he stood still—while horror rose like a wave and engulfed the room—choking back breath and speech from every living soul there, and making a silence more awful than any sound—or so they all felt, till his voice rose again and they heard:

"You have trusted to appearances; you must trust now to my word. I am the guilty man, not Scoville, and not Oliver, though Oliver may have been in the ravine that night and even handled the bludgeon I found at my feet in the recesses of Dark Hollow."

Then consternation spoke, and muttered cries were heard of "Madness! It is not we who are needed here but a physician!" and dominating all, the ringing shout:

"You cannot save me so, father. I hated Etheridge and I slew him. Gentlemen,' he prayed in his agony, coming close into their midst, 'do not be misled for a moment by a father's devotion.'

His lifted head, his flashing eye, drew every look. Honor confronted them in a countenance from which all reserve had melted away. No guilt showed there; he stood among them, a heroic figure.

Slowly, and with a dread which no man might measure, the glances which had just devoured his young but virile countenance passed to that of the father. They did not leave it again. "Son?" With what tenderness he spoke, but with what a ring of desolation. "I understand your effort and appreciate it; but it is a useless one. You cannot deceive these friends of ours—men who have known my life. If you were in the ravine that night, so was I. If you handled John Scoville's stick, so did I, and after you! Let us not struggle for the execration of mankind; let it fall where it rightfully belongs. It can bring no sting keener than that to which my breast has long been subject. Or—" and here his tones sank, in a last recognition of all he was losing forever, "if there is suffering in a once proud man flinging from him the last rag of respect with which he sought to cover the hideous nakedness of an unsuspected crime, it is lost in the joy of doing justice to the son who would take advantage of circumstances to assume his father's guilt."

But Oliver, with a fire which nothing could damp, spoke up again:

"Gentlemen, will you see my father so degrade himself? He has dwelt so continually upon the knowledge which separated us a dozen years ago that he no longer can discriminate between the guilty and the innocent. Would he have sat in court; would he have uttered sentences; would he have kept his seat upon the bench for all these years, if he had borne within his breast this secret of personal guilt? No. It is not in human nature to play such a part. I was guilty—and I fled. Let the act speak for itself. The respect due my father must not be taken from him."

Confusion and counter-confusion! What were they to think! Alanson Black, aghast at this dread dilemma, ran over in his mind all that had led him to accept Oliver's guilt as proved, and then, in immediate opposition to it, the details of that old trial and the judge's consequent life; and, voicing the helpless confusion of the others, observed with forced firmness:

"We have heard much of Oliver's wanderings in the ravine on that fatal night, but nothing of yours, Judge Ostrander. It is not enough for you to say that you were there; you must prove it."

"The proof is in my succumbing to the shock of hearing Oliver's name associated with this crime. Had he been guilty—had our separation come through his crime and not through my own, I should have been prepared for such a contingency, and not overwhelmed by it."

"And were you not prepared?"

"No, before God!"

The gesture accompanying this oath was a grand one, convincing in its fervor, its majesty and power.

But facts are stubborn things, and while most of those present were still thrilling under the effect of this oath, the dry voice of District Attorney Andrews was heard for the first time, in these words:

"Why, then, did you, on the night of Bela's death, stop on your way across the bridge to look back upon Dark Hollow and cry in the bitterest tones which escape human lips, 'Oliver! Oliver!' You were heard to speak this name, Judge Ostrander," he hastily put it, as the miserable father raised his hand in ineffectual protest. "A man was lurking in the darkness behind you, who both saw and heard you. He may not be the most prepossessing of witness, but we cannot discredit his story."

"Mr. Andrews, you have no children. To the man who has, I make my last appeal. Mr. Renfrew, you know the human heart both as a father and a pastor. Do you find anything unnatural in a guilty soul bemoaning its loss rather than its sin, in the spot which recalled both to his overburdened spirit?"

"No."

The word came sharply, and it sounded decisive; but the ones which followed from Mr. Andrews were no less so.

"That is not enough. We want evidence, actual evidence, that you are not playing the part your son ascribes to you."

The judge's eyes glared, then suddenly and incomprehensively softened till the quick fear that his mind as well as his memory had gone astray, vanished in a feeling none of them could have characterized, but which gave to them all an expression of awe.

"I have such evidence," announced the judge. "Come."

Turning, he stepped into the hall. Oliver, with bended head and a discouraged mien, quickly followed. Alanson Black and the others, casting startled and inquiring looks at each other, brought up the rear. Deborah Scoville was nowhere to be seen.



"Gentlemen, Will You See My Father So Degrade Himself?"

At the door of his own room, the judge paused, and with his hand on the curtain, remarked with unexpected composure: "You have all wondered, and others with you, why for the last ten years I have kept the gates of my house shut against every comer. I am going to show you."

And with no further word or look, scarcely even giving attention to Oliver's anguished presence, he led them into the study and from there on to that inner door known and talked of through the town as the door of mystery. This he slowly opened with the key he took from his pocket; then, pausing with the knob in his hand, he said:

"In the years which are past, but two persons beside myself have crossed this threshold, and these only under my eye. Its secret was for my own breast. Judge what my remorse has been; judge the power of my own secret self-condemnation, by what you see here."

And, entering, he reached up, and pulled aside the carpet he had strung up over one end of the room, disclosing amid a number of loosened boards, the barred cell of a condemned convict.

"This was my bed, gentlemen, till a stranger coming into my home, made such an acknowledgment of my sin impossible!"

To be continued

Mrs. G. F. Curtis

LADIES' HAIR DRESSING PARLOR

Electric Massage. Shampooing and Manicuring. Facial and Scalp Treatment. Hair Work a Specialty. Switches made from Combings.

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Tel. 1827-M.

Town Clerk's Office

— AT —

East Weymouth Savings Bank

Office Hours: 10 to 12 a. m., 2 to 5 p. m.

At all other hours at residence on Hillcrest Road, opposite Catholic Church.

JOHN A. RAYMOND, TOWN CLERK

WEYMOUTH AND EAST BRAINTREE

—D. H. Clancy, Undertaker, office 134 Washington street, below Richmond. Tel. —Adv.

—Frank Reilley of Hyde Park has been visiting his parents Mr. and Mrs. James P. Reilley.

—Superintendent of mails Francis M. Drown, Mrs. Drown and son Hollis are spending two weeks at their camp Litchfield Maine.

—William McCarthy has gone to New London Conn. where he has taken a position.

—Miss Sarah A. White is home from a two weeks visit with her sister Mrs. H. White in Roxbury.

—Letter carrier James P. Reilley is having his annual vacation.

—Michael Stack of Newark, N. J. a former resident, has been in town visiting relatives.

—A. Derby Tirrell, one of the towns best known business men was 75 years old Sunday. Mr. Tirrell enjoys the best of health and during his 75 years has needed the services of a physician but twice.

—Everett McIntosh has taken a position at the Co operative grocery store.

—Frank R. Leavitt and Roy Cobb has gone to Salisbury Beach where they have a large plumbing contract.

—Mrs. Rebecca Puttillow was 89 years old Sunday and a large number of her friends from this and other towns called on her home, Franklin street, and extended their congratulations. She was the recipient of a number of handsome gifts.

—The funeral of Miss Lillian Harlow took place Friday afternoon from her late home, Front street, and the service which was conducted by Rev. Albert P. Watson pastor of the Union Congregational church was attended by a large number of friends of the deceased, including delegations from Class of '14 Weymouth High school and the Boston business college where she was a student at the time of her illness. The many beautiful floral tributes testified to the esteem in which deceased was held. Miss Bessie Bate, contralo, sang. The interment was at Village cemetery. The bearers were Porter Thomoson, Warren Clapp, Lawrence Cate, Irving Bates, Parker Whittle, and Alfred Worthen.

—Mrs. Ebenezer Hunt of Orlando, Florida, a native of this town, is here on a visit to relatives.

—Mrs. Maria Pratt and Miss Annie Pratt have been spending a couple of weeks at Post Island.

—Mrs. F. L. King of Brookside road has been spending a few days at her old home Antrim, N. H. making the trip with her nephew in his automobile.

—Harry C. Newman of 18 Sterling street takes the first prize, a magnificent gold watch diamond studded, as awarded to the leading salesman of the country the selection being made from fifty of the foremost. The points of examination are Honor, Quality, Strength and Success.

—Mrs. Helen E. Taylor, formerly a resident of Weymouth with her daughter Mrs. James Croke, died at the residence of her daughter Mrs. C. R. Faulkner in Cambridge last Saturday, aged 64. Funeral services on Monday conducted by Rev. Frank B. Cressey formerly of Weymouth. Burial in Edgewood cemetery, Malden.

—Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Pray and daughter Helen have gone to Auburn Me., on a visit.

—Miss Katherine McCormick is attending the summer school at Columbia college New York.

—John V. DeNeil has returned to Groton, Conn., after a visit with his mother Mrs. Ellen DeNeil.

—Miss Jennie Aiken has been visiting friends in Danvers.

—Mrs. L. O. Croker and Miss Olive Croker are at York Beach, Maine.

—Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Nelson are entertaining Mrs. Hannah Olson of Jamestown N. Y.

—Mr. and Mrs. Robert C. Poore have moved into their new house on Stetson street East Braintree.

—Mrs. Anna Hartman and son of Virginia are here on a visit to her parents Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Griffin.

—Mrs. William Curtiss of North Bowditch street who has been under treatment at the Charlesgate hospital has returned home and is greatly improved in health.

—Joseph Bradford of Hayward street sailed last week for his home in England.

—Clifton Harlow Jr., is in the race to secure an automobile in the vote contest of the Boston Evening Record and Daily Advertiser.

—Mrs. John Madden of Richmond is staying in Newport, R. I., for a month.

—Thursday evening whist parties, hall above Harlow's, 8 prizes, (2 Braintree books), admission 25 cts.—Adv.

—Thomas Cleary has gone to Newark, N. J., on a visit to relatives.

—Mrs. C. B. Lund and children of New London, Conn., are visiting her mother, Mrs. Harriet Gutterson.

—Mrs. Michael Boyle and son, Joseph, have been spending a week at Nantasket.

—Miss Margaret Dexter of Abington is spending the week with her sister, Mrs. Edward Tracy.

—Mr. and Mrs. Martin J. Welsh (nee Miss Julia Gagan) arrived home Wednesday from their wedding trip and are stopping for the present with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John J. Gagan, 10 Eliot street.

—Fire Engineer Frank O. Whitmarsh, with other members of the Massachusetts Fire Chief's club, attended the funeral, Wednesday, of ex-chief John A. Mullen of the Boston Fire Department.

—Mr. and Mrs. Russell G. Hunt are home from a visit to the San Francisco Exposition.

—The casemakers started in Wednesday, at the E. S. Hunt & Co's plant, and by Monday the whole force will be at work. The firm has a large number of orders on hand.

—Mr. and Mrs. William E. Field of Elm Knoll road are entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Albert Norton of Denver Colorado.

SEARCHLIGHTS IN WAR.

How They Are Worked by Distant Control In Land Operations.

In modern warfare the searchlight is invaluable. On dark nights at sea it is the only means of guarding against torpedo boats, which its beams will reveal at a distance of two miles and more.

On shore it is the electric eye of the army. It is carried to all parts of the field of action by motor truck, and the motor that propels the vehicle drives the electric generator that supplies the current for the light.

Most of these field searchlights are not directed by hand, for each instrument is fitted with what is known as the distant control. Two small motors govern the vertical and the horizontal movements of the light. From them an electric cable runs to the station of the operater, who, although he may be several hundred feet away, can send the rays of the light in any direction he pleases.

According to the Navy and Army Illustrated, one advantage of this distant control is that the objects picked up by the beam of light can be sighted more quickly and more definitely, for if the operator stands behind the light and looks along the beam his vision is hampered by a luminous haze. A second advantage is that the light can be placed in an exposed position without endangering the men who run it. Were the operator and officer beside the apparatus they would be certain to receive the fire that is sure to be poured upon a searchlight and would suffer the instant the range was found.

VIRTUE OF AN APPLE.

At One Time the Fruit Was Called the "Food of the Gods."

The apple has become so familiar as the commonest of all fruits that its value as man's greatest friend in the vegetable kingdom may not be fully realized. It was called the "food of the gods" because it was believed to be the magic renewer of youth to which the gods resorted when they felt themselves growing old and feeble.

There have been many mystic traditions about the apple, which has been credited with varied potency. It is the healing fruit of the Arabian tales. Latin chronicles and institutes and early English poems contain many references to it. Scientific analysis of late years has justified all the ancient glorification of this fruit, which has been found to contain albumen, sugar, gum, malic acid, gallic acid, lime, water and phosphorus.

Malic acid of apples neutralizes the excess of chalky matter caused by too much meat and thereby helps to keep us young. Apples are good for the complexion, as their acids drive out the noxious matters which cause skin eruptions. They are good for the brain, which those same noxious matters, if retained, render sluggish. The acids of the apple diminish the acidity of the stomach that comes with some forms of indigestion.

The phosphorus, of which apples contain a larger per cent than any other fruit or vegetable, renews the essential matter of the brain and spinal column. —Boston Herald.

Daily Thought.

Be not angry that you cannot make others what you wish them to be, since you cannot make yourself what you wish to be.—Thomas a-Kempis.

Ambiguous.

Artist (showing latest picture)—"My object was to try to express all the horrors of war." Friend—"I have never seen anything more horrible."—Boston Transcript.

Wants, For Sale, To Let, Etc.

Four lines or less under this head, 25 cents each insertion; each extra line 10c. Count 8 words to a line.

No ads. accepted in this department unless accompanied by the cash.

FOR SALE—Jackson Automobile, 1910 Model 30, in first class running condition. Owner will gladly demonstrate. Inquire of J. E. Fabyan, Clapp Memorial Ass'n. Tel. 224 W. 3tf

FOR SALE—1 2 seated democrat wagon, 1 light concord wagon and 1 bar spring box top buggy. All in good condition. Apply to HUNT, News Agent, Broad street, East Weymouth. 9 tf

FOR SALE—A bay horse, 8 years old a good roader and safe driver, also a rubber tired open buggy. Call or address James P. Haddie, 46 Union Ave., East Weymouth. 10 tf

FOR SALE—A most desirable lot of land on Center Street, near Middle, East Weymouth. Near two lines of cars, and is high and dry. Price remarkably low. $250 takes it. Apply at 174 Middle Street, East Weymouth. 13tf

RENT—Tenement on Broad St., all modern improvements, five rooms. W. H. Pratt, 678 Broad St., E. Weymouth. 11tf

WANTED—Two men wanted to canvass Weymouth territory. Permanent position and good pay for capable men. Apply at 151a Hancock street, Quincy. 1s-3t

WANTED—Girl for general housework for July and August. Apply to 14 Elmknoll road, East Braintree. 'Phone 174 W Braintree. 1t

WANTED—People to know that it costs only 25 cents to make known their wants in this column.

EAST WEYMOUTH AND WEYMOUTH CENTER.

—Miss Eleanor Martine has returned to her home in Dorchester after a prolonged visit with her cousin, Miss Mildred O'Connor of Middle street.

—A good number of C. E. members from the Congregational church attended the Clark Union picnic at Nantasket last Saturday. Sports on the beach and a ball game was the order for the afternoon after which the Union enjoyed a sail up the harbor to Boston. The event was pronounced a grand success by all.

—The many friends of Miss Elizabeth J. Auld of Grant street will be glad to hear that she is somewhat improved in health and has returned to her home after a lengthy visit with relatives in Quincy.

—Master R. Winthrop Holmes of Plymouth has returned to his home after a two weeks' visit with his uncle, F. H. Holmes of Shawmut street.

—The home of Mrs. Irving S. Newcomb on Putnam street was the scene of a very lively party last Friday afternoon when the Misses Lilla H. Wing, Beatrice Denbroeder, Theodora Keith, Grace Taylor, Florence Horsley and Alice Morse assembled to do honor to Miss Ruth A. Cushman of Fitchburg. Games took up the greater part of the afternoon after which refreshments were served.

—Reginald W. Bates, a graduate from High school this year, has accepted a position with Charles A. Eaton Co. of Brockton.

—Miss Helen J. Murray of Putnam street spent the past week with friends in Ballardvale.

—Mr. and Mrs. Norman R. Hoover their son, Master Ralph and daughter, Miss Eleanor of Webster Groves, Missouri are visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. Lincoln Pratt of Middle street. Mrs. Hoover will be better remembered by the local townspeople as Miss Quick, who taught in our High school for several years. Mr. Hoover is circulation manager at present of the St. Louis Post Dispatch, one of the western cities' largest papers. He was formerly circulation manager of the Boston Transcript.

—The Goat Valley Pinochle club enjoyed a clambake at Weymouth Heights, Wednesday. Vincent Sheehy was chef.

—John Blackney of Union avenue has accepted a position with the Chase, Parker & Co. of Boston.

—Winslow M. Tirrell and Marshall T. Tirrell of Hawthorne street left yesterday morning for a trip to the San Diego and Panama-Pacific International Expositions. They expect to be gone about three weeks and on the return trip will make a few side trips to the interesting places in Colorado and will pay a visit to W. Frank Tucker of Denver, Mrs. Tirrell's brother and a former resident of this place.

—Irving R. Nightingale wishes to thank his many friends for the support given him in the recent Boston American contest and while he does not anticipate that he will be a winner he appreciates the efforts made in his behalf.

—Mr. and Mrs. Samuel N. Bates of Broad street spent a pleasant day Tuesday at the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Emmons Cloudman at their cottage at Point Allerton, Hull.

—John A. MacFaun found a solid gold wrist watch and bracelet at Nantasket beach last Saturday and we are told that the owner has been located. What a lucky owner or honest finder! Which?

—Mr. and Mrs. Carl T. Humphrey of Philadelphia arrived in town yesterday and will spend the remainder of the summer with Mr. Humphrey's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles T. Humphrey of Middle street.

—Mrs. Joseph MaDan was given a surprise party at her home on Center street last Saturday evening by her son and daughter, it being her 57th birthday. About 140 attended, including a delegation from the Reynolds W. R. C., neighbors, relatives and friends. The premises were beautifully decorated with streamers and colored electric lights and dancing was enjoyed with music furnished by an orchestra. Mrs. MaDan was showered with tokens of esteem by her many friends. During the course of the evening refreshments were served and the festivities were kept up until a late hour.

—Stuart C. Vinal, W. H. S. '11 and a graduate of this years class at the Massachusetts Agricultural College has accepted a position with the State Department of Entomology as inspector of Nurseries and is at present working at South Framingham.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. Edward Mulligan are the parents of a boy which arrived Tuesday.

—Mrs. Harriet Whittier has been visiting her brother James Q. B. Goodspeed of Hawthorne street, the past week.

—E. E. Leonard and family have returned from their auto trip and tell us they had a most wonderful time.

—Clara McEnroe is enjoying a two weeks vacation from her duties in the office of the Bay State Street Ry. Co. Boston.

—Norman Sherman and Stuart McIsaac are spending the week end at North Scituate Beach.

—Harry Bow the popular shirt and collar artist of Jackson square is at Worcester for a week where he is serving as a Chinese interpreter in the Worcester Court House.

—The Misses Nellie and Annie Burmingham of Webster are visiting Miss Catherine Schofield of Commercial street.

—Russell Ford dropped in town last Sunday and took some of the boys for a joy ride in his new Ford automobile.

—The In-As-Much Circle of King's Daughters held a Veranda Party at the home of Mrs. James Ford on Fairmount avenue, Thursday of this week.

Methodist Episcopal Church Notes

Forty six members of the Ladies Social Circle of the Methodist church attended the Thimble party, held all day Wednesday, at the summer home of Mrs. Charles A. Spear at Fort Point.

Congregational Church Notes.

Everybody ready for the picnic tomorrow? Special cars leave Jackson square at 9 o'clock for Island Grove Park, Abington. Arriving at the grove sports and the other usual picnic events will be in order. Young and old are invited to go to what bids fair to be one of the best picnics ever held by the Sunday school.

The music at the morning service this coming Sunday will be rendered by John Greene, basso, Miss Hazel F. Clark, violinist and Miss Ethel F. Raymond, organist.

The program as outlined for the vacation period is as follows: July 25th, Union service at the Congregational church, sermon by Rev. W. M. Newton. Aug. 1st., Union service at the M. E. church, sermon by Rev. E. T. Ford, D. D. Aug. 8 and 15, Congregational church provides for Union services. Aug. 22 and 29, M. E. church provides for Union services.

Beginning July 27th the mid-week prayer meetings will be in charge of the Board of Deacons.

The last two weeks in August the church will be closed.

All regular services to be resumed Sept. 5, 1915.

TUFTS LIBRARY.

Art Exhibition.

The pictures from the Library Art club now in the Reading room are color prints of Berlin and its environs with portraits of the royal family.

The exhibit will remain until July 26.

Safe to Pardon.

When a man is sincerely penitent, and gives satisfactory evidence of the same, he can safely be pardoned.—Lincoln.

Great City's Sewage.

Every 24 hours there is poured into the Harlem river 99,000,000 gallons of New York city's sewage; into the North river 132,000,000 gallons and into the East river 264,000,000 gallons.

Such Is Frail Humanity.

"Many a man," said Uncle Eben, "dat kin hesitate or tango for miles while de music is goin' couldn't be persuaded to walk two blocks to de grocery store."

WEYMOUTH FIRE ALARM BOXES.

12—Pole, River and Parnell Sts.
13—Bradley Fertilizer Works.
14—Pole, Wessagusset Road.
114—Pole, Wessagussett & Hobomac St.
15—Pole, Bicknell square.
115—Pole, Pearl and Norton Streets.
16—Pole, Bay View Street.
116—Pole, Bridge and Saunders Sts.
17—Pole, Sea and North Sts.
18—Pole, Lovell and Bridge Sts.
19—Pole, Church and North Sts.
21—Pole, Grant and High Sts.
221—Pole, Wharf St.
23—Pole, Jackson Square.
223—Pole, Commercial and Putnam Sts.
24—Pole, Electric Station, private.
224—Pole, Charles St. in front of Clapp's factory.
25—Pole, Central square.
225—Pole, Middle St., near Lake.
26—Pole, Broad St., near Essex.
226—Pole, Cedar and Hawthorne Sts.
27—Pole, Broad St. and Bates Ave.
28—Pole, Shawmut St.
29—Pole, Strong's Factory, priv.
31—Pole, Summer and Federal Sts.
32—Pole, Congress and Washington Sts.
34—Opposite 412 Front St.
35—Pole, Prospect and Granite Sts.
36—Pole, Garfield Square.
37—Engine House No. 3.
38—Pole, Washington Square.
39—Pole, Commercial Street, opposite Wharf.
41—Pole, Lovells Corner.
42—Pole, Elm and Pleasant Sts.
43—Pole, Nash's Corner.
45—Pole, cor. Park Ave. and Main St.
46—Pole, Middle and Washington Sts.
47—Pole, Pleasant and Canterbury.
48—Lake View Park.
49—Pole, opp. Pratt School, Pleasant St.
441—Cor. Park and Pine Sts.
51—Pole, Pleasant, opp. Otis Torrey's.
52—Engine House No. 5.
53—Pole, Independence Square.
54—Pole, near Depot.
55—Pole, Pond St., near Robinson's.
56—Pole, Thicket and Pond Sts.
57—Pole, May's Corner, Union St.
58—Henry Chandler's, Union Street.
61—Corner Randolph and Forest Sts.
62—Pole, E. C. Staples, Main St.
63—Cor. Columbian and Forest Sts.

NO SCHOOL SIGNALS.

2—2—2. Repeat once.

At 7.30 o'clock a.m., no school in any grade during a.m. The same signal at 8 o'clock, no school in grades 1 to 4 inclusive during a. m. The same signal at 11.45 o'clock, no school in grades 1 to 4 inclusive during p. m. The same signal at 12.45 o'clock p. m., no school in any grade during p. m.

YOU WILL FIND THE BEST ASSORTMENT OF
Sunshine Biscuits
at the store of
GORDON WILLIS, THE COLUMBIAN SQUARE GROCER
South Weymouth

THE HARDWARE DEALERS
Our line of Hardware is impossible to beat. Our Paints are the best. Look our Roofing Materials over. We guarantee satisfaction. Remember the place
M. R. LOUD & CO.
Columbian Square South Weymouth, Mass.

House Cleaning and Home Renovation
NOW IS THE TIME TO DO IT
Modern Up-To-Date Furniture, Upholstering and Repairing in all its branches.
Ranges—all of the best makes.
W. P. Denbroeder
Complete House Furnishing Store
738 Broad Street East Weymouth

KODAK

CAMERAS
TAKE one with you on your vacation and bring your films for developing and printing to our Newspaper and Periodical Store, in Washington Square
C. H. SMITH
CAMERA SUPPLIES, CONFECTIONERY, STATIONERY, CIGARS, TOBACCO

REPAIR NOW
Before starting in however drop in to our store and give our line a thorough examination.
WE CARRY
a full stock of all garden implements, at popular prices.
Among our specialties at lowest prices are: lawnmowers, rakes, hoes, forks etc.
We are the recognized headquarters for best garden hose and equipment.
Screens, screen wire, frames, and other such goods. This year we are carrying fertilizer, which we guarantee. Don't forget our Bay State Paints and Oils cannot be beaten.
J. H. MURRAY
759 Broad St. East Weymouth, Mass.
TELEPHONE 272-J WEYMOUTH

Take Notice!
The price of coal has advanced 25c per ton and will surely go higher soon.
We have two barges of fresh-mined coal unloading now.
Order right away and get in on the lower price.
A. J. Richards & Son.
Telephone Weymouth 51, or Quincy 648.

George M. Keene
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AND
BUILDER
16 Fairmount Ave., East Weymouth
Repair Work of all kinds promptly attended to
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Weymouth Gazette AND TRANSCRIPT

WEYMOUTH, MASS., FRIDAY, JULY 23, 1915. VOL. XLIX. NO. 19. PRICE FIVE CENTS

Tufts Library free

Stetson Co. Tries New Plan.

After having changed its capitalization from $150,000 to $250,000 several weeks ago, the Stetson Shoe Co. of South Weymouth is now working out a co-operative plan. $25,000 worth of stock at $100 a share has been sold to employees. Already there is a long waiting list of employees who wish to become stockholders.

One of the provisions of the plan has been the privilege granted to the stockholders to elect one member to the board of directors. Everett W Gardner is their man.

Through this director the employers and employees are enabled to get in closer touch with each other and already there are several lasting results.

The mutual benefit plan is the direct result of the planing of Arthur C. Heald. At present the stock is rated as paying 6 per cent.

E. H. Stetson, A. C. Heald, Charles Heald, Everett W. Gardner, A. W. Little, John W. Zinn and W. S. Hawes constitute the board of directors.

George E. Thomas, Dead.

George E. Thomas, aged 65, passed away at the home of his sister, Mrs. Ozro Ford of Randolph street, last Friday morning, after a short illness. The deceased was born in this town and has passed all his life here, making his home with his sister, Mrs. Ford. Besides her he leaves another sister, Mrs. Fred Clapp, also of this town.

Funeral services were from his late home last Sunday afternoon, Rev. H. C. Alvord of the Old South church conducting the services. Burial was at the Highland cemetery.

Clapp Memorial Team Reorganized.

The Clapp Memorial nine will play its first game of the season to-morrow against the McElwain A. C. of Boston. The game should furnish quite a little interest as the visiting team has Connolly, the former Colby pitcher in the box. He will stack up against Ray Condrick.

"Pappy" Wall will be Condrick's battery mate and Creswell of Fore River will play first. The rest of the infield will be composed of Bates, Horgan and "Al" Humphrey.

The outer gardens will be taken care of by Drinkwater, Vender, Dean and one of these may be replaced by Hoffses or DeYoung.

Ray Condrick is at the head of the organization. The game will start at 3.15.

GOOD NEWS

Many Weymouth Readers Have Heard It and Profited Thereby.

"Good news travels fast", and the many bad back sufferers in Weymouth are glad to learn where relief may be found. Many a lame, weak and aching back is bad no more, thanks to Doan's Kidney Pills. Our citizens are telling the good news of their experience with this tested remedy. Here is an example worth reading:

Thomas Fryer, prop. shoe repair shop, Washington street, Weymouth, says: "Kidney trouble in my case came on by having to sit in one position many hours every day. I began to notice an occasional dull pain through the small of my back. I finally got so bad that I couldn't walk over a mile and I couldn't stand up straight. Even on getting up in the morning, my back ached and I felt tired and languid. During the day I had severe headaches and dizzy spells. The kidney secretions passed too often both day and night and were highly colored. Finally, I began using using Doan's Kidney Pills and the backache left and the action of my kidneys became a great deal better. I use Doan's Kidney Pills once in awhile and they keep my back strong and tone up my system."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Fryer had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

Growth of Industry.

In ten years the fountain, stylographic and gold pen industry of the United States has almost trebled, while that of the steel pen has doubled.

Daily Thought.

Too austere philosophy makes few wise men; too vigorous politics, few good subjects; and too hard a religion, few religious persons whose devotion is of long continuance.—St. Evremond.

Easy Case to Conduct.

Soft snaps are comparatively few, but the attorney for the defense when a good-looking woman is the defendant shouldn't worry much.—Atchison Globe.

The Bay State Arbitration Decision.

By request of several officials of the Bay State Street Railway Company, we reproduce the following editorial from the Boston Herald of Monday, July 12th:

LIMITED ARBITRATIONS.

"Our confidence in arbitration as a means of settling labor disputes will receive a serious impairment if the example of the Bay State street railway employes should be generally followed throughout the country. It has always been regarded as the essence of arbitration that both parties to the controversy should start on an equal footing; that labor and capital should each have a full opportunity to present all the facts in favor of their respective contentions, and that nothing really pertinent to the points at issue should be debarred from a hearing. One of the best features of an arbitration proceeding, in fact, is the opportunity it gives for making known the real merits of an industrial dispute, thereby allowing public opinion to be the ultimate arbiter, as it must always be in such matters.

But it is a different sort of arbitration that the Bay State carmen now demand in their official resolutions. "No arbitration proceedins will be countenanced in future," we are told, "unless all matters relating to the company's financial condition and to the law of supply and demand are eliminated from consideration." In other words the employes will hereafter arbitrate only when the odds are in their own favor, only when the other side has been deprived of its two strongest argumentative weapons.

The chief trouble with this attitude, apart from its unmistakable flavor of unfairness, is the entire disregard of the public's interest in these controversies. A strike on a street railway system is not merely or even chiefly a matter between the company and its men; the interest of the community must not be overlooked. And the community will usually demand that the difference be arbitrated, no matter what the immediate contestants may resolve to do. Public opinion, moreover, is hardly likely to favor any scheme of arbitration which starts with the requirement that one side shall have a marked advantage over the other."

LOVELL'S CORNER

—Mrs. John Devine is entertaining her father, George Whittaker of Hyde Park at her home on Pleasant street.

—Monday evening a meeting of the trustees of the Porter church was held at the home of Charles Turner. Work was started towards raising money to shingle the roof of the church.

—Saturday afternoon the Porters defeated the Orients from East Weymouth by the decisive score of 20 to 8. Monday afternoon at Westwood grove the Porters added another victory to their record. This game was played against a fast team of campers, who with an ex-English High pitcher in the box gave the locals a hard won victory by the score of 17 to 8.

—Miss Edith Smith is spending the week at Plymouth where she will attend the annual pageant given there.

—Arthur White has accepted a position at the new quarry opened by Thomas Roberts off Washington street. Daniel Hughes, a former resident of this place, has returned to take a position at the same quarry.

—Work has been started towards widening the portion of Pleasant street that included the dangerous curve above the church.

—Thursday evening a lawn party will be held at the home of Charles Turner on Pleasant street. One of the features will be free transportation.

—A meeting of the local troop of Boy Scouts was held at the home of the scoutmaster, on Washington street, Tuesday evening.

—A special prayer meeting was held at the home of the pastor, Rev. Karl Thompson, Wednesday evening.

—Mrs. George Smith has been entertaining her mother of Quincy.

—Mrs. Albert Chapman and Mrs. Josephine Rea of West Bridgewater spent Wednesday with Mrs. Alonzo Pratt of this place.

Engraved Epitaph.

He could have carved out his fortune if he had cut out drink.—Judge.

How It Sounded.

Bason—"What is your daughter doing at the piano?" Egbert—"Sounds as if she was setting her class yell to music."

Outrageously Funny.

"I'll never again invite that professional humorist to dinner," exclaimed Mrs. Newlyriche. "Why, he made our English butler laugh."—Philadelphia Ledger.

TRAVEL CLUB LADIES RETURN.

Report Grand Weather and All Around Good Time.

After nine days of sight seeing in New York, Albany, Niagara Falls, Toronto, Montreal and many other places of interest, the Travel club ladies arrived home last Saturday night, tired, but happy, after one of the best trips they ever experienced. The party was delayed on the way home from Montreal by a wreck earlier in the day of a train ahead of them. Mrs. Libby, the chaperone, wired our office to this effect and the party was met by an auto at the South Station about ten o'clock instead of at 7.40 as scheduled. All were safely home in Weymouth at about eleven o'clock.

East Weymouth S. S. Annual Picnic.

Last Saturday morning at 9 o'clock a special car left Jackson square and conveyed a lively crowd of young people to Island Grove Park, Abington, where the Sunday-School of the Congregational church, East Weymouth, held their annual outing and picnic. The day was an ideal one and the entire program was planned and carried out by a committee consisting of John A. MacFaun, John T. Dizer and Mrs. Belle Whitmarsh.

The event was a success in every way. The sports took up a large share of the time and about 50 prizes were awarded to the lucky ones. The ball game between the male and female characters was won by the former by the correct score of 3 to 1. The battery for the girls was Mildred W. Newcomb and S. Alfrieda Humphrey and for the boys Merton Rix and Emerson R. Dizer.

The special car left the grounds at five thirty and it was a tired crowd that left the car when it reached Jackson square.

White Sox Win.

In a very fast and interesting game, the local boys pinned defeat on the fast Rockland Y. M. C. A., Saturday afternoon, at their field in Rockland. The pitching of Langford and fielding and batting of Smith for the opponents were the features of the game. The score:

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
S. W. White Sox	2	0	1	2	2	0	0	0	1—8
Rockland Y.M.C.A.	3	0	0	0	4	0	0	0	0—7

Runs made by Tirrell, Richardson 2, Hirte, Stone 2, Johnson, Smith 2, McMorrow 2, Johnson, Osgood. Two base hits, Tirrell 2, Richardson, Hiatt, Davis, McMorrow 2, Osgood. Stolen bases, Tirrell 1, Hirte 1, Stone 1, Johnson 1, Smith 1, Johnson 2. Base on balls by Langford 2. Struck out by Langford 11, Baker 2, McMorrow 4. Hit by piched ball, Johnson. Umpire, Ryan. Time, 1h. 55m.

1915 Tax Rate to be $19.40; Increase of $1.15 Over the 1914 Rate.

The Assessors of Weymouth have set the tax rate for the year 1915 at $19.40, the increase over the 1914 rate being due to higher State, County, Highway and Metropolitan Park taxes wieh about $23,000 on the town appropriations more than in 1914.

The increased amount to be raised over 1914 is $27,406.84, divided as follows: State $2,540; County $313.68; Highways $1,558.18; Metropolitan Parks $69.32 and the town tax $23,179.18, while the Charles River Basin tax was $53.52 less than last year.

Fixing the Blame.

"Blinks says that when he was young he was the architect of his own fortune." "Didn't they have any building inspectors in those days?"

Coined "Angels."

An "angel" was an ancient gold coin weighing four pennyweights and valued at 6s in the reign of Henry VI, and at 10s in the reign of Elizabeth in 1562. It took its name from the effigy of an angel embossed on one side.

Of the Same Opinion.

Mildred—"Don't you think Miss Elderly looks much younger in her new hat?" Helen—"Indeed I do. Why, Mildred, it makes her look but very little older than she says she is."—Judge.

Measure of the Dollar.

It may be useful to know that a silver quarter of a dollar measures three-fourths of an inch across its circumference; a half-dollar one inch and the "dollar of our daddies" one and a half inches.

Would Satisfy Him.

To the young man who sat timidly in a corner telling a handsome young woman 15 feet away that he would cross the world for her, she coyly said that she'd be satisfied if he simply crossed the room.

Lockyer—Raasch.

Miss Amelia Pauline Raasch, daughter of Mrs. Paul Raasch and Mr. Robert Lockyer of Allston, son of Mr. and Mrs. Lockyer of England, were married Tuesday evening at the bride's home, 190 Shaw street, East Braintree by Rev. Albert P. Watson, pastor of the Union Congregational church of Weymouth and East Braintree.

The parlor was prettily decorated with ferns, palms and potted plants and the couple stood beneath a bower of green and rambler roses while the ceremony was performed, the double ring service being used. The bride's sister, Miss Vesta Raasch, was bridesmaid and William Wells of Avon, best man. The wedding march was played by the bride's cousin, Mrs. H. W. Holbrook of Roslindale.

The bride was attired in a costume of embroidered China silk with chantilly lace and carried a bouquet of brides' roses. The bridesmaid wore flowered net over pink silk and carried a bouquet of lilies of the valley. A reception followed the ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. Lockyer being assisted in receiving by the bride's mother, bridesmaid and best man. An orchestra furnished music and a lunch was served. Guests attended from Roslindale, Allston, Brookline, Avon, Weymouth, Braintree, Belmont, Medford, Hillside and Hyde Park. The couple were the recipients of handsome gifts.

Mr. and Mrs. Lockyer left after the reception on a trip through Maine and on their return will reside at 15 Idlewild street, Allston.

Correction.

Our attention was called a few days ago to a mistake in our issue of July 9, which we are glad to correct at this time. In the report of the Independence Day celebration at Webb park we were told the flag was previously presented to the Boy Scouts by the Reynolds W. R. C. 102. We learn that this was an error, as the flag was presented to Webb Park and not to the Boy Scouts.

WEYMOUTH HEIGHTS

—The town appropriated money for streets, parks, playgrounds and also made a special appropriation for public squares but none of it seems to reach the little plot of ground at the connection of Commercial and Middle streets which is now one of the most unsightly places in town. In lieu of a pretty well trimmed green with ornamental shrubs there is a rank growth of tansy and other stuff which a caterpillar won't touch. The spot is a study for selectmen, street superintendents, park commissioners, boards of health and village improvement societies.

—Miss Lizzie Wyeth of Belmont and her friend Miss Fessenden, are stopping for two weeks with Miss Mercy Hunt.

—Mrs. William J. Henley has been entertaining her cousin from New York City.

—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Taylor are enjoying two weeks at Tamworth, N. H.

—Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Bates and three children are sojourning at New Hampton N. H. for ten days.

—George Lunt is enjoying a two weeks vacation and is spending same by taking short water trips in his motor boat. Edward Bates will be his guest on a two day's trip to Marblehead this week.

—Rev. Edward J. Yaeger is attending the Northfield Summer School reunion, held at Northfield this week.

—Miss Isabel Jones has returned from a few day's visit with relatives in Providence, R. I.

—Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Smith also Miss Emily Smith are summering at Sandy Point, Me. for two weeks.

—The Ladies Benevolent society held a business meeting on Tuesday with Mrs. James Jones to make arrangements for the annual lawn party.

—Miss Bertha and Florence Nash spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Grassick of Quincy.

First Church, (Old North) Notes

On next Sunday morning there will be no morning service at the Old North church. Sunday School and the evening service will be held at the regular hours.

A special service for the purpose of presenting Cross and Crown pins to all those having had perfect attendance at Sunday School for the last six and three months respectively, was held in the church at five o'clock on last Sunday evening. There were about thirty pupils who received pins, some receiving the first pin and some the second. One absence in a quartes is allowable. The next Cross and Crown pin in the series will be presented the first of October.

TOWN BUSINESS.

At the meeting of the selectmen on Monday a remonstrance from L. J. Peterson was received against the new street and sidewalk location on Pearl street, Mr. Peterson claiming that his land is being encrouched upon. The matter was referred to Engineer Whiting and Superintendent of Streets Maynard.

An application was received from L. F. Bates asking permit to locate a gasoline pump on the sidewalk in front of his store in Washington square. While the selectmen sometimes grant permits to erect stagings for repairs they find no authority for permitting the establishment of a permanent business on the side walks or in the streets.

The selectmen approved six notes of $10,000 each for a loan of $60,000 in anticipation of revenue, said notes maturing May 19th, 1916 and were taken by Loring Tolman & Tupper of Boston for $3.67.

A hearing was held on the petition of relocating 12 poles on Washington street from Lincoln square to Hunt street and the same was granted with the provision that all discarded poles shall be removed within thirty days.

Alfred E. Beachey of Middle street filed a remonstrance against the flow of water from the street onto his land, but as the water has there for more than 100 years and there is no other course in sight without a large outlay of money, the question may be a hard one to settle.

Permits were granted to Wildey Lodge I. O. O. F of South Weymouth to have a street parade on the evening of the 22d and to the Universalist society at South Weymouth to hold open air parties on their grounds from July 19th to Aug. 1st.

The superintendent of streets is instructed to have trees and shrubbery in Columbian square trimmed so as to be a less obstruction to public view.

L. O. M. C. Lawn Party.

The Ladies' Circle connected with the Weymouth Lodge, L. O. M., held a lawn party on the grounds of Moose Hall, Commercial square, last Thursday evening. The event was scheduled for Wednesday, but on account of the storm had to be postponed, and a perfect day for Thursday was their reward.

In the afternoon games for the young people were in charge of Miss Louise Hirt. Miss Maxine Beach for the girls and Joseph Dambrosia for the boys were the winners in the cake and whistle game. The three-legged race for girls under nine years of age was won by Misses Madeline and Alice Hollis, and for the boys under nine by Harold Russo and Walter Higgins. In the eleven-year-old class, Miss Evelyn Howe and Miss Helen Maccaran for the girls, and Norman T. Morse and Frank Hussey for the boys, carried off the honors in the three-legged race.

The grounds made a very attractive appearance in the evening with the colored electric lights and streamers and a large crowd was present. The feature of the evening's program was the dancing, with music furnished by the Moose orchestra.

IT WAS VERY CURIOUS.

When the Whistle Test Failed All the Surgeons Were Puzzled.

A Parisian journal tells a little story of a young Parisian who in civil life had long worn a monocle in his left eye and had continued the habit as an officer. He had been wounded, was cured and asked to be returned to the front. He was to be examined and concealed the monocle, thinking he might be charged with myopia in one eye. When the chief surgeon examined him, after looking well over his face, he said sharply, "Whistle!"

The soldier whistled like a blackbird.

"This is curious," said the surgeon, and, calling a young assistant, he said again to the soldier, "Whistle!" He whistled again. "That is curious," said the young assistant.

Another surgeon entered, and the patient was called upon for the third time to whistle.

"Ah," said the surgeon, "this is curious!"

"But," expostulated the soldier, "I don't see why there is so much of this. I'm not to serve as a locomotive."

"It is all right," said the chief surgeon. "You may return to the front."

When the soldier arrived at his regiment he gave to the regimental surgeon the note that had been given him by the examiner. This surgeon said in his turn, "Will you please whistle?" He whistled. "This is curious," said the surgeon.

It seems that when a man wears a monocle it gives to the face the appearance of facial paralysis. The operation of whistling is a test. The facial paralytic cannot whistle.

Optimistic Thought.

It is folly to sing twice to a deaf man.

FATAL ACCIDENT.

One Killed, Six Injured.

A fatal accident occured at the junction of Pine and Pleasant streets, Saturday night, as a result of which, one man is dead and several others severely injured.

At about midnight, Mr. and Mrs. Shindler of Mattapan, discovered a car on its side by the track to the right of Pleasant street. Mr. Shindler at once notified the police and several local physicians.

By that time, the line of traffic along Pleasant street had accumulated. The officers, Acting Chief Fitzgerald, Schofield, Ford, Butler and Bicknell arrived in the police auto. It was found that six of the occupants had been thrown and severely cut. The seventh, Louis Cohen of Brockton was dead.

It is presumed that he fell from the car and that the rear right wheel passed over his head, making death instantaneous. Dr. V. M. Tirrell of South Weymouth ascertained that he was dead and gave the necessary medical treatment to the remaining six. They were: L. E. Harris of Glendale street, Brockton; Louis Myers of Bay street, Brockton; M. J. Bernan of Brockton; David Berger of Otis street, Brockton; Israel Stone and Max Herron of the Brockton Y. M. H. A.

The young men, who had been injured, were removed to a nearby house on Pine street and later were taken to Brockton. The body of Cohen was taken to undertaking rooms at East Weymouth.

It is said that the party was returning from Nantasket and, arriving at this point of Pleasant street turned up Pine street, discoved their mistake and attempted to turn back.

No immediate cause of the accident is yet known. The intersection of Pine and Pleasant streets is not a dangerous turn and is quite marked, there being a light nearby.

It is supposed that the wheels buckled, owing to the quick turn. An examination of the car shows that the wind shield and built-up part of the hood was shattered from from above, thus making the theory plausible that the car turned completely over.

The machine was of the 6 cylinder Stevens-Duryea type, weighing about 4800 lbs. It is said to be the property of L. E. Harris, who was driving it on the night of the accident.

The young man, Louis Cohen, who was killed, was a lawyer of Barrister's Hall, Brockton. He was 24 years old and is survived by his mother, father, two sisters and four brothers.

Loved Daddy, Too.

Pinning a flower on my little four-year-old boy's suit on mother's day, I said to him: "You must wear this rose today to show that you love your mother, Edward." In a little while he returned to me, saying: "Mother, please pin another rose on me so people will know I love my daddy, too."—Exchange.

Poor Diagnosis.

"What you need," said the eminent medical man, "is more bodily activity. You should exercise your back and limbs and feet. What's your business." "I am the leading tango expert on the champagne floor of the elite lobster palace," replied the unhappy patient.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

He Comes.

"Where do we find the most miserable of men?" exclaimed the exhorter fervently. "You don't have to find him," responded the man in the fourth row, center, "he hunts you up and tells you all about it."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Nothing New.

This time it has been discovered that the steam engine was known in Egypt as early as the year 200 B. C. The machine in question was a rotary affair and more theoretical than practical. A Greek adaptation of the same idea was used a little later for turning the spit. Then steam power dropped out of sight for centuries.

CARD OF THANKS

We desire to extend our utmost thanks and appreciation to the manager of this paper for the delightful trip which the paper enabled us to take last week. The whole trip was planned so that we had the very best accomodations possible whereever we went. We wish to thank Mr. Pratt for the boxes of candy, reading matter and the fine toilet sets presented to each one of us on our departure. If anything further within human power could have been done to make it more enjoyable for us we fail to know what it is and we can truly say we had the best time of our lives on the tour.

Mrs. J. H. Libby,
Miss Helen M. Lewis,
Miss Jeanette Shaw,
Miss Mary Dunn,
Miss Elizabeth Connell.

CHURCH SERVICES

Under this heading the pastors of ALL the churches are cordially invited to make such announcements of services, etc., as they may wish. We only stipulate that such notices to be inserted shall reach us at the least on Thursday morning of each week—the day before publication.

OLD SOUTH CHURCH (South Weymouth). Rev. H. C. Alvord, pastor. Morning service, 10.30. Sunday School, 11.45. Baraca Young Men's Class, 12.00. Y. P. S. C. E. meeting at 6.15. Evening service at 7.00. Thursday evening, 7.30

TRINITY CHURCH (Weymouth) Rev. William Hyde, rector. Service with sermon at 10.30 a. m and 7.30 p.m. Sunday School at 12.00 m

UNION CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH (South Weymouth.) Rev. Ora Atwill Price, Pastor. Morning service at 10.30. Sunday School at 12 m. Y. P. S. C. E. meeting at 6 p. m.

UNIVERSALIST CHURCH (North Weymouth.) Rev. Arthur Mercer, pastor. Sunday school at 1.15 p. m. preaching at 2.30 p. m.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH (East Braintree.) Rev Nelson Allen Price, pastor Morning service, 10.30. Sunday School, 11.45. Junior League, 4.30 p.m. Epworth League, 6.30 p. m. Evening preaching service 7.15. Prayer meeting, Friday evening, 7.30. A cordial welcome is extended to all these services.

BAPTIST CHURCH (Wey) Rev. Chester Underhill, pastor. Lord's Day services: Preaching at 10.30 a. m. and 7.00 p. m. Bible School 12 p. m. Prayer meeting, Thursday, evening, 7.45 p. m. Y. P. S. C. E. at 5.45 P. M. on Sunday.

UNION CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH (Weymouth and Braintree.) Rev. Albert P. Watson, Pastor. Morning service at 10.30 Sunday School at 12. Y. P. S. C. E. at 6.00 Prayer Meeting Thursday evening at 7.30. All are invited to attend these services.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH (East Weymouth.) Rev. William M. Newton, pastor. Morning worship and preaching at 10.30. Sunday School at noon. Epworth League meeting at 6.00 p m. Evening service at 7.00. Tuesday evenings, 7.30, prayer meetings. Holy Communion, first Sunday in every month following morning service.

OLD NORTH CHURCH (Weymouth Heights.) Rev. Edward Yaeger, pastor Morning service at 1030. Evening service at 7.00. Sunday-school at 11.45 a. m Thursday evening at 7.30. A cordial invitation is extended to all of these services

PILGRIM CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH (North Weymouth). Rev. Charles Clark, pastor. Morning service at 10.30. Sunday school, 11.45 a. m. Y. P. S. C. E 6.15 p. m. Evening service at 7.00. A cordial welcome is extended to all of these services. Preaching at both morning and evening service.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH (East Weymouth.) Rev. Edward T. Ford, Pastor. Morning Worship and Sermon at 10.30. Church Bible School at 12.00. Senior Y. P. S. C. E. at 6.00. Evening Church Service discontinued until September. Mid-Week Fellowship Service, Tuesday, at 7.30 p. m. Church closed the last two weeks in August.

FIRST UNIVERSALIST CHURCH (Weymouth.) Rev. Arthur Mercer, pastor. Sunday morning service at 10.30 Sunday School at 12 m. Y. P. C. U. at 5.30 p. m.

SECOND UNIVERSALIST CHURCH (South Weymouth.) Minister; William Wallace Rose. Morning service at 10.30. Sunday School at 12 m.

PORTER M E. CHURCH (Lovell's Corner) Rev. Karle R. Thompson pastor. Preaching service 10.30 a. m. Sunday School 11.45 a. m. Epworth League at 6.00. Social and Praise service at 7 p. m. All are cordially invited.

CHURCH OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER (South Weymouth) Rev. D. J. Crimmins, rector. Sundays- Masses 8.00 and 10 a. m. Sunday School at 2.30 p. m. Rosary and Benediction at 3.30 p. m. Week days Mass at 7.30 a. m.

CHURCH OF THE SACRED HEART (Weymouth) Rev. J. B. Holland, rector Sunday — Masses at 7.30, 10.00 a. m Sunday School at 11.00 a. m. Vespers at 7.30 p. m. Week days—Mass 7 a. m.

CHURCH OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION (East Weymouth) Rev. C. F. Riordon, rector. Rev. Fr. Brosnahan assistant. Masses Sunday at 7, 8, 9 and 10 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Vespers at 7.45 p. m. Masses week days at 7 and 7.30.

ZION'S HILL CHAPEL (East Weymouth) Social service at 2 and 6.30 p. m. Rev E. W. Smith, Preacher.

CHRISTIAN MISSIONARY ALLIANCE AND FAITH MISSION, (Hall 28 School St. East Weymouth.) Sunday services: 10.30 a.m Prayer, 1 p. m. Sunday School, 2.30 p. m. Preaching, 7 p. m. The first Sunday in the month devoted to Foreign Missions Mid-week prayer meeting Thursdays at at 7.30.

ALL SOULS CHURCH (Braintree). Preaching at 10.30 A.M Kindergarden class in charge of Miss Elizabeth B. Pray at 10.30. Second session of this class at 11.45. Regular Sunday school at 11.45. All are welcome.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST (of Quincy, Alpha Hall cor. Hancock st. and Cottage Ave.) Morning service and Sunday School at 10.45, Wednesday, 7.45 P. M., an experience and testimony meeting. Reading room open every week day from 3 to 5. All are welcome. Subject, Sunday Morning, July 25, "Truth."

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IN OUR TOWN.

By Observer.

Git enough rain?

General Humidity, your'e a nuisance!

Who are happiest? The ice cream soda and ice dealers, of course.

According to the figures, the greatest crowd that ever journeyed to Nantasket did so on Sunday before last. Thousands of people thronged the resort But its a sure thing that most of the people who went to Nantasket did not go to church. Most of the Weymouth churches go on a vacation, anyway

Why didn't some of the orators at the town meeting last week take a crack at the European War? It could stand it, for every thing else did- including the road department.

I see that the Stetson Shoe Co. has started on a new co-operative ownership plan. The stock of a reliable company paying 6 per cent dividends is alright in the hands of its employees. It's a good thing.

If a snake should crawl along the Pleasant street line of the Bay State Road it would break its back. No other line is like that, for another like it would not be tolerated anywhere else. As a car line it isn't much, but as a digestive apparatus—well it'll shake down your dinner alright!

A great many open-air meetings have been held lately in the interest of woman suffrage. With 25 women on the stockholders list of a local manufactory, there seems to be some need of equal political rights. But the old maxim, "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world" holds true, doesn't it?

Thunder storms of the past few weeks are not very healthy for the hay crop.

I am told by several men who claim to know, that the Bay State Street Railway Co. will soon ask the public service commission for a revision of fares upwards, over its entire system. It will be hard for most of us for a while, to pay a penny or so more, after passing out the "jitney" so long.

I am told by local horseman that the performance last Saturday afternoon at the matinee of the Old Colony Driving club at South Weymouth, of Ruth D., J. O Reay's speedy pacer was one of the finest ever witnessed at the Fair Grounds. To pace two heats in 1.03¼ without a skip or a break is some record for any horse on a day like last Saturday.

I hear that we are to be favored soon with a three days visit by the boys of the junior department of the Rockland Y. M C. A. Welcome boys! You make our community a lively one

CAULIFLOWER USED IN DUEL

But One Fighter Comes Back With His Trusty Old Six-Shooter—Result, Hospital and Jail.

Ulysses Jackson Underhill is a colored cook, living in bachelor quarters at 1278 Turk street. Michael Scott, also a colored man, also a cook, lives at 16 Bourbon place. Underhill and Scott are bosom friends. So it was nothing unusual that the former should invite the latter to supper in his rooms.

Scott was to cook the meal. Underhill was to get the provisions. Underhill went out, leaving his friend presumably peeling potatoes. Returning, he found Scott lounging in an armchair polishing a gun.

"Why fo' you don't peel dem potatoes, fella?" asked Underhill.

"Busy, man; I'se just been busy wif this hyar little plaything."

Underhill was wroth. He slammed two heads of cauliflower at his guest's head, following them with a juicy steak. Scott rose, unwrapped the steak from around his ear, and shot Underhill in the left thigh.

"Are you going to get a doctor?" Underhill was asked at Central Emergency hospital.

"Oh, Misto Scott will tend to dat paht."

But "Misto" Scott is in jail, charged with assault with a deadly weapon.—San Francisco Chronicle.

REAL PURPOSE OF THE BODY

Natural Order Is That It Shall Be Used Up in the Feeding of the Spirit.

What is growing older, anyhow? When young people think of it crudely, physically, it seems to them the wearing out of the body, baldness wrinkles, obesity, a hardening of the arteries, a general stiffening of the members and the faculties, making responsiveness to life difficult or impossible.

Viewing it on a less material plane they see in it a wearing down of ideals a crushing out of the dreams, a loss of the glory.

As I see it, growing older is the process of the reconciliation of the spirit to life. Living is simply getting acquainted with the world we live in. The real purpose of a body is that it shall be used up, worn out—and then thrown away—in feeding the spirit. Whatever happens to you in the outer world translates itself finally into such sustenance. That is what it is for just as the purpose of food is not to look pretty on china plates, but to be transformed into blood and muscle. It is in the natural order of things that the body should be thus used and exhausted; the unnatural and horrible thing is that the body should be worn out and yet the spirit remain unnourished.—Cornelia A. P. Comer, in the Atlantic.

MARS AND MARRIAGE.

Wedded Life In the United States Army and Navy.

"Cupid doesn't let the fortune of the Newport girl or the lack of fortune of the Cheyenne girl interfere with his arrangements when he gets his strategic dispositions planned and his forces mobilized," writes Judson C. Welliver in Munsey's Magazine. The subject of the article is marriage in the American army and navy, and he argues that as a rule the officers of these services marry young and happily:

"Be it Bar Harbor or Long Beach, Portland or Panama, east or west, north or south, your young man in the blue and gold is accoutered to take care of himself socially. The uniform undeniably helps. But it does more than add a touch of color to the social landscape whereon it disports. It is a prima facie guarantee that a young man with a well trained brain, a sound body, a disciplined mind, clean, wholesome and ambitious, is inside.

"The uniform wouldn't be there if it were not a testimonial about that table of contents. The drawing room arts, the social refinements, the ballroom accomplishments are added unto all this because they have been a part of the atmosphere, the training, the bringing up in those two splendid institutions that prepare young men to wear Uncle Sam's livery.

"The navy men may not take their wives with them to sea under any possible pretext. If there is enough of family income to permit the wife may, and not infrequently does, parallel the voyagings of her husband. To the Philippines the government permits wives of navy officers to travel on the transports at cost of subsistence, which is very modest.

"At each army post houses are provided for the married officers, and Uncle Sam also furnishes light and fuel. In these respects the army officer has the better of his brother in the navy. On the other hand, he must pay for household supplies and service of all kinds, while the naval officer is a member of his mess and gets the best of living on shipboard at marvelously cheap rates.

"Army and navy officers as a rule marry young, and as a rule the marriages are happy. The reasons are obvious. At least the economic reasons are. The others lie in that traditional fascination which uniforms and gold trappings have for the feminine heart."

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To close an Estate, 2 pleasant cottage houses, singly or together. Located on Humphrey street, East Weymouth. Handy to schools; 5 minutes to electrics; 10 minutes to steam railroad; a quiet, pleasant neighborhood, and a little fruit.
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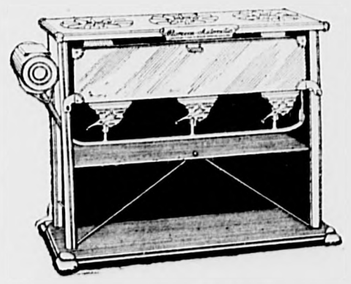
Town Clerk's Office
— AT —
East Weymouth Savings Bank
Office Hours: 10 to 12 a. m. 2 to 5 p. m.
At all other hours at residence on Hillcrest Road, opposite Catholic Church.
JOHN A. RAYMOND, TOWN CLERK

The Hingham National Bank
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B. A. Robinson, President — E. W. Jones, Cashier

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Broad St., Telephone 121 W. East Weymouth.

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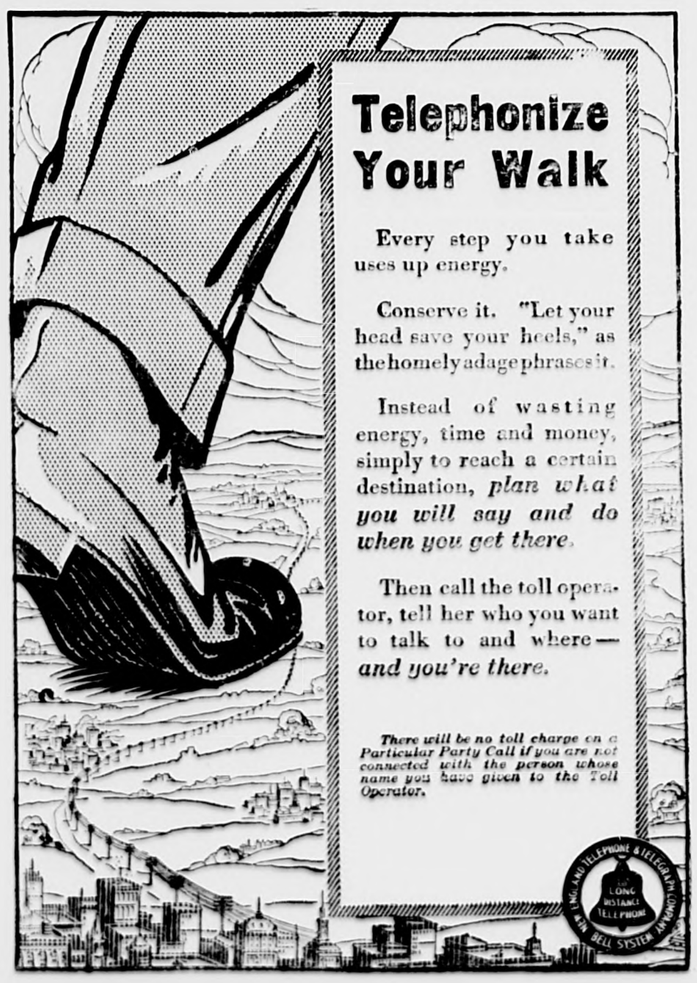
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My Fairy Godmother

She Gave Me Three Riddles.

By F. A. MITCHEL

Having tried various ways of spending the month I put aside each year for an outing, and tired of them all, I was casting about for some new method when I saw an advertisement of a cabin situated on an island on the coast of Maine. The price was so reasonable that it attracted my attention. I entered into correspondence with the owner and engaged it.

My reason for doing so was that I met so many people at home that I desired to go where I would see no one. All day long I was hounded by persons eager to get a word with me to sell me something, and in the evening I was engaged in various social matters. A cabin hidden in a wood with a view of the ocean appealed to me. To lie at night listening to the breakers on the beach was a pleasing fancy.

I found the location what I had dreamed it. The cabin was well enough, but the furnishings were execrable. A cheap bedstead, a rickety bureau, a table on which to eat, a cook stove and a lot of cheap dishes completed the furnishings. There was no other abode near me, but scattered about were summer cottages, some of which were fairly pretentious. I saw no reason why I should be troubled by the inmates of any of them so long as I let them alone, which I proposed to do.

I had spent a week with only myself for company when one day, after a long tramp, on returning to my cabin I stood on the threshold astonished at a transformation of the interior. Disorder had been accumulating ever since my arrival; the bed had never been made; the dishes had not been washed. There were enough of the latter to last one person a week without being used more than once, and I had about finished the lot. I found on my return the bed made, the dishes washed, the cooking utensils scoured and hanging spick and span on the shelves.

I felt myself to be the hero of a fairy story and almost expected to see a little old woman drop down the chimney and stand upon the hearth.

Several days passed, during which disorder was again looming up about me, when, after an absence, I returned to find all set to rights, as before. Still not finding any clew, I wrote on a piece of cardboard a message and pinned it up against the wall for my next absence:

Fairy Godmother—Thank you very much for your attention. I need only one thing. Will you give it to me? If so, leave word when next you come and I will make it known.

I went away again very soon, and when I returned beneath what I had written were penciled in letters apparently in the hand of an old person the following:

Your single wish is granted; name it.

Before going away again I wrote:

Some one to love—me.

The answer to this was:

Love is not singular; it is plural.

I found on the rude mantel of my cabin a skein of fine thread, tangled, and pinned to it the words:

Unravel this and you shall have your wish.

This fairy business was not gratifying my curiosity. I spent no time trying to unravel the thread, but spent considerable thought in laying a plan to find out who was my fairy godmother. I did not doubt that it was some girl from one of the cottages—possibly several girls who were deriving a lot of amusement in playing fairy. The only plan I could think of was to go away early in the day and hide near by. This I did. There was a dense thicket a short distance from my cabin, and one morning, having breakfasted at 5 o'clock, taking a book, pipe and tobacco and a lunch, I went into the thicket prepared to wait and watch.

About 11 o'clock in the morning I heard a child's voice calling, "He's gone!" I peeped through an opening and saw a girl about ten years old near the cabin beckoning to some one I could not see. Presently I saw a girl of perhaps twenty concealed from the hut by a tree, but visible to me, evidently fearful of advancing. But the child ran into the cabin and out again, beckoned eagerly, and the young woman timidly left her hiding place and went into the cabin.

Now I did not propose to give away the advantage I held by cornering my fairy godmother. I waited till she had left the cabin, then stole cautiously after her, my object being to locate her home. I followed her and her companion for two miles and saw her go into a cottage situated on a bluff overlooking the ocean. Then I returned to my habitation to see what was her last message.

I had left the tangled skein on the table and near it a sheet of writing paper on which I had sprinkled drops of water and written "Tears" and below:

Fairy Godmother—I am wearing myself out trying to unravel the skein. Give me something easier.

A reply to this had been written on the "tear" bespattered paper:

Idle tears. Square the circle and you shall have your wish.

It was evident that the young lady had no intention of giving me a sweetheart. Anyway I knew enough not to tackle an insoluble problem. I chuckled, for I had her secret and she did not have mine. Lighting a pipe in order to sharpen my inventive faculties, I set to work to think out my next move. I did not spend much time on deciding upon one.

The next evening just before dark I was passing the cottage where dwelt my fairy godmother. The little girl who had aided her in her visits to my cabin was playing in the yard. Seating myself by the gate, I called to the child. She came, and I asked her if she could get me some arnica. She ran to the house and returned with an elderly lady, who asked if I had been injured.

"Only a sprained ankle from slipping off a smooth stone," I said. "A little arnica will fix it. Indeed, I don't know that anything is needed." I arose, with pretended difficulty, took one step and sank down again.

"I will call help," said the lady. "You must be carried to the house."

"No, no," I protested. "I'm sure I can walk that far if you will kindly allow me to put a hand on your arm."

The lady consented. With her assistance I got to the house and was placed in an easy chair on the porch. The fairy godmother came out, but I pretended not to notice her. She started on seeing me, and I saw color come and go in her face. I made a grimace in pretense of suffering, and her expression of uneasiness at my presence gave way to one of sympathy. I carefully concealed any recognition of her, and she was soon ministering to me with the others.

"I fear," I said, "that if you have a vehicle on the premises I shall have to ask some one to drive me to my cabin. It is a couple of miles from here on the eastern end of the island."

Now, I was quite sure there was no vehicle on the premises, for there was neither barn nor garage. The elder lady informed me that there was no means of conveyance at hand, and since it was growing dark, I would be welcome to remain till one could be found. I pretended to demur to this, but was overruled. My "sprained" ankle was propped up on a foot rest with pillows. I remembered to wince occasionally, fearful that my benefactors might suspect the part I was playing.

Soon after I had got settled my fairy godmother brought me out a dainty supper which she placed on a stand beside me. I felt quite confident that she knew me for the person whose cabin she had visited in my absence, but I was equally sure that she believed me to be ignorant that she was the person she had favored. In order to convince her of this I told her about my cabin and how I was spending an outing there alone. She made no comment, seemingly preferring to chat on other subjects.

I spent a pleasant evening, not mentioning that I had received kindness from an unknown person, nor did my fairy godmother give any hint that she had even ever seen or heard of me before. No conveyance was forthcoming, and I was urged to abandon any idea of going to my cabin till morning, when it was suggested I might ride over with a farmer who supplied the family with milk each morning. After trying to step with the injured ankle and demonstrating that I could not possibly use it without great agony, I yielded to persuasion and consented to remain the night.

By this time a stout cane had been provided for me, and I insisted on hobbling to my room without other assistance. In the morning I came downstairs, still keeping up the hobbling, and about 10 o'clock the farmer came with the milk. I expressed my heartfelt thanks to my benefactors and hired him to drive me to my cabin. My fairy godmother was solicitous lest I would need attention and be without it, living alone as I did, but I assured her that I would be back soon to thank her and the others again for the kindness that had been bestowed upon me. Then the farmer lifted me into his wagon and I was driven away, followed by smiling goodbys from all the family.

The next day, since I did not expect another visit from my fairy godmother and not wishing to spend the day lounging about my cabin, I went out for some deep sea fishing. As usual I left everything in disorder. On my return shortly before dark I met with a surprise. My household had been put to rights and the paper on which I corresponded with my fairy godmother bore a message:

Since you have done neither of the tasks given you by your fairy godmother you cannot have any one to love you. You shall have one more opportunity. Tell how a sprained ankle can be made well within twelve hours.

I was dumfounded. Never had I so prided myself on playing a part as palming myself off as a sufferer. Talk about men being deceivers of women! I doubt if any man ever did any such thing. The girl had seen through my ruse and had played me a far better game than I had played her, or, rather, I had tried to play her.

Well, the fairy godmother business was ended. There was nothing for me to do but go to her abode and confess myself beaten. This I did the next morning. I longed for an offering to take with me, but in that wilderness no such thing was to be had. I was received with a look of amusement mingled with triumph. My first words were, "How did you discover my game?" The reply was: "Don't ask a woman how she discovers things. She either knows them by intuition or not at all."

Notwithstanding that I did not solve any of the riddles, I got some one to love and to love me.

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Weymouth, Mass.

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GEORGE L. BARNES, Vice-President.

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ALLEN B. VINING, GORDON WILLIS.

CHARLES H. PRATT. THERON L. TIRRELL.

Banking Hours: 9 to 12 A. M.; 2 to 4 P. M

Saturdays, 9 to 12 A. M.

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South Weymouth

OFFICERS 1915.

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Vice-Presidents, ELLIS J. PITCHER. ALMON B. RAYMOND.

Treasurer, FRED T. BARNES.

BANK HOURS:

9 to 12 A. M.; 2 to 4 P. M. Also Mondays, 7 to 8 P. M. Saturdays, 9 to 12 A. M.

Deposits go on interest second Wednesday of January, April, July and October.

Dividends payable on and after the second Wednesday of January and July.

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Board of Investment:

CHARLES A. HAYWARD

CLARENCE P. WHITTLE

EDWARD W. HUNT

ARTHUR E. PRATT

CHARLES O. SHEPPARD

Bank Hours—9 to 12 A. M., 1.30 to 3 P. M. 6.30 to 8 Monday Evenings, and 9 to 12 A. M. Saturdays.

Deposits placed on interest on the First Monday of January, April, July and October.

Town Officers of Weymouth and their Post Office Address.

TOWN CLERK

John A. Raymound East Weymouth.

TOWN TREASURER.

John H. Stetson, South Weymouth.

SELECTMEN.

Edward W. Hunt, Chairman, Weymouth.
Bradford Hawes, secretary, East Weymouth.
George L. Newton, North Weymouth.
Henry E. Hanley, East Weymouth.
Ralph P. Burrell, South Weymouth.

OVERSEERS OF THE POOR.

Edward W. Hunt, Chairman, Weymouth.
Bradford Hawes, Secretary, East Weymouth.
George L. Newton, North Weymouth.
Henry E. Hanley, East Weymouth.
Ralph P. Burrell, South Weymouth.

ASSESSORS.

John F. Dwyer, Chairman, Weymouth.
Frank H. Torrey, Clerk, North Weymouth.
Leavitt W. Bates, East Weymouth.
Charles H. Clapp, South Weymouth.
Lewis W. Callahan, South Weymouth.

Regular meeting of Board first Wednesday evening of each month at Town Office Savings Bank building, East Weymouth.

SCHOOL COMMITTEE.

Clarence P. Whittle, Chairman, Weymouth.
Theron L. Tirrell, Secretary, South Weymouth.
E. E. Leonard, East Weymouth.
Arthur H. Alden, North Weymouth.
Prince H. Tirrell, South Weymouth.
Sarah S. Howe, South Weymouth.

SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS

Parker T. Pearson, East Weymouth At close of school on Monday will be at the Athena building; Tuesday at Jefferson; Wednesday at Howe Thursday at Hunt.

WATER COMMISSIONERS.

Frank H. Torrey, Chairman North Weymouth.
George E. Bicknell, Clerk, Weymouth.
Robert S. Hoffman, East Weymouth.
John H. Stetson, South Weymouth
Edward W. Hunt Weymouth.

BOARD OF HEALTH.

George E. Emerson, Chairman, So. Weymouth.
Fred L. Doucette, East Weymouth.
John S. Williams, Weymouth.

SUPERINTENDENT OF STREETS.

John L. Maynard, East Weymouth.

TAX COLLECTOR.

Winslow M. Tirrell, East Weymouth

FIRE ENGINEERS.

Walter W. Pratt, chief, East Weymouth.
J. Q. Hunt, clerk, East Weymouth.
M. O'Dowd, South Weymouth.
Philip W. Wolf, North Weymouth
Russell B. Worster, Weymouth.

ELECTRIC LIGHTING COMMITTEE

Russell B. Worster, Weymouth.
Winslow M. Tirrell, North Weymouth.
Walter W. Pratt, East Weymouth.
Matthew O'Dowd, South Weymouth.
Sidney G. Dunbar, North Weymouth.

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John B. Holland, Weymouth.
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James H. Flint, Weymouth.
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Frederick T. Hunt, East Weymouth.
Louis A. Cook, South Weymouth.
Joseph E. Gardner, South Weymouth.

TREE WARDEN

Charles L. Merritt, South Weymouth.

POLICE OFFICERS.

Thomas Fitzgerald, Weymouth.
A. H. Pratt, East Weymouth.
Elbert Ford, South Weymouth
Geo. W. Nash, North Weymouth.
Charles W. Baker, Weymouth.

CONSTABLES.

George W. Nash, North Weymouth
Patrick Butler, East Weymouth.
Arthur H. Pratt, East Weymouth.
Thomas Fitzgerald, Weymouth.
George B. Bayley, South Weymouth.
Elbert Ford, South Weymouth.
George W Conant, South Weymouth.
Willard F. Hall, East Weymouth.
Charles W. Barrows, East Weymouth.
Charles W. Baker, Weymouth.

AUDITORS.

William H. Pratt, East Weymouth.
Wm. E. Thayer, Weymouth.
Frank N. Blanchard, East Weymouth

PARK COMMISSIONER.

J. Herbert Walch, Weymouth.
Louis A. Cook, South Weymouth
W. E. Bean, North Weymouth.

SEALER OF WEIGHTS AND MEASURES

Frank D. Sherman, Weymouth.

REPRESENTATIVE TO GENERAL COURT.

(From Seventh Norfolk District.)

Kenneth L. Nash, South Weymouth, Mass

SENATOR

Louis F. R. Langelier of Quincy.

County Officers.

OFFICES AT DEDHAM.

Judge of Probate and Insolvency, James H. Flint of Weymouth.

Register of Probate and Insolvency, J. Raphael McCoole.

Assistant Register, Thomas V. Nash, of South Weymouth.

Clerk of Courts, Louis A Cook of South Weymouth.

Assistant Clerk, Robert B. Worthington.

Second Assistant, Louis A. Cook, Jr., of South Weymouth.

Register of Deeds, John H. Burdakin.

Assistant Register of Deeds, Edward L. Burdakin.

County Treasurer, Henry D. Humphrey.

Sheriff, Samuel H. Capen.

Special Sheriff, Edward E. Wentworth, Cohasset

County Commissioners, John F. Merrell of Quincy, chairman. Evan F. Richardson, of Milton Everett M. Bowker, Brookline. Session every Tuesday at 10 a. m.

Special Commissioners, Fred L. Fisher, of Norwood; Henry A. Whitney, of Bellingham.

District Attorney, (Southeast District, Norfolk and Plymouth), Albert F. Barker, of Brockton Assistant, D. A., Fred L. Katzman, of Hyde Park

Clerk of Dist. Court, (East. Norfolk), Lawrence W. Lyons, of Quincy.

Calendar of County Courts.

Supreme Judicial Court Jury Sitting, third Tuesday of February.

Superior Court, Civil Sessions—For work with Juries—First Monday of January, first Monday of May, and first Monday of October. For Court work—First Monday of February, first Monday of April, first Monday of September, and first Monday of December.

Superior Court, Criminal Sittings—First Monday of April; first Monday of September; first Monday of December.

Probate Court—At Dedham, on the first and third Wednesdays of every month, except August. At Quincy, on the second Wednesday of every month, except August. At Brookline, on the fourth Wednesday of every month, except August.

County Commissioners' Meetings—Third Tuesday of April; fourth Tuesday of June; fourth Tuesday of September; last Wednesday of December. By adjournment: On Tuesdays, except during August.

District Court of East Norfolk. Jurisdiction Randolph, Braintree Cohasset, Weymouth, Quincy, Holbrook and Milton. Court held at Quincy for criminal business every week day except legal holidays, and for civil business Tuesdays at 9 a. m. Justice, Albert E. Avery, Braintree. Special Justices, E. Granville Pratt, Quincy; Louis A. Cook, Weymouth. Clerk, Lawrence W. Lyons. Asst. James McDonald. Probation Officer, Francis A. Spear, 25 Thayer Street, Quincy. Court Officer and Bail Commissioner, William Marden, 24 Coddington Street, Quincy.

Weymouth Gazette

AND TRANSCRIPT

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY BY THE

Gazette and Transcript Publishing Co.

WEYMOUTH, - MASS.

NORTON F. PRATT,

Editor and Manager.

Telephone Weymouth 145

MARK J. GARRITY, Supt.

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FRIDAY, JULY 23, 1915

☞ The Gazette & Transcript is printed and mailed Friday afternoons, and is for sale at all News-stands in the Weymouths and at the South Terminal, Boston.

All communications must be accompanied with the name of the writer, and unpublished communications cannot be returned by mail unless stamps are enclosed.

Notices of all local entertainments to which admission fee is charged must be paid for at regular rates, 10 cents per line in the reading matter, or regular rates in the advertising columns.

We might be cruel enough to ask, "Is it hot enough for you?" but we won't.

Race suicide has ended, for the time being, and Weymouth came to the front with five pairs of twins within a month.

The British parliment will be asked this week to vote $1,250,000,000 more for the prosecution of the war. It seems as if the end of the resources of the warring Nations must be reached in time.

It is all right for the shoe manufacturers in their convention to decree that the fair sex this coming season shall wear "a plain, sensible black shoe instead of the fancy footwear that has been popular," but we know several that won't do it.

Regardless of what any of us may think about the Harry Thaw case and its long drawn out issues, we must all feel a certain admiration for his mother, whose undying loyalty to her son through it all has been a decided feature.

We are informed on good reliable authority that Providence, Rhode Island, alone has 1248 jitney busses, with several thousands more throughout the state, and yet from all reports the "jitneys" are not rendering the necessary and desired service during the street car companies' strike.

According to the decennial census just taken the population of the Town of Weymouth is 13,925 a gain of 1,030 over the population in 1910 which then was 12,895. The average gain in the Metropolitan District was 8.3. The gain in Weymouth is 1,030 or a gain of approximately 8.

It seems that the Georgia people are determined to kill Leo Frank, although all reports from the "state of peaches" indicate that he is an innocent man. The cowardly attack on this man last Saturday and the forming of the alleged new "Knights of Phagan," to avenge the death of Mary Phagan, are rather serious and almost unbelievable affairs, to be sanctioned by a state like Georgia. It is well nigh time that mob law was stamped out forever.

We are asked why our street superintendent doesn't stand up at Town Meetings and answer some of the critics who attack him at times rather unmercifully. Personal feeling should never enter a debate at our town meeting and as Mr Maynard is appointed by our Honorable Board of Selectmen, who follow his work as closely as any one can, it looks like poor policy on some of our citizen's part, to be forever attacking Superintendent Maynard and his doings.

We have had occasion to ride on the Pleasant street line of the Bay State Street Railway quite often lately and we never realized what a terrible condition the line is in until now. Small cars, on a line, that is like a billowy sea. Up and down goes the car, like a see-saw, and if one can ride on this line without being car sick, he has a good, strong constitution. We thought the Rockland to South Weymouth was bad enough before it was repaired, but the Pleasant street line is in a class by itself.

The threatened strike in the factories in our eastern states, manufacturing war munitions bids fair to be a rather complicated issue. The wide-spread influence of the threatened large strike, will be, of course, one of the most serious aspects, but the most serious seems to lie in the fact that the German agents are accused of bringing secret influence to bear on the strike leaders and labor men to carry out a prolonged strike. The state department has considered this aspect serious enough to give its close attention to the matter, although no intimation has been given as yet concerning the action, if any is to be taken. The problem might be greatly simplified all around if it could be definitely ascertained whether the men behind the various disturbance that have been reported in Everett, Woburn, Bridgeport and other places are of Pro-German sympathies or other selfish motives.

Every day regardless of heat sees some increase of interest and activity in the coming election of state and county officers. As the primary ballot will be on a somewhat different line than that of last year indications are that the vote at that time will be materially large and in many instances a primary nomination in September will be equivalent to a November election. To guard against the loss of his vote at state primary on September 21 the voter should keep in mind that heretofore the primary ballots have been separate pieces of paper for each of the parties entering it. The recent verdict of the voters abolishing party enrollment means that the primary ballot will now consist of one piece of paper, with one or two columns segregated for each party. The voter MUST confine his markings to but one of these parties, for, if he marks for candidates in more than one party, the *entire ballot* is thrown out.

Several of the Boston papers as well as many of the weeklies have received complaint of the "obnoxious and nauseating habit of expectorating on our street cars and other public vehicles" and authorities have been scored for not enforcing the regulation against this offence. More people are losing their lives every year, through offences of the spitting laws, than ever were even slightly injured by women's hat pins yet the laws on the latter were strictly enforced and on the former are passed over. In fact the spitting abomination seems at times to be growing worse. In addition to its dangers it is inconvenient especially to a woman, who must be constantly alert, especially in the city to escape its consequences. Judging by the habits of the average man on the street, the indifference of officials whose business it is to enforce the rules and the attitude of raillery with which any complaints are received; it is not strange that the once long signs put up by the Board of Health have been reduced to "Spitting Prohibited" and that not even these are enforced.

What alarming and grisly figures there are on typhoid fever! It is reported by experts in the United States Public Health department that 400,000 are temporarily incapacitated from this disease and 30,000 lives are lost every year by this dreaded disease. This, the vacation season is just the time to catch the epidemics which are so frequent in July and August. Doctors say that in the summer and early in autumn when summer vacationists are returning home, the attacks are frequent and often very acute. We go away traveling, drink all sorts and description of milk and water, which may be entirely harmless to those who drink it all the time, but which is extremely dangerous and often deadly to people who are strangers to it. Then we get home and the germ develops and we have a fine ripe attack of typhoid. Doctors give special warning concerning typhoid each year, at the beginning of the vacation period and as many of us already know it is easily possible to be inoculated against typhoid. A couple of calls to a reputable physician, a needle about as mild as a pin prick, some little stiffness in a joint for a short while, one or two repetitions of this, and the thing is done. With this precaution, doctors who know say, that we are immune from the disease for three or four years at least. When such precautions are at hand why not take them? By so doing we can save ourselves a possible lot of trouble in several ways.

What J. F. Gloom Thinks of T. J. Daft.

"Do you read my comic poems?" inquired Tennyson J. Daft, evidently angling for a compliment. "Occasionally," replied J. Fuller Gloom, who has a bright though evil mind, "and they always make me a sadder if not wiser man."—Kansas City Star.

BRAINTREE FIRE ALARM BOXES.

21—Quincy Ave. and Hayward St.
23—Quincy Ave. and Commercial St.
24—Elliot St.
25—Allen St. and Commercial St.
26—Allen St. and Shaw St.
27—Commercial St. opp, Fan Shop
29—Commercial St. and Elm St
31—Elm St. and Middle St.
32—River St. and Middle St.
34—Elm St. and Washington St
35—West St. and Washington St.
36—Ash St. and Hollis Ave.
38—Washington St. opp, Monatiquot school.
41—Union St. and Middle St.
42—Union St. and Washington St.
43—Pearl St. and Washington St.
45—Pearl St, opposite Shoe Factory.
46—Hancock St., private, Hollingsworth
47—Pond St., opp. A. O. Clark's house
48—Franklin St. and Central Ave.
51—Corner Hancock and Highland Ave.
52—Corner Washington St and South St.
123—Corner Quincy Ave and Allen St.
125—Liberty St., opp. Elmer Vinton's
131—Corner Cedar St. and Pleasant St
135—West St. and Mt. Vernon Ave,
142—Corner Franklin St. and Central St
143—South Braintree Engine House
145—Fountain St. and Pearl St.
146—Corner Plain St. and Grove St
147—Town St. and Pond St
221—Corner Howard St. and Hayward St.
225—Corner Liberty St. and Stetson St.
244—Corner Tremont St. and Hobart St.

NORTH WEYMOUTH.

—Mr. and Mrs. Joseph L. Newton of Winthrop were in town last Sunday calling on relatives.

—Wednesday being Grocer's Day the stores of H. O. Tutty, H. H. I. Smith, J. W. Bartlett & Co., A. J. Sidelinger and George W. Leavitt were closed for the day.

—Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Newton and son of Burlington, Vt., are spending a week with Mr. Newton's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George L. Newton of Sea street.

—Mr. and Mrs. Arthur W. Bartlett, Miss M. E. Goodale and Miss Hattie Carr motored to Plymouth on Wednesday of this week.

—The Annual Meeting of the Rose Cliff Association was held at the home of Mr. Clarence Burgin of Wednesday evening, July 21st.

—Raymond Fisher of Yonkers, N. Y., is visiting his cousins, Misses Ella and Lizzie Fisher of Curtiss street.

—Miss Margaret Dingwall is visiting relatives in Putnam, Conn.

—Miss Bessie Newell of Grandview avenue is enjoying a two weeks' vacation.

—Mrs. William M. Tyler of North street visited her son, Amory Tyler of Waltham, last Sunday.

—Miss Mary Mercer has been visiting her grandparents in Newtonville.

Mrs. Georgia M. Newton of Melrose Highlands was the guest of her brother, Mr. Joshua Shaw, a few days last week.

—Mr. and Mrs. Russell Whiting, Edgar Stiles and Russell Stiles, returned Monday from a several days' automobile trip through the White Mountains.

—Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Brackett and family of Ashmont are at Rose Cliff for the season.

—Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Travis, Dwight, Louise, Robert and Marion Travis of Framingham occupy a cottage on Fort Point road.

—Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Wills of Watertown have taken a cottag at Rose Cliff for the season.

—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Moore of Malden, Mrs. James Bennett and Miss Lillian Bennett, Alvah Clark, Olive Warren and Dorothy Moore, are enjoying a vacation spent at Rose Cliff.

—The Overlook cottage is occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Clarence C. Burgin and family and Henry Roger of Quincy.

—Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Morse, Louis, Edwin and Graham Morse of Malden, occupy a cottage at Rose Cliff.

—Mayflower Lodge, C. E. S., held a successful lawn party on the grounds of Mr. D. M. Kidder on Pearl street last Wednesday evening.

—Peter K. Nesbit was quite seriously injured while playing ball last Saturday afternoon, but at present is improving.

—Miss Esther McGill of Braintree is visiting her aunt, Mrs. W. M. Tyler, this week.

—Mr. and Mrs. Proctor Fisher and Mr. and Mrs. Albert M. Jameson of Dorchester occupy a cottage at Rose Cliff.

—Mr. and Mrs. Frank Eldridge, Mr. and Mrs. Shirley Eldridge, Barton and William Eldridge of Waltham have taken a cottage on Cliff street, Rose Cliff.

—Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Erwin and family of Rockland are at Rose Cliff for the season.

—Dr. and Mrs. T. E. Quinn and David Quinn of Boston are at their cottage at Rose Cliff for the season.

—Military whist at the Wessagussett Yacht club; progressive whist at the North Weymouth Yacht club; a visit of 43 women from East Weymouth to the Welykit cottage at Fort Point, and an afternoon whist party at Wessagussett for women, were the social features along the shore the past week.

—Mr. and Mrs. John Comerford, Paul and Francis Comerford, and Miss Elizabeth Mahoney of Brighton, are spending the summer at Rose Cliff.

—Mr. and Mrs. John Sullivan, Grace, Alice, Mary and Jack Sullivan of Jamaica Plain occupy a cottage at Rose Cliff.

—Miss Bertha F. Estes has returned from a two weeks' vacation at Higgins' Beach, Maine.

—A large crowd attended the cabaret party at the Wessagussett Yacht club last Wednesday evening. The entertainment was furnished by Toy's celebrated colored singing orchestra.

—Great preparations are being made for the County Fair, to be held at the North Weymouth Yacht club tomorrow, Saturday evening.

Power of the Individual.

If only one person—you—makes up his mind to do his best for the meeting, from that nucleus the contagion of best-doing will spread through the society.

Enormous Beer Consumption.

Something like forty million barrels of beer are brewed in the United Kingdom every year. Of these, fewer than one thousand are exported.

Whitman the Prophet.

Walt Whitman was a prophet who, like so many of his breed, called aloud before his time had ripened, a poet whose fruition for America lies dimly in the future. Undismayed, buoyant with fierce conviction and unshakable faith, he moved amid the thunders of ruin menacing the republic and the later insidious threats of its decay, the bard of manhood, the chanter of democracy, the laureate of labor.—North American Review.

Power of Lyddite.

Lyddite is a very stable compound. It can be hammered or burned in the open without danger, and it requires a fulminate or more powerful explosive to set it off. Lead picrate is the usual agent employed. But here is an odd point about lyddite—it must not be left in contact with iron or steel. If this is done the picric acid combines with iron rust to form a very dangerous compound. Consequently all shells used to contain lyddite are first carefully tinned on the inside. Lyddite is six times more powerful in its action than nitroglycerin, and nitroglycerin in its turn is eight times more powerful than the same weight of the old fashioned black gunpowder.—London Answers.

In Futures.

The Studio Club of New York is a home for young women—naturally single young women chiefly. Not long ago the girls were assembled in the hall to hear a lecture. A young matron, a member of the board, rose to make some announcements.

"Next Tuesday," she said, "Mrs. Blank will talk to you here on the subject of 'Marriage.' Those of you who heard her last year will remember how helpful her talk was."—New York Post.

Genius as They See It.

"I have known several poets who realized that genius really means hard work," says the hard times philosopher, "but you can't get the big majority to test it by plowing their way over a twenty acre field. They would sooner see an umpire knocked out with a baseball bat than bruise the innocent breast of a field flower with a cold, unfeeling plowshare."—Atlanta Constitution.

The Witch's Track.

At Peel, in the Isle of Man, it is related that a witch said once the herring fleet would not return. Every ship was lost, and she was rolled down the hill in a barrel set with spikes. The grass has never grown since in the barrel's track.

One Minute Cough Cure
For Coughs, Colds and Croup

Take Notice!

The price of coal has advanced 25c per ton and will surely go higher soon.

We have two barges of fresh-mined coal unloading now.

Order right away and get in on the lower price.

A. J. Richards & Son.

Telephone Weymouth 51, or Quincy 648.

THE HARDWARE DEALERS

Our line of Hardware is impossible to beat. Our Paints are the best. Look our Roofing Materials over. We guarantee satisfaction. Remember the place

M. R. LOUD & CO.

Columbian Square South Weymouth, Mass.

Advertise in the Gazette

Hot weather does not trouble the housewife with the cool, cleanly, labor saving gas kitchen.

On his return from work she greets her husband with a happy smile of contentment.

Does yours?

Fannie Merritt Farmer's Orange Sherbert.

4 cups Milk
1½ cups Sugar
1 pint-bowl Orange Juice
Piece of salt (if desired)
Small amount of lemon juice (if desired)
(For Lemon Sherbert juice of three Lemons)

Mix juice and sugar, stir constantly while slowly adding milk. If added too rapidly, mixture will have curdled appearance, but this will not affect the quality of the Sherbert.

Old Colony Gas Company

Coal - COAL - Coal

BEST QUALITY OF ALL KINDS ALL-RAIL ANTHRACITE IS SUPERIOR

CHARLES T. LEAVITT, Successor to H. M. CURTISS COAL Co

Yard Wharf St., EAST WEYMOUTH. Tel. 19

Easy Cooking! Make Summer Cooking Easy By Using

"Priscilla" Prepared Flour

For Cake, Doughnuts, Gingerbread. 15c pkg.

HUNT'S MARKET GROCERY

WASHINGTON SQ., WEYMOUTH 'PHONE 152

Chas. H. Chubbuck, Jr.

34 CHARLES STREET

EAST WEYMOUTH, MASS.

Telephone, Weymouth 149-W

Insurance of every Description

Boston Office:

69 KILBY STREET

Telephone — Main 4095

FOR SALE

1 Parlor Set, 5 Chamber Sets, 1 Iron Bed, 1 Oil Stove, 2 Burners, 1 Large Ice Chest, 1 Oil Heater, 3 Couches, 4 Bureaus. Lot of Small Tables, Pictures, Chairs, Commodes, Cribs, 3 Trunks, 1 Baby Carriage and other Household Goods. Also 1 Safe and 1 Leather Traveling Bag in first class condition.

STORAGE ROOMS TO LET

C. W. JOY

159 Middle St. East Weymouth

For Sale

A farm of 25 acres, 12-room house, two barns, 10 acres mowing and tillage, 4 acres woodland and about twelve acres pasturage. Located on a lake and has fine chance for development along other lines than farming.

A 10-room house with all conveniences on about 1½ acres of land, some good fruit, plenty of shade, good garden spot, fine view, good neighbors, and is handy to all conveniences of trade and travel.

A 7-room house and small barn, on about an acre of good land, some fruit, good garden spot, house furnished with all conveniences, perfect neighborhood, handy to trains and car service and on a good elevation.

An all year round and summer home, right on the river front, with fine view down the river, water heat, hot and cold water, good beach with bathing and boating privileges, within six minutes of electries and all in fine condition.

Two small summer cottages, near salt water and bathing, in good neighborhood and within five minutes of electrics.

A few desirable house lots with from 7,000 to 12,000 feet of land.

A good business with all equipments for sale to the man with some capital to invest. Has been operated by present owner for several years. Good reasons for selling at this time.

For further information on any of above, apply to

CAREY'S REAL ESTATE AGENCY

733 Broad Street

East Weymouth.

Telephone

$1,000

will buy 6 Room House 2 Minutes to Electric Cars and 5 Minutes to Steam Cars. Easy Terms. Call and see me about it.

RUSSELL B. WORSTER,

Real Estate and Insurance Agent.

Auctioneer, Notary, Justice of the Peace

8 Commercial Street, Weymouth.

COAL ICE WOOD

HEAVY TEAMING LIGHT

PIANO MOVING FURNITURE

We now represent as East Weymouth agent in the sale of coal, J. F. Sheppard & Sons, Inc., of East Braintree and Quincy. All orders will receive the courteous attention made possible by increased facilities. All old orders will be filled.

J. F. & W. H. CUSHING,

EAST WEYMOUTH.

Telephone Connection

Commonwealth of Massachusetts

NORFOLK ss. PROBATE COURT

TO the heirs-at-law, next-of-kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of

DAVID P. TILDEN

late of Weymouth in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court for Probate by Henry P. Tilden of said Weymouth who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving surety on his official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Brookline in said County, of Norfolk on the twenty-eighth day of July, A. D. 1915, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the Weymouth Gazette, a newspaper published in said Weymouth, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing, postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, JAMES H. FLINT, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this thirtieth day of June in the year one thousand nine hundred and fifteen.

16-18 J. R. McCOOLE, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

NORFOLK, ss. PROBATE COURT.

TO all persons interested in the estate of

HELEN M. TIRRELL,

late of Weymouth in said County, deceased:

Whereas, Thomas J. Evans, executor of the will of said deceased, has presented for allowance, the first and final account of his administration upon the estate of said deceased:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Dedham in said County, on the first day of September, A. D. 1915, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said executor is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the Weymouth Gazette a newspaper published in said Weymouth, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing, postpaid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, James H. Flint, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this eighth day of July, in the year one thousand nine hundred and fifteen.

18-20 J. R. McCOOLE, Register.

Sheriff's Sale

Commonwealth of Massachusetts

NORFOLK, ss.

Quincy, June 21, A. D. 1915.

Seized on execution, and will be sold at public auction, on Saturday the 7th day of August, A. D. 1915, at nine o'clock A. M., at my residence, No. 163 Franklin Street, in said Quincy, all the right, title and interest that Lars Jakobson and Anna Jakobson had (not exempt by law from attachment or levy on execution) on the said 21st day of June, at four o'clock P. M., the time the same was seized on execution, in and to the following described real estate, to wit:

Land in that part of Weymouth, Mass., known as North Weymouth, with the buildings thereon, being Lot 20, as shown on plan of North Weymouth Bluffs, C. C. Howland, C. E., dated May 1910, filed with Norfolk Plans, book 57, page 2731. Said lot is bounded westerly on Saunders street sixty (60) feet; northerly on Lot 21, one hundred (100) feet; easterly on lots 23 and 24, sixty (60) feet; and southerly on Lot 19, one hundred (100) feet. Containing six thousand (6,000) square feet of land all as more particularly shown on said plan.

Being all and the same premises conveyed to to Lars Jakobson by Gerald J. Savage by deed dated May 20, 1913, recorded as aforesaid book 1269, page 205.

Said premises are conveyed subject to mortgages of record and any unpaid taxes and assessments, and to the restrictions contained in said deed.

19-21 GEORGE H. FIELD, Deputy Sheriff.

A Quick Conversion

By F. A. MITCHEL

I selected the last two weeks in August for my vacation. I am what is called a new woman—that is, I have departed from the ways of those women who sit and hold their hands, waiting for some man to come and marry them.

Until that summer, when I went to the seacoast, I thought that I had no romance in my nature. I was extremely practical and had no sympathy with any one who was anything else than practical. I felt quite competent to make my own living and scorned to relinquish the work to any man.

Nevertheless in all our natures there is the germ of romance. I first discovered this germ in me on that visit to the seashore, and, having discovered it, it grew up like a mushroom.

One evening I went down to the beach to plan some school work, for I was a teacher, and walked over a narrow strip of sand to some rocks a couple of hundred feet from the shore. Arrived there, I found a convenient natural seat and began my planning.

The moon was full, and presently I saw a glimmer of light on the watery horizon. Then the bright upper edge of the moon showed itself, and lastly the round disk stood upon the ocean. It was at this moment that I became conscious of the germ of romance within me. I forgot my work and drank in the beautiful scene—the shimmer on the water, the gilded wave crests. The starry heavens seemed to invite me to their infinite depths; the splash of the waves lulled me.

For a long while I sat enraptured by the beautiful scene. The sounds on the shore, a babel of voices, dance music in the hotels, an occasional burst of laughter, formed a pleasing background for the ocean, the moon, the heavens. Gradually the sounds became confused, the splash of waves sank into a rustle, and I fell into a slumber.

This birth of romance within me, the first romantic fervor I ever experienced, was followed by an awakening of another kind. Something cold struck my ankles, and, starting up, I saw a wave receding from my feet. All about me was the ocean. I looked toward the beach and saw that the strip of sand over which I had reached the rock had disappeared, and the water there, so far as I could see, was as deep as that before me.

This second awakening that I have spoken of was not from slumber; it was the coming of a sense of weakness. There must be an inherent feeling of dependence lying dormant in the breast of every woman however she scorns the stronger sex. At any rate, the first mental impulse that came to me on looking over those merciless waters was for some man to come and rescue me.

I could not swim a stroke. There was no boat, not even a stick of timber, near me. The sounds on the shore had ceased, the lights in the hotels were few. My voice was not strong enough to make myself heard, for I must have been a quarter of a mile from the houses lining the beach, and the waves, now stronger with the flood tide, would drown my voice.

Oh, how I longed for a man—a strong man, a brave man—to rescue me!

I had spoken at women's gatherings, stating that there was no situation a woman might enter upon that she could not extricate herself without a man's help if she would only use her brains. What use was my brain in those watery surroundings? The few square yards of rock on which I stood would soon be covered. Next I would be washed off it by the force of the waves and at last a lingering agony, ended by death.

From one of the houses on the shore emerged a spark. It was a lighted cigar. I had always hated tobacco, but now I would give worlds if that cigar would bring the man who smoked it to save me. I called, but my voice did not reach him. He walked away, then turned and came slowly in my direction.

I took off my white petticoat and waved it as a signal of distress. He saw it and came running toward me. At the verge he stopped and looked about him, evidently for a boat. Seeing none, he threw off his coat and vest, for there was no time to waste. Then, divesting himself of his shoes, he walked toward me till the water was up to his chin; then began to swim. When he reached me I wound my arms about him so tightly that, strong as he was, he found difficulty in loosening them. Then putting an arm under one of mine he drew me into the water and swam with me to the shore.

This task was a difficult one, for so frightened was I that I kept clutching him and impeding his movements. At last, in order to save both of us from drowning, he struck me on the forehead with his clinched fist to stun me. He only partly succeeded in rendering me unconscious, but I was thankful for the blow, for it made me oblivious to the danger. I remained passive, and he succeeded in getting me to the beach.

As he dragged me from the water and was laying me on the sand I regained sufficient consciousness to wind my arms around him again. He is now my husband and I am glad to acknowledge my dependence on him.

ELECTRIC SERVICE means a Cool Summer,

Electric Lights

Electric Fans

Electric Irons

Electric Cooking

Wire your house in time and receive the benefits of a Cool and Delightful Summer.

We are willing to explain our house wiring proposition.

WEYMOUTH LIGHT & POWER COMPANY,

JACKSON SQ. J. E. Mulligan, New-Business Manager. EAST WEYMOUTH, MASS.

SOUTH WEYMOUTH

—Miss Catherine Jordan of Brockton is visiting Mrs. M. R. Loud of Park avenue.

—The Camp Fire girls of the Union church have returned from a two weeks' stay at Minot.

—Miss Susie Burns and Ethelyn Doble have been visiting Mrs. J. Carlton Trantor of Gardiner, Me.

—Miss Emma Johnson has taken a position as stenographer in the office of the Quincy Oil Co., at Quincy Adams.

—A. H. Linton, Mrs. Linton and son Harlin and Mr. Pillsbury, Mrs. Linton's father are at Mirror Lake, N. H., for a three week's stay.

—Arthur Harris and family have taken up their residence in the tenement owned by B. A. Bennett on Union street.

—George Marshall and George Crawford are back from a two weeks fishing trip near Bangor, Me.

—The Wildey Lodge I. O. O. F. entertained the Quincy and Wollaston Lodges last evening at lodge rooms. The Triple Link league was discussed by Boston speakers followed by a social evening.

—Charles Torrey is confined to his home with an injury to his knee.

—Arthur Heald and family and Mrs. Carrie MacBride are at the Heald Camp at Rangely lakes for a few weeks.

—Frank Loud and wife are back, from a two week's stay at Manomet.

—Warren Liley, machinist on the U. S. S. Tennessee, is at his home on Main street for a few days.

—The Boy Scouts in charge of Scoutmaster Brown left last Monday for a two week's stay at Oldham Pond, Pembroke.

—William Moore, steward of the Norfolk club, is back at his duties after two weeks spent at Atlantic City and Philadelphia.

—Clayton Nash has taken up his duties as assistant to Alfred Tirrell of this town who is superintendent of the bath house of the New Ocean House at Swampscott.

—Miss Bertha Brennen and Miss Ruth Wright have returned from a two weeks stay at Lake Marancook, Me.

—Dr. E. N. Mayberry is back after a few weeks spent in New York state.

—Miss Marion Raynes of New York city has been visiting Mrs. E. M. Kane of Pond street.

—James Daly is working at the U. S. Government Magazine at Hingham.

—Rev. F. H. Cole of Hinsdale, N. H., preached at the Universalist church last Sunday.

—W. F. Turner has taken a tenement in the house at 137 Pleasant street.

—Miss Pearl Chandler, the popular clerk at H. W. Barnes store is back at her duties after a two weeks vacation spent at Brant Rock.

—Miss Gertrude Davis is spending a few days with Miss Dorothy Long of Milton.

—Walter Reed has been entertaining Aden Pyle of Baltimore Md., a classmate of his at Tech.

—Miss Ruth Bearce is spending her vacation in New Hampshire.

—Miss Marie Davis is visiting her grandparents in Acton.

—Miss Elizabeth Lynch is having a two week's vacation from her duties with Jordon Marsh Co.

—W. F. Turner has sold his pop corn business located in the Columbian building to Warren Lincoln of South Hingham.

—Clifton Orcutt of Randolph street is having a two weeks vacation from his duties with Mather & Co of Boston. Mr Orcutt is staying at Big Sandy Pond.

—Roger Hersey is having a two week's vacation from his duties with Loose Wiles Co.

—Miss Mariam McGory of Central avenue is taking a course in domestic science at the Simmons College summer school.

—Mrs. Davis and her two daughters and Mrs. Mary Tirrell, with Miss Harriett Tirrell have gone to Woodstock, Vt. for the summer.

—Allen Fearing and Frank Loud Jr. will start on a 200 mile trip to Lake Winnepesaukee N. H. on the 26th. They will go by bicycle.

Some Title.

The full title of Los Angeles was in Spanish times "Pueblo de Nuestra Senora la Reina de los Angeles" or "City of our Lady the Queen of the Angels."

Maxim of Marcus O'Ptutt.

To act at the psychological moment, my son, is the part of wisdom. The man who sits down on the spur of the moment is likely to go up in the air.

The One Who Knew.

Crawford—"Did he tell you that he was going to marry the widow?" Crabshaw—"No; the widow told me she was going to marry him."—Judge.

FARM BOYS IN BASEBALL.

Managers Think They Outclass the City Bred Youngsters.

"The other day I inquired of a major league manager what class of young men he wanted for his team," writes Hugh S. Fullerton in Farm and Fireside.

"'Give me the farmer,' he replied instantly. 'The chances for his falling victim to the temptations of baseball are fewer. He may not be as well posted as to city ways, but in one season you cannot tell the difference. They come larger, stronger, live cleaner and think more clearly than city boys do. Besides, the majority of them have the right idea in view. They want to get money to buy a farm.

"'Twenty, yes, ten years ago the major league baseball teams were recruited almost entirely from the larger cities. Cincinnati led in production for years, then Boston, then St. Louis. A dozen years ago 50 per cent of the major league players hailed from New England and from the Atlantic states. Now more than 60 per cent of all major league players come from farms or from small villages, and the farms produce a greater number of good players than come from any other place.

"'Rube Waddell, Rube Marquard, Rube Ellis, Rube Benton—a score of rubes have shows in major league baseball, and their nickname once was one of ridicule. Not now. Managers of major league baseball teams are looking for rubes, and when they say Rube they mean, not the uncouth or the awkward recruit, but the clean cut, clean living boy from the farm.'"

WHERE THE MAIDS WOO.

Capturing a Husband In India Is an Ordeal at Times.

It would be a great mistake to imagine that there are no countries where the bashful bachelor does not have to wait and be wooed.

In the Torres Straits islands, for instance, it is the height of bad form for a young man to make the first advances in wooing. Even after the preliminary steps, which consist of the exchange of bracelets, everything is not plain sailing. A girl sends a message to a young man to meet her, and if all goes well she urges him to name the day. When matters have gone as far as this it is no longer necessary for him to play the part of the modest violet, and he replies, "Tomorrow, if you wish." Then they go home and tell their relatives, who promptly celebrate the occasion by a general melee.

Among some of the rude tribes of India the woman's courtship is a less agreeable experience. If the man of her choice does not respond she takes a jar of rice beer and sits down in his house. The women of the family know what the rice beer means, and if they do not want the marriage to "come off" they are allowed to use any means short of personal violence to eject the fair wooer from their doors. They may put pepper in the fire, drench her with water, or load her with opprobious epithets, but to gain the man of her choice the lady has only to hold out for some two or three hours and the bridegroom is hers.—Detroit Free Press.

Wise Man.

He is a wise man who always knows what to do next, says an ancient proverb.

Mortgagee's Sale.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Frank H. Nelson to Mary N. Dexter, dated September 28th, 1911, and recorded with Norfolk County Registry of Deeds, in Book 1192, Page 612, and for breach of the conditions thereof, will be sold at public auction on the premises on Tuesday, the seventeenth day of August, A. D. 1915, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgagee deed, namely: A certain parcel of land, together with the buildings thereon, situated in Weymouth, in the County of Norfolk, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, comprising part of lot numbered one hundred sixty-five (165) as shown on plan entitled "Wessagussett Land Associates' Plan of Sea Shore Lots" filed in the Book of Plans in Norfolk County Registry of Deeds. Said parcel of land in bounded and described as follows, viz: Beginning at a point in the south line of Wessagussett Road, fifteen (15) feet westerly of the northeast corner of said lot No. 165; thence running southerly, one hundred (100) feet to lot numbered one hundred sixty-two (162) as shown on said plan to a point distant fifteen (15) feet from the southeast corner of said lot No. 165; thence running westerly along the north line of said lot No. 162, thirty (30) feet; thence northerly, one hundred (100) feet to Wessagussett Road; thence easterly (30) thirty feet to the point of beginning. Subject to the following restriction: No structure shall be placed within ten (10) feet of the street lines. Subject to all taxes and legal assessments, unpaid or assessed.

One hundred dollars will be required to be paid in cash by the purchaser at the time and place of sale, and the balance in ten days.

19-21 MARY N. DEXTER, Mortgagee.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the subscriber has been duly appointed administratrix of the estate of WILLIAM H. CLAPP, late of Weymouth, Mass., in the County of Norfolk deceased, intestate, and has taken upon herself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

BERTHA F. CLAPP, Admx.

70 Front street,
Weymouth, Mass., June 2, 1915. 19-21.

THE HUMAN FOOT.

In Its Primitive State It Was Larger Than It Is Today.

Artists say that no Greek sculptor would have ever dreamed of putting a nine inch foot on a five and one-half foot woman. The types for the classic marble figures were taken from the most perfect forms of living persons. Unquestionably the human foot, as represented by the ancient sculptors, was larger than the modern one, and, in fact, the primitive foot of all peoples whereof we have any record, either of statuary or otherwise, was considerably larger than the restricted foot of modern times.

The masculine foot, forming an approximate average of four different countries, was about twelve inches long. This would require at least a No. 10 shoe to cover it comfortably. The average masculine foot today is easily fitted with a No. 8½ shoe and is, therefore, not above ten and seven-sixteenths inches. Now, by the old sculptural rule of proportion a man five feet nine inches in height should have a foot eleven and one-half inches long, or one-sixth his height. It was of no great consequence what size sandal he wore, but he would have required a modern shoe of at least a No. 10½ for a minimum fit or a No. 11 for real comfort.

For women, allowing for the difference in the relative size of the sexes, which was about the same then as now, a woman of five feet three inches in height would have had a foot ten inches long, requiring a modern shoe of the size No. 6 as the most comfortable or a No. 5½ as the limit of comfort.—Washington Star.

Shakespeare and Cervantes.

April 23, besides being the festival of England's national saint, says the Pall Mall Gazette, is also the anniversary of the death of both Shakespeare and Cervantes. But, though both Shakespeare and Cervantes died on April 23, 1616, there was actually an interval of ten days between the two deaths.

The explanation is that in 1616 England was still using the Julian calendar, which in Roman Catholic countries had been superseded by the Gregorian calendar in 1582. Cervantes died on a Saturday; Shakespeare died on the Tuesday falling ten days later.

Our Oldest Wooden House.

What is said to be the oldest wooden house now standing in this country is to be seen at Dedham, Mass. It is known as the Fairbanks house and was erected 279 years ago of white pine, the walls being of logs. It has been continuously occupied and is still in good condition and quite comfortable, a testimonial to the durability of white pine as a building material.—Argonaut.

Strangers to Her.

"Pardon me, but can you tell me who won the half mile?" inquired the late arrival.

"I don't know, I'm sure," smiled the sweet young thing, "but I heard some one say it was Nip and Tuck at the finish, so I suppose it was either one of them."—Buffalo Express.

How He Lost the Cook.

"Well, where's that cook?" demanded his wife. "Don't tell me that she wasn't on the train."

"She was on the train," timidly explained the commuter, "but I got to playing cards and a Lonelyville man won her at whist."—Atlanta Journal.

Chinese Fathers.

A Chinese father has the supreme right of life and death over his children and is not amenable to any law in this respect.

Although the world is full of suffering, it full of the overcoming of it.—Keller.

Told Her About It.

Eugene attended the wedding of his Aunt Nan, which took place in church. The bridegroom and best man were waiting at the altar for the bride, who was slowly advancing up the aisle, to the strains of the wedding march, when Eugene's childish treble sounded clearly: "Hurry up, Aunt Nan, Mr. Abbot's waiting for you."

Manufacture of Ghee.

Ghee, the native butter of India, which has been known to keep for centuries without becoming rancid, is made by boiling butter until all the watery particles and curds have been removed by skimming.

That Resemblance.

"What a funny looking man that conductor is!" said Mrs. Jiggles on the trolley. "Yes," said Jiggles, "I've been trying to think whom he looks like. His face is very familiar to me." "Oh, I know who it is!" said Mrs. Jiggles. "It's our goldfish!"—Judge.

Dark Hollow

By
Anna Katharine Green

Illustrations by C. D. Rhodes

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CHAPTER XVIII.

Dark Hollow.

Later, when the boards he had loosened in anticipation of this hour were all removed, they came upon a packet of closely written words hidden in the framework of the bed.

It read as follows:

Whosoever lays hands on this MS. will already be acquainted with my crime. If he would also know its cause and the full story of my hypocrisy, let him read these lines written, as it were, with my heart's blood.

I loved Algernon Etheridge; I shall never have a dearer friend. His odd ways, his lank, possibly ungainly, figure crowned by a head of scholarly refinement, his amiability when pleased, his irascibility when crossed, formed a character attractive to me from its very contradictions; and after my wife's death and before my son Oliver reached a companionable age, it was in my intercourse with this man I found my most solid satisfaction.

Yet we often quarreled. His dogmatism frequently ran counter to my views, and, being myself a man of quick and violent temper, hard words sometimes passed between us, to be forgotten the next minute in a handshake, or some other token of mutual esteem. These dissensions—if such they could be called—never took place except in the privacy of his study or mine. We thought too much of each other to display our differences of opinion abroad or even in the presence of Oliver; and however heated our arguments or whatever our topic we invariably parted friends, till one fateful night.

O God! that years of repentance, self-hatred and secret immolation can never undo the deed of an infuriated moment. Eternity may console, but it can never make me innocent of the blood of my heart's brother.

We had had our usual wordy disagreement over some petty subject in which he was no nearer wrong nor I any nearer right than we had been many times before; but for some reason I found it harder to pardon him. For the first time in our long acquaintance, I let Algernon Etheridge leave me, without any attempt at conciliation.

If only I had halted there! If, at sight of my empty study, I had not conceived the mad notion of waylaying him at the bridge for the hand-shake I missed, I might have been a happy man now, and Oliver—But why dwell upon these might-have-beens! What happened was this:

Disturbed in mind, and finding myself alone in the house, Oliver having evidently gone out while we two were disputing, I decided to follow out the impulse I have mentioned. Leaving by the rear, I went down the lane to the path which serves as a short cut to the bridge.

That I did this unseen by anybody is not so strange when you consider the hour, and how the only person then living in the lane was, in all probability, in her kitchen. It would have been better for me, little as I might have recognized it at the time, had she been where she could have witnessed both my going and coming and faced me with the fact.

John Scoville, in his statement, says that after giving up his search for his little girl he wandered up the ravine before taking the path back which led him through Dark Hollow. This was false, as well as the story he told of leaving his stick by the chestnut tree in the gully at foot of Ostrander lane. For I was on the spot, and I know the route by which he reached Dark Hollow and also through whose agency the stick came to be there.

Read and learn with what tricks the devil beguiles us men.

I was descending this path, heavily shadowed, as you know, by a skirting of closely growing trees and bushes, when just where it dips into the Hollow, I heard the sound of a hasty foot come crashing up through the underbrush from the ravine and cross the path ahead of me. A turn in the path prevented me from seeing the man himself, but as you will perceive and as I perceived later when circumstances recalled it to my mind, I had no need to see him to know who it was or with what intent he took this method of escape from the ravine into the fields leading to the highway. Scoville's stick spoke for him, the stick which I presently tripped over and mechanically picked up, without a thought of the desperate use to which I was destined to put it.

Etheridge was coming. I could hear his whistle on Factory road. There was no mistaking it. It was unusually shrill one and had always been a cause of irritation to me, but at this moment it was more; it roused every antagonistic impulse within me. He whistling like a skilliard, after a parting which had dissatisfied me to such an extent that I had come all this distance to ask his pardon and see his old smile again! Afterward, long afterward, I was able to give another interpretation to his show of apparent self-satisfaction, but then I saw nothing but the contrast it offered to my own tender regrets, and my blood began to boil and my temper rise to such a point that recrimination took the place of apology when in another moment we came together in the open space between the end of the bridge and Dark Hollow.

He was in no better mood than myself to encounter insult, and what had been a simple difference between us flamed into a quarrel which reached its culmination when he mentioned Oliver's name with a taunt, which the boy, for all his obstinate clinging to his journalistic idea, did not deserve.

Knowing my own temper, I drew back into the Hollow.

He followed me.

I tried to speak.

He took the word out of my mouth. This may have been with the intent of quelling my anger, but the tone was rasping, and, noting this and not his words, my hand tightened insensibly about the stick which the devil (or John Scoville) had put in my hand. Did he see this, or was he prompted by some old memory of boyish quarrels that he should give utterance to that quick, sharp laugh of scorn! I shall never know, but ere the sound had ceased the stick was whirling over my head—there came a crash and he fell. My friend! My friend!

Next moment the earth seemed too narrow, the heavens too contracted for my misery. That he was dead—that my blow had killed him, I never doubted for an instant. I knew it, as we know the face of Doom when once it has risen upon us. Never, never again would this lump of clay, which a few minutes before had filled the Hollow with shrillest whistling, breathe or think or speak. He was dead, dead, dead!—And I? What was I?

The name which no man hears unmoved, no amount of repetition makes easy to the tongue or welcome to the ear! . . . the name which I had heard launched in full forensic eloquence so many times in accusation against the wretches I had hardly regarded as being in the same human class as myself rang in my ears as though intoned from the very mouth of hell. I could not escape it. I should never be able to escape it again. Though I was standing in a familiar scene—a scene I had known and frequented from childhood, I felt myself as isolated from my past and as completely set apart from my fellows as the shipwrecked mariner tossed to precarious foothold on his wave-dashed rock. I forgot that other criminals existed.

In that one awful moment I was in my own eyes the only blot upon the universe—the sole inhabitant of the new world into which I had plunged—the world of crime—the world upon which I had sat in judgment before I knew—

What broke the spell? God knows; all I can say is that, drawn by some other will than my own, I found my glance traveling up the opposing bluff till at its top, framed between the ragged wall and towering chimney of Spencer's Folly, I saw the presence I had dreaded, the witness who was to undo me.

It was a woman—a woman with a little child in hand. I did not see her face, for she was just on the point of turning away from the dizzy verge, but nothing could have been plainer than the silhouette which these two made against the flush of that early evening sky.

As long as I could catch a glimpse of this woman's fluttering skirt as she retreated through the ruins, I stood there, self-convicted, above the man I had slain, staring up at that blotch of shining sky which was as the gate of hell to me. Not till their two figures had disappeared and it was quite clear again did the instinct of self-preservation return, and with it the thought of flight.

But where could I fly? No spot in the whole world was secret enough to conceal me now. I was a marked man. Better to stand my ground, and take the consequences than to act the coward's part and slink away like those other men of blood I had so often sat in judgment upon.

Had I but followed this impulse! Had I but gone among my fellows, shown them the mark of Cain upon my forehead and prayed, not for indulgence, but punishment, what days of gnawing misery I should have been spared!

The horror of what lay at my feet drove me from the Hollow. As my steps fell mechanically into the trail down which I had come in innocence and kindly purpose only a few minutes before, a startling thought shot through my benumbed mind. The woman had shown no haste in her turning! There had been a naturalness in her movement, a dignity and a grace which spoke of ease, not shock. What if she had not seen! What if my deed was as yet unknown! Might I not have time for—for what? I did not stop to think; I just pressed on, saying to myself, "Let Providence decide. If I meet any one before I reach my own door my doom is settled. If I do not—"

And I did not. As I turned into the lane from the ravine I heard a sound far down the slope, but it was too distant to create apprehension, and I went calmly on, forcing myself into my usual leisurely gait, if only to gain some control over my own emotions before coming under Oscar's eye.

That sound I have never understood. It could not have been Scoville, since



He Was Dead, Dead, Dead—and I? What Was I?

in the short time which had passed he could not have fled from the point where I heard him last into the ravine below Ostrander lane. But, if not he, who was it? Or if it was he, and some other hand threw his stick across my path, whose was this hand and why have we never heard anything about it? It is a question which sometimes floats through my mind, but I did not give it a thought then. I was within sight of home and Oliver's possible presence; and all other dread was as nothing in comparison to what I felt at the prospect of meeting my boy's eye. My boy's eye! my greatest dread then, and my greatest dread still! In my terror of it I walked as to my doom.

The house, which I had left empty, I found empty; Oliver had not yet returned. The absolute stillness of the rooms seemed appalling. Instinctively I looked at the clock. It had stopped. Not at the minute—I do not say it was at the minute—but near, very near the time when from an innocent man I became a guilty one. Appalled at the discovery, I fled to the front. Opening the door, I looked out. Not a creature in sight, and not a sound to be heard. The road was as lonely and seemingly as forsaken as the house. Had time stopped here, too? Were the world and its interests at a pause in horror of my deed? For a moment I believed it; then more natural sensations intervened, and, rejoicing at this lack of disturbance where disturbance meant discovery, I stepped inside again, rewound the clock, and sat down in my own room. My own room! Was it mine any longer? Its walls looked strange; the petty objects of my daily handling, unfamiliar. The change in myself infected everything I saw. I might have been in another man's house for all connection these things seemed to have with me or my life. Like one set apart on an unapproachable shore, I stretched hands in vain toward all that I had known and all that had been of value to me.

But as the minutes passed I began to lose this feeling. Hope, which I thought quite dead, slowly revived. Nothing had happened, and perhaps nothing would.

Men had been killed before, and the slayer passed unrecognized. Why might it not be so in my case? If the woman continued to remain silent; if for any reason she had not witnessed the blow or the striker, who else was there to connect me with an assault committed a quarter of a mile away? No one knew of the quarrel, and if they did, who could be so daring as to associate one of my name with an action so brutal? A judge slay his friend! It would take evidence of a very marked character to make even my political enemies believe that.

As the twilight deepened I rose from my seat and lit the gas. I must not be found skulking in the dark. Then I began to count the ticks measuring off the hour. If thirty minutes more passed without a rush from without I might hope. If twenty?—if ten?—then it was five! then it was—

Ah! The gate had clanged to. They were coming. I could hear steps—voices—a loud ring at the bell. I moved slowly toward the front. I feared the betrayal which my ashy face and trembling hands might make. Agitation after the news was to be expected, but not before! So I left the hall dark when I opened the door. And thus decided my future.

For in the faces of the small crowd which blocked the doorway I detected nothing but commiseration; and when a voice spoke and I heard Oliver's accents surcharged with nothing more grievous than pity, I realized that my secret was as yet unshared, and, seeing that no man suspected me, I forebore to declare my guilt to anyone.

This sudden restoration from soundless depths into the pure air of respect and sympathy confused me; and beyond the words "Killed! Struck down by the bridge!" I heard little, till slowly, dully, like the call of a bell issuing from a smothering mist, I caught the sound of a name. It struck my ear and gradually it dawned upon my consciousness that another man had been arrested for my crime and that the safety, the reverence and the commiseration that were so dear to me had been bought at a price no man of honor might pay.

But I was no longer a man of honor. I was a wretched criminal swaying above a gulf of infamy in which I had seen others swallowed but had never dreamed of being engulfed myself. I never thought of letting myself go—not at this crisis—not while my heart was warm with its resurgence into the old life.

And so I let pass this opportunity for confession. Afterwards it was too late—or seemed too late to my demoralized judgment.

My first real awakening to the extraordinary horrors of my position was when I realized that circumstances were likely to force me into presiding over the trial of the man Scoville. I feigned sickness, only to realize that my place would be taken by Judge Grosvenor, a notoriously prejudiced man. If he sat, it would go hard with the prisoner, and I wanted the prisoner acquitted. I had no grudge against John Scoville. Of course I wanted to save him, and if the only help I could now give him was to sit as judge upon his case, then would I sit as judge whatever mental torture it involved.

Sending for Mr. Black, I asked him point blank whether in face of the circumstance that the victim of this murder was my best friend, he would not prefer to plead his case before Judge Grosvenor. He answered no: that he had more confidence in my equity even under these circumstances than in that of my able, but headstrong colleague, and prayed me to get well. He did not say that he expected me on this very account to show even more favor toward his client than I might otherwise have done, but I am sure that he meant it; and, taking his attitude as an omen, I obeyed his injunction and was soon well enough to take my seat upon the bench.

What men saw facing them from the bench was an automaton wound up to do so much work each day. The real Ostrander was not there, but stood, an unseen presence at the bar, undergoing trial side by side with John Scoville, for a crime to make angels weep and humanity hide its head: hypocrisy!

But the days went by and the inexorable hour drew nigh for the accused man's release or condemnation. Circumstances were against him—so was his bearing, which I alone understood. If, as all felt, it was that of a guilty man, it was so because he had been guilty in intent if not in fact. He had meant to attack Algernon Etheridge.

He had run down the ravine for that purpose, knowing my old friend's whistle and envying him his watch. Or why his foolish story of having left his stick behind him? But the sound of my approaching steps higher up on the path had stopped him in midcareer and sent him rushing up the slope ahead of me. When he came back after a short circuit of the fields beyond, it was to find his crime forestalled and by the very weapon he had thrown into the Hollow as he went scurrying by. He had meant to attack Etheridge. It was the shock of the discovery of the body, heightened by the use he made of it to secure the booty thus thrown in his way without crime, which gave him the hang-dog look we all noted.

That there were other reasons—that the place recalled another scene of brutality in which intention had been followed by act, I did not then know. It was sufficient to me then that my safety was secured by his own guilty consciousness and the prevarications into which it led him. Instead of owning up to the encounter he had so barely escaped he confined himself to the simple declaration of having heard voices somewhere near the bridge, which to all who know the ravine appeared impossible under the conditions named.

Yet, for all the incongruities and the failure of his counsel to produce any definite impression by the prisoner's persistent denial of having whittled the stick or even of having carried it into Dark Hollow, I expected a verdict in his favor. Indeed, I was so confident of it that I suffered less during the absence of the jury than at any other time, and when they returned, with an air of solemn decision which proclaims unanimity of mind and a ready verdict, I was so prepared for his acquittal that for the first time since the opening of the trial I felt myself a being of flesh and blood, with human sentiments and hopes. And it was: "Guilty!"

When I awoke to a full realization of what this entailed (for I must have lost consciousness for a minute, though no one seemed to notice), the one fact staring me in the face was that it would devolve upon me to pronounce his sentence: upon me, Archibald Ostrander, an automaton no longer, but a man realizing to the full his part in this miscarriage of justice. Chaos confronted me, and in contemplation of it, I fell ill.

Somehow, strange as it may appear, I had thought little of this possibility previous to this moment. I found myself upon the brink of this new gulf before the dizziness of my escape from the other had fully passed. Do you wonder that I recoiled, sought to gain time, put off delivering the sentence from day to day? I had sinned—sinned irredeemably—but there are depths of infamy beyond which a man cannot go. I had reached that point.

What saved me? A new discovery, and the loving sympathy of my son Oliver. One night—a momentous one to me—he came to my room and, closing the door behind him, stood with his back to it, contemplating me in a way that startled me.

What had happened? What lay behind this new and penetrating look, this anxious and yet persistent manner? I dared not think. I dared not yield to the terror which must follow thought. Terror blanches the cheek and my cheek must never blanch under anybody's scrutiny. Never, never, so long as I lived.

"Father"—the tone quieted me, for I knew from its gentleness that he was hesitating to speak more on his own account than on mine—"you are not looking well; this thing worries you. I hate to see you like this. Is it just the loss of your old friend, or—or—"

He faltered, not knowing how to proceed.

"Sometimes I think," he recommenced, "that you don't feel quite sure of this man Scoville's guilt. Is that so? Tell me, father?"

I did not know what to make of him. There was no shrinking from me; no conscious or unconscious accusation in voice or look, but there was a desire to know, and a certain latent resolve behind it all that marked the line between obedient boyhood and thinking, determining man. With all my dread—a dread so great I felt the first grasp of age upon my heart-strings at that moment—I recognized no other course than to meet this inquiry of his with the truth—that is, with just so much of the truth as was needed. No more, not one jot more. I therefore answered, and with a show of self-possession at which I now wonder:

"You are not far from right, Oliver. I have had moments of doubt. The evidence, as you must have noticed, is purely circumstantial."

"What evidence would satisfy you? What would you consider a conclusive proof of guilt?"

I told him in the set phrases of my profession.

"Then," he declared as I finished, "you may rest easy as to this man's right to receive a sentence of death."

I could not trust my ears.

"I know from personal observation," he proceeded, approaching me with a firm step, "that he is not only capable of the crime for which he has been convicted, but that he has actually committed one under similar circumstances, and possibly for the same end."

And he told me the story of that night of storm and bloodshed—a story which will be found lying near this, in my alcove of shame and contrition.

It had an overwhelming effect upon me. I had been very near death. Suicide must have ended the struggle in which I was engaged, had not this knowledge of actual and unpunished crime come to ease my conscience. John Scoville was worthy of death, and, being so, should receive the full reward of his deed. I need hesitate no longer.

That night I slept. But there came

Continued on Page 7.

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34x4	"	"	16.60;	"	17.40
36x4½	"	"	23.50;	"	24.55

Other sizes at proportionate rates

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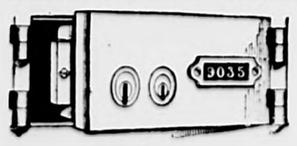
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Fire cannot reach it—burglars cannot get it and you will have absolute privacy because all our Safe Deposit Boxes are fitted with Yale Locks which cannot be opened unless you help. These locks have double mechanism that requires two different keys to unlock. You have one key and we hold the other—and both must be used at the same time or the box cannot be opened.



East Weymouth Savings Bank

EAST WEYMOUTH

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Vice-Presidents, T. H. EMERSON, EUGENE M. CARTER

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Bank open daily from 9 A.M. to 12 M.; 2 to 5 P.M., excepting Saturday, when the hours will be from 9 A.M. to 12 M. only. Monday evenings, for deposits only, from 7 to 8.30.

Deposits placed on interest on the tenth of January, April, July and October.

Deposits received on or before the thirteenth of the quarter are placed on interest from the above date.

Dark Hollow

Continued from Page 6

a night when I did not. After the penalty had been paid and to most men's eyes that episode was over, I turned the first page of that volume of slow retribution which is the doom of the man who sins from impulse, and has the recoil of his own nature to face relentlessly to the end of his days. Scoville was in his grave. I was alive. Scoville had shot a man for his money. I had struck a man down in my wrath. Scoville's widow and little child must face a cold and unsympathetic world, with small means and disgrace rising, like a wall, between them and social sympathy, if not between them and the actual means of living.

Oliver's future faced him untouched No shadow lay across his path to hinder his happiness or to mar his chances.

The results were unequal I began to see them so, and feel the gnawing of that deathless worm whose ravages lay waste the breast while hand and brain fulfill their routine of work, as though all were well and the foundations of life unshaken.

I suffered as only cowards suffer. I held on to honor; I held on to home; I held on to Oliver, but with misery for my companion and a self-contempt which nothing could abate Each time I mounted the bench I felt a tug at my arm as of a visible, restraining presence. Each time I returned to my home and met the clear eye of Oliver beaming upon me with its ever-growing promise of future comradeship, I experienced a rebellion against my own happiness which opened my eyes to my own nature and its inevitable demand. I must give up Oliver, or yield my honors, make a full confession and accept whatever consequences it might bring. I am a proud man, and the latter alternative was beyond me. I could forego pleasure, travel, social intercourse, and even the companionship of the one being in whom all my hopes centered, but I could not, of my own volition, pass from the judge's bench to the felon's cell. There I struck the immovable—the impassable.

I decided in one awful night of renunciation that I would send Oliver out of my life.

The next day I told him abruptly . . . hurting him to spare myself . . . that I had decided after long and mature thought to yield to his desire for journalism, and that I would start him in his career and maintain him in it for three years if he would subscribe to the following conditions:

They were the hardest a loving father ever imposed upon a dutiful and loving son.

First, he was to leave home immediately . . . within a few hours, in fact.

Second, he was to regard all relations between us as finished; we were to be strangers henceforth in every particular save that of the money obligation already mentioned.

Third, he was never to acknowledge this compact, or to cast any slur upon the father whose reasons for this apparently unnatural conduct were quite disconnected with any fault of his or any desire to punish or reprove.

Fourth, he was to pray for his father every night of his life before he slept.

Was this last a confession? Had I meant it to be such? If so, it missed its point. It awed but did not frighten him.

I had to contend with his compunctions, as well as with grief and dismay. It was an hour of struggle on his part and of implacable resolution on mine. Nothing but such hardness on my part would have served me.

Had I faltered once he would have won me over, and the tale of my sleepless nights been repeated. I did not falter, and when the midnight stroke rang through the house that night it separated by its peal a sin-beclouded but human past from a future arid with solitude and bereft of the one possession to retain which my sin had been hidden.

I became a father without a son—as lonely and as desolate as though the separation between us were that of the grave I had merited and so weakly shunned.

But I was not yet satisfied. How could I insure for myself the extreme punishment which my peace demanded, without bringing down upon me the full consequences I refused to accept.

You have seen how I ultimately answered this question. A convict's bed! a convict's isolation!

But after some weeks of this, fresh fears arose. An accident was possible. For all Bela's precautions, someone might gain access to this room. This would mean the discovery of my secret. And this fence was built.

This should have been enough. But guilt has terrors unknown to innocence. One day I caught a small boy peering through an infinitesimal crack in the fence, and, remembering the window grilled with iron with which Bela had replaced the cheerful casement in my den of punishment, I realized how easily an opening might be made between the boards for the convenience of a curious eye anxious to penetrate the mystery of my seclusion. And so it came about that the inner fence was put up. This settled my position in the town. No more visits. All social life was over. It was meet. I was satisfied at last. I could now give my whole mind to my one remaining duty. I lived only while on the bench.

March 5, 1898.

There is a dream which comes to me often—a vision which I often see. It is that of two broken and irregular walls standing apart against a background of roseate sky. Between these walls the figures of a woman and child, turning about to go.

The bridge I never see, nor the face of the man who died for my sin; but this I see always—the gaunt ruins of Spencer's Folly and the figure of a woman leading away a little child.

That woman lives I know now who she is Her testimony was uttered before me in court and was not one to rouse my apprehensions My crime was unwitnessed by her, and for years she has been a stranger to this town. But I have a superstitious horror of seeing her again, while believing that the day will come when I shall do so. When this occurs—when I look up and find her in my path, I shall know that my sin has found me out and that the end is near.

1909

O shade of Algernon Etheridge, unforgetting and unforgiving! The woman has appeared! She stood in this room today. Verily, years are mocking with God.

Added later.

I thought I knew what awaited me if my hour ever came But who can understand the ways of Providence or where the finger of retributive justice will point. It is Oliver's name and not mine which has become the sport of calumny. Oliver's! Could the irony of life go further! Oliver's!

There is nothing against him, and such folly must soon die out; but to see doubt in Mrs. Scoville's eyes is horrible in itself and to eliminate it I may have to show her Oliver's account of that long-forgotten night of crime in Spencer's Folly. It is naively written and reveals a clean, if reticent, nature; but that its effect may be unquestionable I will insert a few lines to cover any possible misinterpretation of his manner and conduct. There is an open space, and our handwritings were always strangely alike. Only our e's differed, and I will be careful with the e's.

Her confidence must be restored at all hazards.

My last foolish attempt has undone me. Nothing remains now but that sacrifice of self which should have been made twelve years ago.

CHAPTER XIX.

Sunset.

"I do not wish to seem selfish, Oliver, but sit a little nearer the window, where I can see you whenever I open my eyes. Twelve years is a long time to make up, and I have such a little while in which to do it."

Oliver moved. The moisture sprang to his eyes as he did so. He had caught a glimpse of the face on the pillow and the changes made in a week were very apparent. Always erect, his father had towered above them then even in his self-abasement, but he looked now as though twenty years, instead of a few days, had passed over his stately head and bowed his incomparable figure. And not that alone. His expression was different. Had Oliver not seen him in his old likeness for that one terrible half-hour, he would not know these features, so sunken, yet so eloquent with the peace of one for whom all struggle is over, and the haven of his long rest near.

The heart, which had held unflinchingly to its task through every stress of self-torture, succumbed under the relief of confession and as he himself had said there was but little time left him to fill his eyes and heart with the sight of this strong man who had replaced his boy Oliver.

He had hungered so for his presence even in those days of final shrinking and dismay. And now, the doubts, the dread, the inexpressible humiliation are all in the past and there remains only this—to feast his eyes where his heart has so long feasted, and to thank God for the blessedness of a speedy going, which has taken the sword from the hand of justice and saved Oliver the anguished sight of a father's public humiliation

Had he been able at this moment to look beyond the fences which his fear had reared, he would have seen at either gate a silent figure guarding the walk, and recalled, perhaps, the horror of other days when at the contemplation of such a prospect, his spirit recoiled upon itself in unimaginable horror and revolt. And yet, who knows! Life's passions fade when the heart is at peace. And Archibald Ostrander's heart was at peace. Why, his next words will show.

"Oliver"—his voice was low but very distinct, "never have a secret; never hide within your bosom a thought you fear the world to know. If you've done wrong—if you have disobeyed the law either of God or man—seek not to hide what can never be hidden so long as God reigns or men make laws. I have suffered, as few men have suffered and kept their reason intact. Now that my wickedness is known, the whole page of my life defaced, content has come again. I am no longer a deceiver, my very worst is known."

"Oliver?"—This some minutes later. "Are we alone?"

"Quite alone, father. Mrs Scoville is busy and Reuther—Reuther is in the room above. I can hear her light step overhead."

The judge was silent. He was gazing wistfully at the wall where hung the portrait of his young wife. He was no longer in his room, but in the cheery front parlor. This Deborah had insisted upon. There was, therefore, nothing to distract him from the contemplation I have mentioned.

"There are things I want to say to you. Not many; you already know my story. But I do not know yours, and I cannot die till I do. What took you into the ravine that evening, Oliver, and why, having picked up the stick, did you fling it from you and fly back to the highway? For the reason I ascribed to Scoville? Tell me, that no cloud may remain between us. Let me know your heart as well as you now know mine."

The reply brought the blood back into his fading cheek.

"Father, I have already explained all this to Mr. Andrews, and now I will explain it to you. I never liked Mr. Etheridge as well as you did, and I brooded incessantly in these days over the influence which he seemed to exert over you in regard to my future career But I never dreamed of doing him a harm, and never supposed that I could so much as attempt any argument with him on my own behalf till that very night of infernal complications and coincidences. The cause of this change was as follows: I had gone up-stairs, you remember, leaving you alone with him as I knew you desired. How I came to be in the room above I don't remember, but I was there and leaning out of the window directly over the porch when you and Mr. Etheridge came out and stood in some final debate on the steps below. He was talking and you were listening, and never shall I forget the effect his words and tones had upon me I had supposed him devoted to you, and here he was addressing you tartly and in an ungracious manner which bespoke a man very different from the one I had been taught to look upon as superior. The awe of years yielded before this display, and finding him just human like the rest of us, the courage which I had always lacked in approaching him took instant possession of me, and I determined with a boy's unreasoning impulse to subject him to a personal appeal not to add his influence to the distaste you at present felt for the career upon which I had set my heart. Nothing could have been more foolish and nothing more natural, perhaps, than the act which followed. I ran down into the ravine with the wild intention, so strangely duplicated in yourself a few minutes later, of meeting and pleading my cause with him at the bridge, but



"This Is My Story, Father."

unlike you, I took the middle of the ravine for my road and not the secluded path at the side. It was this which determined our fate, father, for here I saw the stick and, catching it up without further thought than of the facility it offered for whittling, started with it down the ravine. Scoville was not in sight. The moment was the one when he had quit looking for Reuther and wandered away up the ravine. I have thought since that perhaps the glimpse he had got of his little one peering from the scene of his crime may have stirred even his guilty conscience and sent him off on his purposeless ramble; but, however this was, I did not see him or anybody else as I took my way leisurely down towards the bridge, whittling at the stick and thinking of what I should say to Mr. Etheridge when I met him. And now for fate's final and most fatal touch! Nothing which came into my mind struck me quite favorably. The encounter which seemed such a very simple matter when I first contemplated it, began to assume quite a different aspect as the moment for it approached. By the time I had come abreast of the hollow, I was tired of the whole business, and hearing his whistle and knowing by it that he was very near, I plunged up the slope to avoid him, and hurried straight away into town. That is my story, father. If I heard your steps approaching as I plunged across the path into which I had thrown the stick in my anger at having broken the point of my knife-blade upon it, I thought nothing of them then Afterwards I believed them to be Scoville's, which may account to you for my silence about this whole matter both before and during the trial. I was afraid of the witness stand and of what might be elicited from me if I once got into the hands of the lawyers My abominable reticence in regard to his former crime would be brought up against me, and I was too young, too shy and uninformed to face such an ordeal of my own volition. Unhappily, I was not forced into it, and— But we will not talk of that, father."

"Son,"—a long silence had intervened—"there is one thing more. When —how—did you first learn my real reason for sending you from home? I saw that my position was understood by you when our eyes first met in this room. But twelve years had passed since you left this house in ignorance of all but my unnatural attitude towards you When, Oliver, when?"

"That I cannot answer, father; it was just a conviction which dawned gradually upon me. Now, it seems as if I had known it always; but that isn't so. A boy doesn't reason; and it took reasoning for me to—to accept—"

"Yes, I understand And that was your secret! Oh, Oliver, I shall never ask for your forgiveness. I am not worthy of it I only ask that you will not let pride or any other evil passion stand in the way of the happiness I see in the future for you. I cannot take from you the shame of my crime and long deception, but spare me this final sorrow! There is nothing to part you from Reuther now Alike unhappy in your parentage, you can start on equal terms, and love will do the rest. Say that you will marry her, Oliver, and let me see her smile before I die."

"Marry her? Oh, father, will such an angel marry me?"

"No, but such a woman might."

Oliver came near, and stooped over his father's bed.

"Father, if love and attention to my profession can make a success of the life you prize, they shall have their opportunity."

The father smiled If it fell to others to remember him as he appeared in his mysterious prime, to Oliver it was given to recall him as he looked then with the light on his face and the last tear he was ever to shed glittering in his fading eye.

"God is good," came from the bed; then the solemnity of death settled over the room.

The soft footfalls overhead ceased. The long hush had brought the two women to the door where they stood sobbing. Oliver was on his knees beside the bed, his head buried in his arms. On the face so near him there rested a ray from the westering sun; but the glitter was gone from the eye and the unrest from the heart. No more weary vigils in a room dedicated to remose and self-punishment. No more weary circling of the house in the dark lane whose fences barred out the hurrying figure within from every eye but that of heaven. Peace for him; and for Reuther and Oliver, hope!

(THE END.)

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MEETINGS OF THE

Selectmen & Overseers of the Poor

SELECTMEN

Edward W. Hunt, Chairman, Weymouth.
Bradford Hawes, Secretary, East Weymouth
George L. Newton, North Weymouth.
Henry F. Hanley, East Weymouth.
Ralph P. Burrell, South Weymouth.

Meetings Savings Bank Building, East Weymouth, Every Monday.

during the municipalyear, from 2 to 5 o'clock p.m

Meet at the Town Home every first Tuesday of the month.

EAST WEYMOUTH AND WEYMOUTH CENTER.

—We feel particularly pleased to announce that we have signed up Emerson R. Dizer of Middle street to handle our business in this part of the town. Mr. Dizer is assistant town accountant and is well qualified to handle all the details of the newspaper work. All news items and other business entrusted to him will be given our careful attention.

—Misses Alice Howley, Helen Griffin and Nellie Looney of Broad street left last Sunday for a few weeks' vacation in Montreal where they will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel P. Howley.

—Conductor George A. Walker of Middle street is around again after being confined to his home with a severely injured foot. While running his car from Weymouth to Rockland last week a man with a pick dropped the iron tool on Mr. Walker's foot severely crushing the toe and necessitating the attention of a physician.

—Twin girls came to the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Dixon, Essex street, last Saturday and mother and children are doing well, regardless of the heated term.

—James W. Dunbar has returned to the Odd Fellows Home at Worcester after his annual vacation which he spent with his daughter, Mrs. E. E. Orr of Middle street.

—Master Wendall Blanchard has recovered from an attack of the measles and the Misses Helen and Cora Cowing are ill with the same disease at their home on Commercial street.

—Miss Inez Wheaton enjoyed the past two weeks at a family camp in Littleton, Mass.

—A Ford touring car coming from the beach last Monday morning about two-thirty ran into the fence around the reservoir at Commercial square. The fence was broken down and the occupants of the car just escaped a good ducking.

—Miss Ruth A. Cushman has returned to Fitchburg after a two weeks' vacation spent with Miss Mildred W. Newcomb of Putnam street.

—Mrs. Joseph Ashton is slowly recovering from an attack of malaria.

—News arrived in town of the birth last Friday of a boy to Mr. and Mrs. Ralph W. Randall of Roslindale, former East Weymouth residents. Mrs. Randall was Miss Jessie Pratt before her marriage.

—Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Hill and daughter, Eleanor of Center street spent the week end at Wollaston beach.

—Miss Helen M. Lewis, clerk at F. H. Sylvester's market, is on her two weeks' vacation. Miss Lewis spent nine days on the Gazette tour and is now enjoying the peaceful surroundings in East Weymouth.

—Mr. and Mrs. Gustaf E. Nelson of Hawthorne street are the happy parents of a girl born Tuesday. Mr. Nelson is employed as master mechanic at the George E. Keith shoe factory.

—Arthur T. Emerson, well known in this town, a senior at the Naval Academy at Annapolis, was one of the lucky ones to be on the first U. S. battleship to pass through through the Panama Canal. He is serving as a midshipman on the Flagship Missouri of the Naval Practise squadron and they passed through the canal on their way to the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

—Mrs. Everett E. Bates of Charles staeet is slowly recovering from her illness and is now spending a few weeks with her son, Lester E. Bates of Braintree.

—Miss Mildred E. Gibson of Hawthorne street is enjoying a vacation from her duties with Steinart & Sons of Boston which she is spending at Southport, Me.

—Blood poisoning has caused the removal of one of the fingers of Mrs. Alonzo C. Huff of High street.

—Miss Annie Conkey of East Boston, a former resident of this place spent Sunday with Miss Clara Wing of Broad street.

—Miss Lillian F. Keene of Fairmount avenue spent the past week at her sister's summer cottage at Humarock beach.

—Harry C. Cottell of Broad street left Tuesday for Providence where he will pay a visit to his brother, George H. Cottell.

Wants, For Sale, To Let, Etc.

Four lines or less under this head, 25 cents each insertion; each extra line 10c. Count 8 words to a line.

No ads. accepted in this department unless accompanied by the cash.

FOR SALE—Jackson Automobile, 1910 Model 30, in first class running condition. Owner will gladly demonstrate. Inquire of J. E. Fabyan, Clapp Memorial Ass'n. Tel. 224 W. 3tf

FOR SALE—1 2 seated democrat wagon; 1 light concord wagon and 1 bar spring box top buggy. All in good condition. Apply to HUNT, News Agent, Broad street, East Weymouth. 9 tf

FOR SALE—A bay horse, 8 years old a good roader and safe driver, also a rubber tired open buggy. Call or address James P. Haddie, 46 Union Ave., East Weymouth. 10 tf

FOR SALE—A most desirable lot of land on Center Street, near Middle, East Weymouth. Near two lines of cars, and is high and dry. Price remarkably low. $250 takes it. Apply at 174 Middle Street, East Weymouth. 13tf

FOR SALE cheap. A gas range, Detroit Jewell. Lawrence Dunn, 76 Lovell St., North Weymouth. 19-1t

RENT—Tenement on Broad St., all modern improvements, five rooms. W. H. Pratt, 678 Broad St., E. Weymouth. 11tf

TO LET—Tenement at 47 Shawmut St., East Weymouth. Near electrics, pleasant place with fine elevation, fruit and shade trees. Apply to William E. Dizer, 108 Middle St., East Weymouth, Mass. 19-1t

WANTED—Two men wanted to canvass Weymouth territory. Permanent position and good pay for capable men. Apply at 1918 Hancock street, Quincy. 18-1t

WANTED—People to know that it costs only 25 cents to make known their wants in this column.

—Charles E. Merchant is having a cement walk and piazza added to his home on Hawthorne street.

—James Ford has purchased a new Ford automobile.

—Frederick V. Nolan, night operator at the telephone exchange, is enjoying his annual vacation.

—Mrs. Olive Welcome of Framingham, spent three days this week with Mrs. T. John Evans of Charles street.

—Herbert W. Tirrell is having an addition built on to the rear of his house on Putnam street.

—The many friends of E. Bayley Gardner were rejoiced to learn that he took a walk as far as Jackson square the other day.

—Mr. and Mrs. George Simmons have returned from Wessagussett, having let their cottage for the remainder of the season.

—Mr. and Mrs. James D. Bosworth of Broad street left Monday for a two weeks' outing at Bryant's pond, Maine. Mr. Bosworth is a partner in the T. H. Emerson Co.

—About a dozen of the neighbors gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harold W. Joy on Shawmut street last Monday afternoon and helped little Miss Celia R. Joy celebrate her fifth birthday.

—A large number from this place attended the grocers' picnic at Provincetown all day Wednesday.

—W. C. Earle and family have returned from their trip through the State of Maine.

—Albert R. Humphrey has resumed work after his annual vacation.

—Mrs. Helen Keene has returned to her home at North Abington after a visit with her daughter, Mrs. J. Edward Willis of Putnam street.

—Miss Marion Paine of Holbrook is spending a part of her vacation with Mr. and Mrs. Frederick N. Bates of Commercial street.

—Wallace D. Cowing of Commercial street has improved his property to a considerable extent by adding a covered piazza.

—Miss Annie Pitts has returned to Taunton and Miss Emma Pitts to Nova Scotia after a visit with Mrs. Peter A. Gallant of this place.

—Mrs. William B. Webster and two sons of East Dedham were in town last Monday and spent the day with Mr. and Mrs. Samuel N. Bates of Broad street.

—Robert Ryan is recovering from his recent operation at the Bay State Hospital.

—Miss Hilda Tomlinson of Essex street in stepping from the merry-go-round at Nantasket beach last week received a badly sprained ankle and has been housed with it ever since.

—A large party from this place journeyed to Rocky Point, R. I., Sunday to see Dan Howley and Ken Nash in action against Providence. Amos Cantara, Joseph A. Nolan, Fred V. Nolan, Hugh Martin, Evans Slattery, T. Leo Howley and Thomas F. White made the trip in Hollis' touring car; Paul Landrey, Thomas Sheehan, Robert Mitchell, C. Bernard Mitchell and Chester Healey in Landrey's jitney and Lawrence Gallant and Bill Kelly on Gallant's motorcycle. Lawrence made the sixty miles in two hours which is travelling some. Although Moutreal lost 6 to 3 they all say they had a fine time.

—The Moose Defenders held a clam bake at Lovell's field, Sunday, about thirty enjoying the outing. The Moose orchestra furnished music, stump speeches were made by "Shine" French and John Nutting and vocal solos rendered by Fred Beal. The entire program was in charge of Allen Blanchard, Garfield Burrell, Joseph Higgins and W. L. Orcutt.

—Mrs. W. M. Tirrell gave a "Rose Party" for the members of the Inasmuch Circle of King's Daughters at her home, Thursday. Ice cream and cake were served by the hostess.

—Weymouth will be represented at the Civil Engineering summer camp of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology by Richard T. Lyons of 78 Middle street, East Weymouth, who is about to enter his sophomore year at the Institute. The company leaves Boston, Monday evening in three special sleeping cars for East Machias, Me., the party numbering more than one hundred, ninety being sudents.

Congregational Church Notes.

The music at the Union service Sunday morning will be given by Miss Bessie H. Bates, contralto; Miss Hazel F. Clark, violinist and Miss Ethel F. Raymond, organist. Rev. W. M. Newton of the M. E. church will preach the sermon.

The Golden Rule circle of King's Daughters spent a day at Gordan Rest, the King's Daughter's summer home at Hanson this week.

Dr. Ford will be in town until August first and is ready at any time to accept calls where he may be needed.

Rev. Arthur Howe Pingree, pastor of the Norwood Congregational church, who rescued one young girl from drowning and lost his life in an endeavor to rescue another at Wingaersheek beach, Gloucester, Monday, was a warm friend of the Christian Endeavorers of this church and it was at his church in Norwood that the County C. E. Convention was held last April.

Well Up.

"Now in the course of this play," said the manager, "you do several funny falls. How are you on falls?" "I come next to Niagara," responded the other, with that confidence not unnecessary to a comedian of rank.—Puck.

WEYMOUTH AND EAST BRAINTREE

—Baseball match between the Magnolia Social Club nine of Weymouth and the Giants of Weymouth Heights, at the Country Fair, on the grounds of Rev. William Hyde, Weymouth Heights, Saturday afternoon, July 24th.—Adv.

—D. H. Clancy, Undertaker, office 134 Washington street, below Richmond. Tel.—Adv.

—Fifty of the friends of Mrs. Charles A. Torrey of Allen street tendered her a surprise party last Thursday evening it being the occasion of her birthday. In the party were friends from Boston, Quincy, Braintree and other places. There was a program of vocal and instrumental music and dancing and a lunch was served. Mrs. Torrey was the recipient of a number of handsome gifts.

—Arthur Gibson and family have moved to Marlboro.

—Mrs. Mary E. Griffin is here from Baltimore, Md., on a visit to her brother, John Lyons.

—Morrill Allen is spending his vacation at Scituate beach.

—Austin Thayer is spending the week with relatives in South Braintree.

—Charles Williamson has gone to New London, Conn., where he has taken a position.

—Albert T. Attwood has resigned as janitor at the First Baptist church.

—Mrs. William E. Wall is confined to her home the result of a fall from an electric car Sunday night.

—Mrs. Thomas Miller of Schenectady, N. Y., is here on a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bussiere.

—Mr. and Mrs. George R. Kempl are on an auto trip to their old home at Franklin, N. H. They will return today and Mr. Kempl's parents will return with them and make them a visit.

—Harry Warmsley is under treatment for knee trouble at the Massachusetts General hospital.

—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Y. Berry have been spending two weeks in Arlington.

—Thomas Donlin of 126 Broad street is erecting a $4000 two apartment house on Lowe street, Quincy.

—Grand Country Fair at the Residence of Rev. William Hyde, Weymouth Heights, Saturday, July 24. Entertainment, afternoon and evening. Jitney buss will run from Washington Square afternoon and evening. Dancing in the evening. Neagles' orchestra.—Adv.

—A party of the young friends of Miss Elizabeth Goodwin surprised her at her home on Bryant avenue the evening of the 14th, it being the occasion of her 18th birthday and presented her a number of handsome gifts.

—Arthur Hamilton has gone to Providence, where he will spend a few weeks before joining his parents at their new home in Montreal.

—John W. West, who has been in the thread business in Boston has retired and sold the business to J. W. Davy.

—Miss May Sullivan of Oak street is having a two weeks' vacation.

—Miss May Maloney of Bowditch street is spending two weeks at Lake Veronacook, Maine.

—Work is progressing rapidly on John Wilder's new house on Sheppard avenue.

—W. Bradford Denton attended the reunion of the old regiment the 43rd Msssachusetts Infantry at Nantasket beach last Friday.

—Mr. and Mrs. Arthur L. White of North Abington have been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bradford Knights.

—After an illness extending over a period of many months James H. Bates of Clarement street has resumed his duties with the Baker Chocolate Co.

—Miss Louise McGuire is spending two weeks with relatives in Canton.

—Mrs. W. D. Aiken has been entertaining Mr. and Mrs. William Small of Bath, Maine.

—Miss Louise Locke of Allen street, East Braintree and Mr. Bernard Killion of Weymouth were married a few evenings ago by Rev. E. M. Rugg, pastor of the East Braintree Methodist church. They will reside on Allen street.

—Walter Skinner has been spending two weeks at Wiscasset, Maine.

—J. Edward Bates is confined to his home with an attack of typhoid fever.

—Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Stack of Lowell have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. John Shea of Broad street.

—Miss Catherine Allot of Dorchester is visiting Miss Alice Shea.

—William S. Wallace is enjoying a three weeks vacation. His first vacation in seventeen years.

—Henry Perry has resigned as sexton at the Universalist church and Lyman E. Williams has been appointed to the position.

—Mr. and Mrs. Frank M. Bryant and children are home from a two weeks stay in North Jay, Maine.

—Mrs. Pauline Holbrook is seriously ill at her home on Broad street.

—Mrs. Daniel O'Connell and daughter Mary have been visiting friends in Belmont.

—A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Morris Bloom Monday.

—Miss Helen Dowd, her cousin Miss Mary Galloway, and Miss Annie Young of Halifax, N. S., have a cottage for the week at Nantasket Beach. Misses Pauline Dowd, Alice Bussmire and Hazel Dexheimer, spent the day with them yesterday.

Mid-Season Reduction Sale

Men's Furnishings — Men's and Women's Shoes

AT THE OLD RELIABLE STORE

Emerson Shoes

$3.50 value	$2.89
4.00 "	3.15
4.50 "	3.49
3.75 "	2.98

Ralston Health Shoes

Duplex Sole Oxfords

$4.50 White Soles	$3.89
4.50 Tan Soles	3.89
4.00 Black Soles	3.69
4.50 Tan Oxfords	3.89
4.50 Black Oxfords	4.19
4.00 " "	3.69

Odd lot Shoes and Oxfords

4.00 values	2.29

Underwear

$1.00 B.V.D. Union Suits	70c
50c B.V.D. Shirts & Drawers	35c
$1.00 Porosknit Union Suits	79c
50c Porosknit Shirts & Drawers	39c

Shirts

$1.50 Earle & Wilson	$1.15
1.50 Stag Brand	1.15
1.00 " "	.79
.75 " "	.59
1.15 Palm Beach	.98
1.50 Sport Shirts	1.15
1.25 " "	.98
1.50 Silk Fronts	1.15
1.25 " "	.98
1.25 Soft Collars & Cuffs	.98
1.15 " " "	.89
1.00 " " "	.79
.79 " " "	.63
.75 " " "	.59
.75 Stiff Cuff Shirts	.59

Special Sale of Holeproof Hosiery

6 pr. Men's	$2.00 Hose	$1.49
6 pr. "	1.50 "	1.19
3 pr. "	2.00 Silk Hose	1.59
6 pr. Women's	$3.00 Hose	2.29
6 pr. "	2.00 "	1.49
3 pr. "	3.00 Silk Hose	2.29

Women's Shoes

Dorothy Dodd

Value	$4.25	$4.00	$3.75	$3.50
Now	3.79	3.59	3.39	3.19

Sorosis

Value	$4.00	$3.50	$3....
Now	3.49	3.19	2.29

American Ladie's Oxfords

$3.00 to $3.50 values $2.49

Rubber Sole Oxfords

$3.50 value $2.49

Special lot Oxfords and Pumps

$3.00 to $4.00 values $1.49

Neckwear

50c Silk Four-in-hands	39c
50c Bat End Ties	39c
25c " " "	19c
25c Silk Four-in-hands	19c
25c Fancy Wash Ties	19c

LAMSON & HUBBARD

STRAW HATS

$3.00 values $1.98

$2.50 values $1.65

$2.00 values $1.35

$1.50 values $1.00

Interwoven Socks

The One Thin Sock That REALLY WEARS

Pure Thread Silk 50c

Silk and Lisle 25c

Medium Weight 25c

Sanitary Sole 25c

JONES

"JUST AROUND THE CORNER"

1 Granite St., QUINCY

WEYMOUTH FIRE ALARM BOXES.

12—Pole, River and Parnell Sts.
13—Bradley Fertilizer Works.
14—Pole, Wessagusset Road.
114—Pole, Wessagussett & Hobomac St
15—Pole, Bicknell square.
115—Pole, Pearl and Norton Streets.
16—Pole, Bay View Street.
116—Pole, Bridge and Saunders Sts
17—Pole, Sea and North Sts.
18—Pole, Lovell and Bridge Sts.
19—Pole, Church and North Sts.
21—Pole, Grant and High Sts.
221—Pole, Wharf St.
23—Pole, Jackson Square.
223—Pole, Commercial and Putnam Sts
24—Pole, Electric Station, private.
224—Pole, Charles St. in front of Clapp's factory.
25—Pole, Central square.
225—Pole, Middle St., near Lake.
26—Pole, Broad St., near Essex.
226—Pole, Cedar and Hawthorne Sts.
27—Pole, Broad St. and Bates Ave.
28—Pole, Shawmut St.
29—Pole, Strong's Factory, priv.
31—Pole, Summer and Federal Sts.
32—Pole, Congress and Washington Sts.
34—Opposite 412 Front St.
35—Pole, Prospect and Granite Sts
36—Pole, Garfield Square
37—Engine House No. 3.
38—Pole, Washington Square.
39—Pole, Commercial Street, opposite Wharf.
41—Pole, Lovells Corner.
42—Pole, Elm and Pleasant Sts.
43—Pole, Nash's Corner.
45—Pole, cor. Park Ave. and Main St.
46—Pole, Middle and Washington Sts.
47—Pole, Pleasant and Canterbury.
48—Lake View Park.
49—Pole, opp. Pratt School, Pleasant St.
441—Cor. Park and Pine Sts.
51—Pole, Pleasant, opp. Otis Torrey's
52—Engine House No. 5.
53—Pole, Independence Square.
54—Pole, near Depot.
55—Pole, Pond St., near Robinson's.
56—Pole, Thicket and Pond Sts.
57—Pole, May's Corner, Union St.
58—Henry Chandler's, Union Street.
61—Corner Randolph and Forest Sts.
62—Pole, E. C. Staples, Main St.
63—Cor. Columbian and Forest Sts.

NO SCHOOL SIGNALS.

2—2—2. Repeat once.

At 7.30 o'clock a.m., no school in any grade during a.m. The same signal at 8 o'clock, no school in grades 1 to 4 inclusive during a. m. The same signal at 11.45 o'clock, no school in grades 1 to 4 inclusive during p.m. The same signal at 12.45 o'clock p. m., no school in any grade during p. m.

What It Was.

Six-year-old returned from his first day at Sunday school, very proud that he had learned the song that the children sang as they marched in to the assemblyroom. "What was the song?" asked the fond parent of orthodox persuasion. "Onward, Christian Science!"—Judge.

LOOK

All Straw Hats are marked down. Now is the time to buy.

W. M. TIRRELL

771 Broad Street - East Weymouth

House Cleaning and Home Renovation

NOW IS THE TIME TO DO IT

Modern Up-To-Date Furniture, Upholstering and Repairing in all its branches.

Ranges—all of the best makes.

W. P. Denbroeder

Complete House Furnishing Store

738 Broad Street East Weymouth

George M. Keene

CARPENTER AND BUILDER

16 Fairmount Ave., East Weymouth

Repair Work of all kinds promptly attended to

Agent for Metal Ceilings. Tel. Con.

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Weymouth Gazette

AND TRANSCRIPT

WEYMOUTH, MASS., FRIDAY, JULY 30, 1915. VOL. XLIX. NO. 20. PRICE FIVE CENTS

Tufts Library

YACHT CLUB FETE A SUCCESS.

Large Crowd Attends Fair.

There was everything agricultural, from cabbages up to hayseeds, at the country fair of the North Weymouth Yacht club held last Saturday afternoon and evening. Nothing was lacking but the cows and chickens to make the atmosphere that of a real fair. The sideshow, the ballyhoo, the exhibitions, the farmers with their lassies and the fakirs (as they claim), were all there, and to see all these, there was an attendance of one thousand people

There was an agricultural exhibit and a series of hobby-horse races in the afternoon. Oscar F. Cox and his rube band played on the esplanade all the afternoon, the esplanade being a patch of green grass near the refreshment booth. Frank Bucknam, Fred Ames, Jack Day, Dan Ewell and Michael Cassano were on the ba(n)d.

In the sideshows, Harold Allen and J. S. Wichert were fat woman and snake charmer respectively while Louis Dodge was a tatooed man and Art Coleman was "wild."

A new one was seen along fakirs' row where E. Horrigan had a duck swimming in a small boat and trained so that no one could throw a ring aroung its neck, but could try, providing he delivered up a nickel.

In the evening the grounds were illuminated and there was barn dancing in the club house, where Richards' 6-piece orchestra furnished the music.

The crowd was given a scare when the wild man escaped and ran amuck among the booths, whereupon "Larry" Schofield summoned Elmer Thayer, the country cop and the two succeeded in recapturing the meat-fed savage.

The entertainment committee of the club consists of Paul F. Brown, Oscar F. Cox, Charles A. Leavitt, Frank C. Bucknam and Oscar F. Cox, Jr.

The North Weymouth Yacht Club is an apparently new organization along the shore, but it has already built a fine, large club house. Commodore Edward F. Walsh is the nominal head of the club. Mr. Smalley and Mr. Brown, with the above entertainment committee were active in making the fete a success.

Historical Items.

During the past week two old stones in the Weymouth cemetery have been recut, making the lettering of the verses once more legible. These are the stones to Mary Sanborn Fifield, the beautiful daughter of Dr. Noah Fifield, who died in 1845 at twenty-one, and her brother, Dr. George Fordyce Fifield, who followed her the next year. The inscriptions placed there by Mrs. Fifield have been often copied, especially the first which is occasionally asked for in the Notes and Queries of the Boston Transcript and through other channels. They are considered very fine. The record of the lot, which is double, and almost the earliest laid out in the cemetery, shows its purchase by Dr. Fifield for $11, the stone work being done by Hiram Vinton and the iron castings which once enclosed it, by Badger & Reed. The stones are of the soft, early Italian marble which did not withstand the New England climate. The finest stone in the cemetery, according to expert stone workers, is that to William Coleman, the first colored man seen in Weymouth, who was helped and befriended by Dr. Fifield, the Tufts and Westons. The story of the Colemans is in the Fifield collection at the library, including the Garrison letter on receipt of $30, the estate of Mrs. Coleman. The stone is a remarbable violet slate in perfect preservation. The inscription upon Mrs. Hannah Fifield's stone was written by Mrs. Maria Weston Chapman.

Inscription on Mary Fifield's stone: 1845

In some wild spot where common herbage grows
If chance a violet raise its purple head
The careful gardener moves it e'er it blows
To thrive and flourish in an nobler bed.

Such was thy fate, dear child, thy opening such.
Preeminence in earthly bloom was shown
For earth too good perhaps, and loved too much
Heaven saw and early marked thee for its own.

On Dr. George Fifield: 1846

For him the past is sealed.
He may not fall, he may not cast
His birthright hope away
All is not here of our beloved and blest.
Leave ye the sleeper with his God to rest.

Dr. George Fifield was the intimate friend and companion of Dr. Hervey Weston and a valued worker among the famous group of Weymouth abolitionists. His record at Harvard college was remarkable, and he is honored with his father and brother, togeter with Dr. Cotton Tufts in the Fifield Memorial room at the Medical Library, Fenway, Boston.

M. F. K.
Milton

ON THE FARM

Read this column and you can have it delivered at your house with something new every week for a full year by sending $2.00 to this office now.

We know of a flock of 17 hens in Weymouth which laid 6 dozen eggs last week and the cost was 45 cents and three hours time for care.

Many a little garden in town is now paying a big dividend on its cost. There is nothing like a few rods of garden to help out the living expenses.

A good garden and a good cow are two chief sources of wholesome and economical living for suburban and village folk.

Don't feed spoiled food to the poultry. It is poor economy, as they may become poisoned or contract disease. Burn all rotted food immediately.

Feed the horses which work hard good nourishing food and plenty of it. A half fed horse can't work and thrive. A young horse doing the same work as an old one should have as much feed.

Rye has long been known as "the poor man's crop," but it has graduated from this class and has become every man's crop as a money maker.

When the fruit buds come very thick most people take it as a sign of a big yield, but when fruit grows too thickly it must necessarily be very small. It is not too late to thin out fruit.

A noted horticulturist entertains the idea that a tree is as cunning as a rat. He once observed a cottonwood in a dry time looking fresh and green, and people wondered at it. The roots had found their way 200 feet to a cistern and had drank it dry.

In the face of the fact that poultry of all kinds is so very popular everywhere, and that eggs and dressed poultry command a good price and are increasing in demand every year, it seems strange that most farmers do not increase the size of their poultry plant.

It is impossible to make a hog weigh 200 pounds or more at 10 months of age unless the animal is fed very well when young and never allowed to go hungry at any time. Abundant feeding of young animals is where the profits come in.

Two-by-fours make better roosts than round poles that the fowls can put their toes around. Put the four-inch surface up. Hens rest on their breast bones instead of their legs, and the hens will not get crooked breast bones from resting on two-by-fours.

To prevent loss eggs should be placed at once in a cool room. The electric light tells the expert just how each egg has been handled. Small, dirty eggs and extra large ones should not be mixed with those sent to market. If dirty eggs are sent to market, they should not be washed with a damp cloth, for the moisture will permeate the shell and injure the interior.

It can always be counted on that some of our spring-planted crops will fail us sometimes—and it is also sometimes very convenient to be able to determine what sort of a late crop can be grown to an advantage!

Improper location of the poultry plant is a common cause of failure. This, of course, grows out of want of experience. Locations that are damp, exposed to cold, chilly northern winds, and those that are inaccessible to a good market are among those that are not suitable for raising poultry and should be avoided,

Many farmers do not have a supply of late cabbages for winter because they neglect starting plants in mid-summer for the fall crop. Cabbage is one of the easiest vegetables to grow in the garden. A large patch should be set out late each summer, and the surplus may be sold or used for winter green poultry food. It is also very easy to keep through the winter.

The Langshan has been bred for so long a time that the type is fixed and practically all birds bred from a mating come very true to the ancient type. They are so uniform that the casual observer will have difficulty in seeing any difference in them, and this feature makes them very desirable for a home flock on a gentleman's estate. They give tone and distinction to a place that no other breed will.

IN OUR TOWN.

By Observer.

Gee, but the water's fine!

Mr. O'Brien says he's "through". Now he's going back to keep the gypsy moths and the potato bugs from fighting.

If you're partial to puns you might ask if Huerta knows "Huerta" go.

I like to hear comment on Weymouth boys who are doing well in other places. This spring a few of our young chaps went away to play ball and since then we have heard a lot about them. If there is anything that will advertize a town it is the brand of baseball players it turns out. Who ever heard of Trappe, Md. on account of its road system?

I was recently told by a member of the North Weymouth Yacht club that whenever anything of note happens at his club, it is sure to come out in the papers as occuring at the Wessagussett Y. C. Credit where credit is due and don't forget that as well as the Wessagussett Yacht club we have the North Weymouth Yacht club, also.

It was quite interesting to watch a wrecking crew put two derailed cars back onto the track at the Weymouth freight yards Saturday morning. The weight of each car must have been twenty-five tons, and the wheels of each were sunk about a foot into the ground. But a swinging crane and several men made child's play of the job. An engineer standing nearby told me that a passenger train in the same position would surely have crashed through the bridge and into the river. The accident was the result of an open switch.

I think that anyone in Weymouth connected with baseball pools had better get from under. The vigorous prosecution of the lotteries is daily growing nearer.

Appropos the street question, Mr. Peterson of Pearl street tells me that the sidewalks on Sea, Athens and Pearl streets are in poor condition, caused partly by poor grading. He says that a very large amount of water always remains on the sidewalks after a rain. There's only a few hundred miles of sidewalk in Weymouth to look after, anyway.

I have noticed that the five submarines now tied up at Fore River are general objects of interest to wayfarers along the Quincy-Weymouth bridge. There is something about them so grim and uncompromising as to touch the imagination of any man. Gradually their size, their range of efficiency and their destroying power is being increased. I am told that they are now far superior to the old type, and as they are they constitute a tremendous and terrible machine of war. They have not, however, reached the limit. But there is another question, raised in the words of Kipling's McAndrews: "I hav' no doot for th' machine, But how about the man?"

Desmond—Gough.

In St. Jerome's church, North Weymouth, Wednesday evening, at 6 45, Miss Alice Mary Gough, daughter of Mrs. Sarah Coleran of 34 Norton street, became the bride of Joseph Desmond, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Desmond of South Weymouth. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Father Riordon.

The best man was Frank Desmond and the maid of honor, Miss Lillian McCue. The ushers were James Ash and and John Desmond.

The bride was gowned in white lace and the bridesmaid in white lace over pink messaline. They both carried a bouquet of bridal roses.

A reception was held at the home of the bride's mother, 34 Norton street, at 7 o'clock

The occasion was celebrated also as being the wedding anniversary of the bride's mother.

BOY SCOUT NOTES.

Troop 2, East Weymouth.

The troop tent has been ordered and as Asst. Scoutmaster E. R. Dizer is ordering one at the same time the troop will have two tents available for overnight hikes and camp work

Scouts Millette, Rand, Ruso, Pierce, Hersey, Chalmers, Perrow, Wyman, Comeau and Blackwell left with Scoutmaster John A. MacFaun, Monday, for Pembroke, where they have gone into camp for one week with other troops of Boy Scouts from this vicinity.

Thursday evening, the members of the troop that could not go to camp enjoyed a hike to Weymouth Great Pond with Asst. Scoutmaster E. R. Dizer. Tests in fire building and cooking were given the boys and after the camp fire the hike for home was started.

Absence from scout meetings for four consecutive meetings will be considered enough to drop a boy from the troop hereafter and will give some of those waiting to do so an opportunity to join.

NINETY-TWO YEARS OLD

William W. Raymond Climbs Another Round in the Long Ladder



WILLIAM W. RAYMOND

"The road passes on through the long afternoon
And stretches away to the night.
But still I rejoice when the travellers rejoice,
And weep with the strangers that moan,
Nor live in my house by the side of the road
Like a man who dwelleth alone."

The author of the above may have been writing for himself when he gave it to the world but nevertheless it fits William Waterman Raymond of East Weymouth who put his feet on the 92nd round of the long ladder at his home on Shawmut street last Sunday.

Mr. Raymond is a son of Deacon Alvah and Susan (Bates) Raymond and was born July 25th 1823 and most of his long life has been spent in his native town, Weymouth and few men have been better known than he, or none more respected.

The name Raymond has in Weymouth, for more than a century been synonymous of music and the subject of this sketch has added materially to the fame of the family as musicians. The Old Weymouth band, Bond's Cornet band of Boston and several minor bands and orchestras were indebted to him for valuable services and assistance as he was master of most of the wind instruments of his time and even at 92 is able to win the applause of an audience with his flute.

Mr. Raymond has never been a seeker of public office but for many years was a valuable man to the on the board of assessors.

He is today the oldest living member of the Congregational church at East Weymouth and also of Crescent lodge I. O. O. F. having been a working factor in the organization of both and always maintaining his membership in the same.

It would be folly to say that at 92 Mr. Raymond maintains the mental and physical vigor and activity of youth and yet he is an extensive reader, devotes much time to music and gets around town to quite an extent, occasionally visits distant places and indications are that other years may be added to his score.

Clapp Wins First Game. 9—1.

The crowd gathered to witness the first game of the summer season at Clapp's Field, last Saturday, were treated with very indifferent baseball. For the most part, the game was slow and featureless. Both teams were weak with the willow up to the fifth, and only the battery work of Condrick and Wall made the contest at all interesting. Ray Condrick fanned 19, passed 1, and gave out 4 hits. The score:

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
C. M. A.	0	0	0	2	3	2	0	2	0	—9
McElwin	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	—1

Runs made by—Hoffses 2, Humphrey 2, Creswell 2, Horgan, Vender, Peddle, Hobbs. Two base hits—Condrick, Hollub. Base on balls—Condrick 1, Duggan 1, Landrey 2. Struck out by—Condrick 19, Duggan 14. Double plays—Horgan to Creswell. Umpire—O'Connell. Time—2 hrs. 10 mins.

Walkover, No. 8, Guests at Brockton.

The local branch of the Walkover club journeyed to Brockton, Saturday, to attend the annual celebration of the Campello Walkover club. There were about 100 who made the trip and all of these found it well worth their while. There was an excellent program of sports, with Bill Meanix, the world's champion hurdler as a feature, baseball and also a society circus. None of the Weymouth visitors entered any of these events, being content as mere onlookers. Return was made by car at a late hour.

White Sox Win Again.

The South Weymouth White Sox defeated the Wessagussetts of Pond Plain, 8 to 7, at the Fair Grounds, Saturday. The game was uninteresting and devoid of features. The score:

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
White Sox	3	0	1	1	2	1	0	0		8
Wess'etts	0	5	0	1	0	0	1	0	0	7

Batteries, Langford and Hirte; Belcher and Sprague.

GRAND COUNTRY FAIR.

Large Crowd attends Annual Outdoor Event of Trinity Church Parish at Crag Cliff Weymouth Heights last Saturday.

Excellent weather conditions, a fine program and a large crowd made the annual grand Country Fair of the parish of the Trinity church of Weymouth, held on the grounds of Crag Cliff, the residence of Rev. William Hyde, pastor of the church at Weymouth Heights, one of the most successful in the history of the parish.

Among the many features on the card were, a beautifully decorated tea garden, an outdoor cafe, a well stocked candy booth, rolling ball games, baseball, sports, dancing, specialty dancing by Weymouth talent and a fortune teller.

Those who were in charge of tables were: Mrs. C. Beltring, Mrs. T. Lilly, Mrs. A. Northrup, Mrs. J. Sewall, Mrs. H. Pray, Mrs. S. Lilly, Mrs. I. Young, Mrs. L. Ells, Miss E. Hyde, Miss A. Hoffses, Miss N. Chase, Mrs. W. Adams, Mrs. J. Forsyth, Mrs. E. Blanchard, Mrs. T. Payne, J. Forsyth, Miss A. Hyde, W. Adams, J. Mellen, Miss I. Adams, Miss J. Murley and Miss A. Whitehead.

Man's Learning.

There probably are men who couldn't learn to loaf successfully, but most of them would like to take a few lessons.—Atchison Globe.

Fate.

For nine-tenths of the world's inhabitants, the line of least resistance. For the remaining one-tenth, industry, perseverance, courage, hope, honesty and all the copybook virtues. If you don't believe it, try it.—Judge.

TOWN BUSINESS.

The Selectmen have contracted with John C. Stewart to remove the ledge at the widening of Pleasant street and construct a retaining wall near the Porter church.

The Industrial Accident Association are making further investigation of the town's liabilty in relation to the death of Officer Butler. The question seems to be is a policeman a workman, laborer or mechanic? Chairman Hunt and Town Counsel Worthen have the case in hand for investigation, and it looks like a case for the Supreme Court to decide.

The Superintendent of Streets is authorized to spend $100 in each of the wards for special work on grading up streets.

Complaints have been filed with the Selectmen for reckless automobile driving on Washington street, and additional signs are to be placed and also additional force employed.

A fine curbing is taking the place of the cobble stones at the corner of Broad and Cottage streets, and there will be a concrete sidewalk on the westerly side of Cottage street.

Increased travel on Main and Winter streets has made it necessary for additional caution to be taken in regard to accidents at their point of connection and improvements will be made at that point.

Bradford Hawes, clerk of the Board of Selectmen, leaves this afternoon on a six-week vacation. He starts with a through trip to Los Angeles, Cal., where he will take a rest, and then spend two weeks in doing San Francisco, leaving there the latter part of August for Colorado Springs, thence to Minneapolis and from there home.

The Bates Association.

There is no more fitting place for the Bates Association, now a regularly incorporated organization, to hold an annual meeting than in Weymouth.

The ancestry of this association goes back to the earliest days of Weymouth history and their descendants now extend the length and breadth of the country and everywhere there are distinguished men and women, sons and daughters of Weymouth's pioneers in developing its water power and reclaiming its unimproved lands.

The ninth annual meeting of the Bates Association, Incorporated, will be held at the Union church, Columbian square, South Weymouth, Mass., on Thursday, August 5, 1915.

The meeting will convene at 1 30 P. M. The program will consist of the usual business of the association, music, and addresses by members of the association.

All persons having a Bates ancestor by by birth or marriage are eligible for membership in the association, and all persons who are interested are invited to attend this meeting. The membership fee is one dollar annually, payable at the time of the annual meeting. Life membership ten dollars.

Following is a list of the officers of the association:

President, Gardner Bates, Charlestown, Mass.

Vice-presidents, Albert C. Bates, Hartford, Conn., Walter L. Bates, South Weymouth, Mass., Dr. Everett A. Bates, Springfield, Mass., historian, Frank A. Bates, South Braintree, Mass., secretary and treasurer, Rev. Newton W. Bates, Austinburg, Ohio.

Mrs. Lysander Heald Passes Away.

Mrs. Margaret A., widow of the late Lysander Heald, died July 27, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Henry S. Stowers.

She was born in South Weymouth, October 22, 1837, and has been known and esteemed in this community all through these many years.

She was the daughter of Adoniram and Lydia Shaw Vining, and had inherited many of the sterling qualities of her parents.

She was a woman of strong convictions and character, and was consistent in all she believed and professed.

She was sincere and loyal in the performance of every Christian duty—towards her church, home and family.

The funeral services were held Thursday afternoon at which Rev. Frank E. Butler, a former pastor of the Union church and Rev Ora A. Price, officiated.

She leaves a son, Arthur C. Heald, and a daughter, Mrs. Henry S. Stowers, to mourn her loss.

Quite a Description.

Monocled Caller (making conversation)—"Last year, y' know, I came across a most extr'o'd'n'ry book all about—er—things — don't remember the title—can't recall the author's name, but—aw—perhaps you've read it?"—Life.

Town Officers of Weymouth and their Post Office Address.

TOWN CLERK
John A. Raymound East Weymouth.

TOWN TREASURER.
John H. Stetson, South Weymouth.

SELECTMEN.
Edward W. Hunt, Chairman, Weymouth.
Bradford Hawes, secretary, East Weymouth
George L. Newton, North Weymouth.
Henry E. Hanley, East Weymouth.
Ralph P. Burrell, South Weymouth.

OVERSEERS OF THE POOR.
Edward W. Hunt, Chairman, Weymouth.
Bradford Hawes, Secretary, East Weymouth.
George L. Newton, North Weymouth.
Henry E. Hanley, East Weymouth.
Ralph P. Burrell, South Weymouth.

ASSESSORS.
John F. Dwyer, Chairman, Weymouth.
Frank H. Torrey, Clerk, North Weymouth.
Leavitt W. Bates, East Weymouth.
Charles H. Clapp, South Weymouth.
Lewis W. Callahan, South Weymouth.

Regular meeting of Board first Wednesday evening of each month at Town Office Savings Bank building, East Weymouth.

SCHOOL COMMITTEE.
Clarence P. Whittle, Chairman, Weymouth.
Theron L. Tirrell, Secretary, South Weymouth.
E. E. Leonard, East Weymouth.
Arthur H. Alden, North Weymouth.
Prince H. Tirrell, South Weymouth.
Sarah S. Howe, South Weymouth.

SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS
Parker T. Pearson, East Weymouth. At close of school on Monday will be at the Athenæum building; Tuesday at Jefferson; Wednesday at Howe Thursday at Hunt.

WATER COMMISSIONERS.
Frank H. Torrey, Chairman North Weymouth
George E. Bicknell, Clerk, Weymouth.
Robert S. Hoffman, East Weymouth.
John H. Stetson, South Weymouth
Edward W. Hunt Weymouth.

BOARD OF HEALTH.
George E. Emerson, Chairman, So. Weymouth
Fred L. Doucette, East Weymouth.
John S. Williams, Weymouth.

SUPERINTENDENT OF STREETS.
John L. Maynard, East Weymouth.

TAX COLLECTOR.
Winslow M. Tirrell, East Weymouth

FIRE ENGINEERS.
Walter W. Pratt, chief, East Weymouth.
I. Q. Hunt, clerk, East Weymouth.
M. O'Dowd, South Weymouth.
Philip W. Wolf, North Weymouth.
Russell B. Worster, Weymouth.

ELECTRIC LIGHTING COMMIMTEE
Russell B. Worster, Weymouth.
Winslow M. Tirrell, North Weymouth.
Walter W. Pratt, East Weymouth.
Matthew O'Dowd, South Weymouth.
Sidney G. Dunbar, North Weymouth.

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Clarence P. Whittle, Chairman, Weymouth.
Francis M. Drown, Clerk, Weymouth.
John B. Holland, Weymouth.
William F. Hathaway, Weymouth.
James H. Flint, Weymouth.
William A. Drake, North Weymouth.
Frederick T. Hunt, East Weymouth.
Louis A. Cook, South Weymouth.
Joseph E. Gardner, South Weymouth.

TREE WARDEN
Charles L. Merritt, South Weymouth.

POLICE OFFICERS.
Thomas Fitzgerald, Weymouth.
A. H. Pratt, East Weymouth.
Elbert Ford, South Weymouth
Geo. W. Nash, North Weymouth.
Charles W. Baker, Weymouth.

CONSTABLES.
George W. Nash, North Weymouth
Patrick Butler, East Weymouth.
Arthur H. Pratt, East Weymouth.
Thomas Fitzgerald, Weymouth.
George B. Bayley, South Weymouth.
Elbert Ford, South Weymouth.
George W Conant, South Weymouth.
Willard F. Hall, East Weymouth.
Charles W. Barrows, East Weymouth.
Charles W. Baker, Weymouth.

AUDITORS.
William H. Pratt, East Weymouth.
Wm. E. Thayer, Weymouth.
Frank N. Blanchard, East Weymouth

PARK COMMISSIONER.
J. Herbert Walch, Weymouth.
Louis A. Cook, South Weymouth
W. E. Bean, North Weymouth.

SEALER OF WEIGHTS AND MEASURES
Frank D. Sherman, Weymouth.

REPRESENTATIVE TO GENERAL COURT.
(From Seventh Norfolk District.)
Kenneth L. Nash, South Weymouth, Mass

SENATOR
Louis F. R. Langelier of Quincy.

County Officers.

OFFICES AT DEDHAM.

Judge of Probate and Insolvency, James H. Flint of Weymouth.

Register of Probate and Insolvency, J. Raphael McCoole.

Assistant Register, Thomas V. Nash, of South Weymouth.

Clerk of Courts, Louis A Cook of South Weymouth.

Assistant Clerk, Robert B. Worthington.

Second Assistant, Louis A. Cook, Jr., of South Weymouth.

Register of Deeds, John H. Burdakin.

Assistant Register of Deeds, Edward L. Burdakin.

County Treasurer, Henry D. Humphrey.

Sheriff, Samuel H. Capen.

Special Sheriff, Edward E. Wentworth, Cohasset

County Commissioners, John F. Merrell of Quincy, chairman. Evan F. Richardson, of Millis Everett M. Bowker, Brookline. Session every Tuesday at 10 a. m.

Special Commissioners, Fred L. Fisher, of Norwood; Henry A. Whitney, of Bellingham.

District Attorney, (Southeast District, Norfolk and Plymouth), Albert F. Barker, of Brockton Assistant, D. A., Fred L. Katzman, of Hyde Park

Clerk of Dist. Court, (East. Norfolk), Lawrence W. Lyons, of Quincy.

Calendar of County Courts.

Supreme Judicial Court Jury Sitting, third Tuesday of February.

Superior Court, Civil Sessions—For work with Juries—First Monday of January, first Monday of May, and first Monday of October. For Court work—First Monday of February, first Monday of April, first Monday of September, and first Monday of December.

Superior Court, Criminal Sittings—First Monday of April; first Monday of September; first Monday of December.

Probate Court—At Dedham, on the first and third Wednesdays of every month, except August. At Quincy, on the second Wednesday of every month, except August. At Brookline, on the fourth Wednesday of every month, except August.

County Commissioners' Meetings—Third Tuesday of April; fourth Tuesday of June; fourth Tuesday of September; last Wednesday of December By adjournment: On Tuesdays, except during August.

District Court of East Norfolk. Jurisdiction Randolph, Braintree Cohasset, Weymouth, Quincy, Holbrook and Milton. Court held at Quincy for criminal business every week day except legal holidays, and for civil business Tuesdays at 9 a. m. Justice, Albert E. Avery, Braintree. Special Justices, E. Granville Pratt, Quincy; Louis A. Cook, Weymouth. Clerk, Lawrence W. Lyons. Asst. James McDonald. Probation Officer, Francis A. Spear, 25 Thayer Street, Quincy, Court Officer and Bail Commissioner, William Marden, 24 Coddington Street, Quincy.

Killing Insects in Seeds.

Injurious insects found in seeds may be killed without affecting the germinating qualities of the seed by treatment with hydrocyanic acid gas in a vacuum chamber.

No Use to Him.

The prisoner threw the magazines across his cell in disgust, and cursed eloquently. "Nothin' but continued stories," he growled, "an' I'm to be hung next Tuesday."—Chicago Herald.

Captains' Salaries.

The salary of captains of the transatlantic liners of the larger class runs from £800 to £1,200 a year—or from $4,000 to $6,000 in American money.

There was a terrible secret society in the east which was organized for wholesale and systematic murder. Its members called themselves "Hashhasin"—whence, by the way, came our word "assassin"—and used to get up courage for their deeds of atrocity by doses of the drug called hashish. This is obtained from Indian hemp, and it is from the seed vessels that the substance is taken which yields the poison so famed in history and romance. It is a vivid green and when taken produces the most extraordinary visions and hallucinations.

Yes, It Could Be Done.

Pat Whelan, the new lodger, was engaged lacing his boots in the kitchen. His landlady, standing near, remarked: "Pat, would you like an egg for breakfast?"

"Faith, ma'am," replied Pat grimly, "I heard of a man who ate two and he is alive yet."—Kansas City Star.

The Pinnacle of Sacrifice.

"I love you so much, my darling," cooed the clinging young thing, "that for your sake I would even forego a church wedding and consent to be married by a justice of the peace!"

And greater love than this hath no woman.—Judge.

Not In His Class.

"No military surgeon would ever have made such a muddle of Lieutenant Smith's hospital case."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, the report says he underwent a major operation."—Baltimore American.

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MEETINGS OF THE

Selectmen & Overseers of the Poor

SELECTMEN

Edward W. Hunt, Chairman, Weymouth.
Bradford Hawes, Secretary, East Weymouth.
George L. Newton, North Weymouth.
Henry E. Hanley, East Weymouth.
Ralph P. Burrell, South Weymouth.

Meetings Savings Bank Building, East Weymouth, Every Monday.

during the municipal year, from 2 to 5 o'clock p. m

Meet at the Town Home every first Tuesday of the month.

MAGIC COAL TAR.

Once Despised, It Is Now a Source of Limitless Products.

SPANS THE WORLD OF COLOR.

It Yields Almost Every Shade or Hue and Is Used In Practically Every Industry—In Medicine and Surgery, Also, It Has Worked Wonders.

Among the almost limitless number of natural products of this country coal tar stands well in the lead in the variety of uses to which it may be applied. Evil smelling, it is the rough material from which many valuable substances have been obtained after years of persistence by science and industry.

These substances include a wide range of colors, various burning and lubricating oils, asphalt for pavements, photographic developers and a great number of medicines, flavors and perfumes. Coal tar is used in practically every manufacturing process where dyes are needed, in making cloths, silks, dress materials, colored papers and even colored articles of food.

About a century ago coal tar was considered almost a waste product, and no one had thought it worth while to experiment with it. At that time gas was being introduced as a new light, and Frederick Accum, who wrote one of the first books on gas lighting, suggested the boiling of the tar in a still and the condensation and collection of the volatile products. The experiment was made, and the process yielded two oils. One was heavy and the other light. It was soon found that the heavy could be satisfactorily used as a preservative for wood that had to be fixed underground or submerged in water and was used extensively in preserving piers and wharfs.

Further experiments with the lighter oil were made by a Scotch chemist, Macintosh, who used it in waterproofing the clothing which still bears his name. It also is used as a solvent in varnish making and as coal naphtha for lighting. Experiments with naphtha disclosed a rich treasury of colors which for centuries had been locked up in coal and its refuse—tar. Benzine was extracted from naphtha and this in turn produced the different shades of violet, green, blue and yellow. Later another chemist made the commercial manufacture of benzine possible. He was experimenting on the artificial production of quinine, and, using a base known as aniline, obtained the coloring matter called mauve.

This laid the foundation for the coal tar color industry which has developed until today almost every color and shade of color is derived from aniline. Aniline had been obtained previously from the indigo plant "anil." The discovery of mauve created a large demand for the artificial aniline base and gave unexpected value to benzine. It yielded aniline by being treated with nitric acid and with the borings of cast iron powdered into dust. Having done its work in the aniline still, the dust was used by the gas maker to cleanse his coal gas from sulphur, and then it passed to the manufacturing chemist, who burned the sulphur out of it and produced sulphuric acid—a cycle of operations whose beginning and end was the utilization of waste.

This method of producing color was responsible for the desolate madder fields of France and Holland and for the loss to the Hindus of their long cherished indigo cultivation. Anthracene, one of the heavier oils of coal tar, caused the fall of the madder growing industry. The madder produced violets, reds, blacks, purples and dark browns. Anthracene was sold very cheaply for lubricating purposes until certain chemists heated it with zinc filings and produced alizarin, and then the secret of the madder plant was discovered.

In this way chemistry displaced agriculture, one pound of alizarin having the coloring power of ninety pounds of madder, and the lubricating oil sold at a trifle as waste became a valuable coloring matter worth $500 a ton, thereby creating a vast industry.

In medicine and surgery coal tar has worked wonders. Saccharin, many hundred times the sweetening power of sugar, is used by diabetic patients. Carbolic acid is separated from the oil of coal tar by successive distillations, and in surgical operations a spray of germ killing carbolic acid is used. Quinoline, antipyrine and other fever assuagers are made from coal tar, and various antiseptics and food preservatives also are obtained from it.

Vanilla flavoring for cooking, which formerly was prepared from a bean, can now be obtained from the vanillin of the gas works, and even this vanillin can be made into a heliotrope perfume by adding oil of almonds, while the latter can be produced by treating benzine with an acid. Huge quantites of this oil are used in the making of scented soaps. As a matter of fact there is scarcely a department of life into which the products of coal tar do not enter.—New York Times.

Always on the Go.

"That man never seem to stay long at any one place. What is he doing, anyway?"

"He is helping to take a census of the birds."

"Oh, that accounts for his being constantly on the wing."—Pittsburgh Press.

We must make our election between economy and liberty or profusion and servitude.—Thomas Jefferson.

BATTLE SCARRED JUNE.

Summer's First Month Notable For Many Historic Conflicts.

The battle of Bunker Hill was fought on June 17, 1775, one of many memorable battles fought in the month of June.

Waterloo, the declaration of war between Great Britain and the United States in 1812, the Shannon-Chesapeake fight in that war, the battle of Naseby, the storming of the Mamelon redoubts by the French in the Crimean struggle, Marengo, Friedland, Raab, Kolin, Plassey, the battle of Monmouth and the fight at Fort Moultrie all were in June.

Many of the most famous struggles of the war between the states took place in June. The Kearsarge sank the Alabama on June 19, 1864; Memphis fell on June 6, 1862; the seven days before Richmond began on June 26, 1862; the battle of Cold Harbor was fought from June 1 to 3, 1864; Winchester was fought on June 13-15, 1863; Lynchburg on June 17-18, 1864; Mechanicsville on June 26, 1862; Gaines' Mill on the following day, and the siege of Petersburg lasted from June 15 to 30.

The massacre of Custer and his men by the Indians on the Little Big Horn, the greatest disaster that has befallen United States cavalry in decades, also took place in June—June 25, 1876, a date that always will be kept as a day of mourning by the Seventh cavalry.—New York Herald.

WATERING THE LAWN.

A Task That, as a General Rule, Is Not Properly Performed.

There are probably more mistakes made in connection with the watering of the lawn than in any other phase of its management.

The practice of sprinkling, as it is almost universally followed, is fundamentally wrong—not that the sprinkler does not furnish enough water to the grass during the season, but that it does not furnish it in properly distributed quantities.

Sprinkling for a short period may appear to wet the sod thoroughly, but in reality the water does not penetrate much below the surface. This encourages the formation of surface roots and makes the grass less resistant to the severe conditions of weather and usage.

Except in rare cases the lawn should not be watered oftener than two or three times a week. A thorough soaking is necessary and should be given in the late afternoon or early morning. The ordinary type of revolving spray is quite satisfactory, but the amount of water applied by it is usually much less than appears.

The point to be borne in mind is that the ground should be thoroughly saturated at each application to at least three inches in depth.—Kansas City Journal.

British Julius Caesars.

Julius Caesar, who on one of the closing days of August in 55 B. C. landed on the Kentish coast, has had many British namesakes, including a great cricketer, but the best known is Julius Caesar, master of the rolls under James I., about whom Lord Clarendon in the first volume of his history tells the amusing story, "Remember Caesar." The unpopular Earl of Portland sat up all night in a barricaded house with his friends and retainers armed to the teeth because he found in his pocket a slip of paper bidding him "Remember Caesar," which really had reference not to the assassination of the Roman statesman, but to some preferment promised to a son of Sir Julius Caesar. The tomb of Sir Julius Caesar, with a quaint epitaph in legal phraseology, is among the many curious monuments of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate.—London Mail.

Watching Royalty Eat.

The Saxon court appears to have been the last to preserve the custom of dining in public, initiated at Versailles under the ancient regime. Lady Clarendon notes in her journal on Oct. 1, 1844, when she and her husband were traveling through Germany: "We were invited to dine with the king and queen of Saxony at their villa, near Dresden. The dinner was handsome, and what I liked best was to observe that the galleries commanding a view of the table had people quite of a common order in them. I was told that any one who chose was freely admitted."—London Express.

On Being Up Betimes.

A maiden lady said to her little nephew, "Now, Johnny, you go to bed early and always do so and you'll be rosy cheeked and handsome when you grow up."

Johnny thought over this a few minutes, and then he observed, "Well, aunty, you must have sat up a good deal when you were young."—Atlanta Journal.

Hopeful.

Young Wife—John, do you think our baby will ever be president? Young Husband—Doubtful, my dear! If this invention of mine for freezing the ocean so that submarines can't come to the top is a success he'll be too rich for the job!—New York Globe.

Sounded That Way.

Patience—I like to see a man act and not talk.

Patrice—Oh, you mean to say you like the pantomime actors best.—Yonkers Statesman.

We acquire the virtues by doing the acts. We become builders by building, and so by doing right acts we become righteous.—Aristotle.

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30x3½	"	"	9.95;	"	10.45
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33x4	"	"	16.30;	"	17.10
34x4	"	"	16.60;	"	17.40
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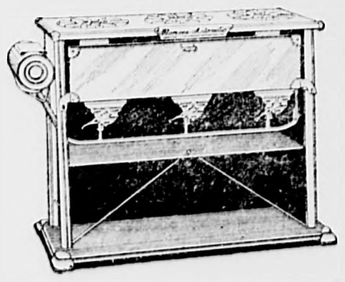
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JOHN A. RAYMOND, TOWN CLERK

More Sensible.

The reason the motion picture sunrise is so much more popular than the real article is that it has the good sense to come at a more reasonable hour.

Contraband.

Contraband refers to the goods that a neutral is prohibited by the laws of war to furnish to either belligerent. Under this comes such articles as are used in prosecuting hostilities, as arms, ammunition, etc.

A Chapter of Errors

By EUNICE BLAKE

The Gregory family shut up their city residence July 1. Mr. Gregory went to Europe on business, while Mrs. Gregory and the children departed for their summer place in New Hampshire. On Sept. 2 Mrs. Gregory received a letter from her husband from London informing her that he would arrive in New York on the 25th of August. He would open the city residence and keep bachelor's hall there till the return of the family, which was set for Tuesday after Labor day.

Mr. Gregory arrived on the day named and, having made himself comfortable at home, dined and proceeded to amuse himself in his library, but loneliness drove him out, and he did not return till 11 o'clock. There was a vestibule entrance to his house, the outer door of which was not locked, and, turning the knob, he pushed open the door. In the inner door were glass panels, through which a light in the hall shone dimly and revealed a man's figure crouching in a corner of the vestibule. Mr. Gregory was a powerful man, and a stranger to fear. Taking the man by the collar, he shoved him through the inner door, which he had already opened, into the hall and, shaking him as a cat would shake a mouse, cried in stentorian tones:

"You contemptible sneak thief! What are you doing here?"

The man, who was young and well dressed, made no reply. He seemed to be undecided as to what excuse to make. There was a pitiable look on his face that excited Mr. Gregory's commiseration.

"You're altogether too decent a looking man," said the latter, "to be making a living in this way. Have you ever done any thieving before?"

"No, sir," said the man dejectedly.

"Well, in that case I'll let you go. If I turn you in you'll go up for a term of years. I'll give you a chance. Go to work. Now get out of here."

The next morning as he was going out to his club for breakfast he met the postman at the door, who handed him a letter from his daughter Adele postmarked New Hampshire:

Dearest Papa—I trust that you have safely arrived. When you read this you will doubtless have learned of the important event that has occurred in my life. I wish you would write me just as you feel. Don't conceal a single thing. You know that your approval of everything I have ever done has been necessary to my happiness. In this, the most important of all, I beg of you to write me frankly and freely.

As soon as Mr. Gregory found leisure to do so he wrote his daughter laconically:

Arrived on time. Yours received. Don't understand. Your loving FATHER.

By return mail came a letter which was as laconic as his own:

Never mind. All a mistake. ADELE.

"What the dickens is the matter with the child?" muttered Mr. Gregory to himself. "One day it is the most important event of her life, the next all a mistake."

However, he was familiar with these "great events" in the lives of his children and had become accustomed to consider them of little real moment. So absorbed was he during the day that he forgot all about this family matter. In the afternoon he received a telegram from his wife which upset him completely:

Come at once. Adele has had a severe shock.

Mr. Gregory took the first through train to his summer home and on his arrival met his wife at the door, who told him that during his absence Adele had met and fallen desperately in love with a young man, who had responded. He was intellectually rather than physically vigorous and desperately sensitive. He had returned to the city, and Adele had received a letter from him breaking the engagement without giving any reason. In consequence the poor girl was prostrated.

Mr. Gregory was furious. After commiserating with his daughter and getting from his wife the name and address of the man who had jilted Adele he returned to the city. On the morning after his arrival the culprit was sitting at a 10 o'clock breakfast, which he was not eating, by the by, when the doorbell rang, and Mr. Gregory pushed past the maid who admitted him into the dining room. On the threshold he stood stock still. The culprit crouched behind the breakfast table.

"It seems to me I have seen you before," said the astonished Gregory.

The man stared at him, trembling.

"What in thunder does this all mean?" cried Gregory.

Then the situation dawned upon him. His daughter's suitor had called on him doubtless to ask for her hand, got wedged in the vestibule and been mistaken for a sneak thief.

That same day Adele received a telegram from her father:

All a mistake. We will be with you tomorrow evening.

When the train arrived the next day it brought Adele's father and her recreant suitor. Then it was explained how he had been ejected from the house for a sneak thief; how, being oversensitive, rather than endure the mortification of an explanation, he had chosen to break his engagement, and how, since the matter had come out, he was delighted to renew it.

"Papa," said Adele after all was explained, "why weren't you made more gentle?"

"H'm!" was the reply. "Why did you get such a sensitive lover?"

IODIDE OF NITROGEN.

An Explosive So Deadly That to Make It Is Suicide.

Explosives are solids which under certain conditions suddenly change into heated gas occupying many times the original space of the solids.

Ordinary gunpowder when fired turns into gas, of which the volume is 4,000 times as great as that of the powder. No wonder the bullet in front of it leaves the muzzle of the rifle in a hurry.

Today there are scores, even hundreds, of different sorts of explosives known to science. Some, such as lyddite, require a very considerable shock to explode them. Others, such as nitroglycerin, are fearfully dangerous to handle, for a few extra degrees of warmth or a very slight jar is sufficient to turn them instantly into gas.

Of the latter type there is nothing quite so unstable as iodide of nitrogen. It has to be made in alcohol. When allowed to dry it appears as a brown powder, and so unstable is this powder that a touch with a feather will set it off. The experiment has been tried of leaving a few grains upon a table mixed with a few grains of sugar. The first bluebottle that flew on the table and began to crawl among the grains caused an explosion.

The mere jarring of the air by a loud shout or a heavy footstep is sufficient to detonate iodide of nitrogen, and it need hardly be added that no one in his senses would attempt to make this terrible stuff. To do so in any quantity would be equivalent to committing suicide.—Pearson's Weekly.

BRINGING UP CHILDREN.

There Are Some Curious Customs In This Queer World.

There has been much discussion over the proper bringing up of children, but ideas continue to differ. And the farther you get away from home the stranger the ideas seem.

The Filipino father cries out with proud delight as his three-year-old girl baby takes her puff at her first cigar.

Among the Seri Indians of the gulf of California the father is the last one expected to have any influence on the children. The mother rules the younger members of the family, and when she must enforce her authority by physical force she calls, not on the father, but on one of her brothers or some other male adult of her family. The father must never chastise his children.

A Navajo father administers punishment to his children very much as any other father does, but the Navajo boy has a means of protection denied to white boys. He has only to catch a rat by his own unaided efforts. From the moment he has accomplished this feat, no matter how young he may be, his father may not lay hands on him.

The children of the Point Barrow Eskimos have special training in politeness to foreigners. In conversing with strangers who make mistakes in the native dialect children must carefully note those mistakes and repeat them, even to imitating the wrong pronunciation of words. To speak correctly in such a case is likely to bring punishment from the parent of the child.—New York Sun.

Retold For Choir Singers.

One of the wealthy members of a fashionable church in Boston approached her pastor with the complaint that she was greatly disturbed by one of her neighbors.

"It's positively unbearable," said she. "That man in the pew in front of us destroys all my devotional and pious feelings when he attempts to sing. Couldn't you ask him to change his pew?"

The good pastor was sorely perplexed. After a few moments' reflection he said:

"Well, I naturally would feel a little delicacy on that score, more especially as I would have to give a reason. But I will tell you what I might do." Here the pastor's face became illuminated with a happy thought. "I might ask him to join the choir."—Harper's Magazine.

Hard Luck.

"People can talk of their troubles," said Mrs. Wagleigh, "but I think Mrs. Jones has the hardest luck of any one. She is absolutely deprived by nature of enjoying a woman's greatest pleasure. She's a deaf mute and can't talk. She can only use her hands. Now, if that isn't awful tell me what is?"

Mr. Wagleigh looked up from his evening paper. "I met her husband this afternoon," he said, "and he was tickled to pieces. His wife cut her fingers with the bread knife yesterday, and now she can't talk at all."—New York Telegram.

Sign For a Dog.

"I've bought a bulldog," said Parsniff to his friend Lessup, "and I want a motto to put over his kennel. Can you think of one?"

"Why not use a dentist's sign, 'Teeth Inserted Here?'" suggested Lessup.—Kansas City Star.

Unforeseen.

"Really, doctor, the medicine you prescribed for me is splendid. I think I shall be all right in a few days."

"Well, well! Who would have thought it?"—Fliegende Blatter.

Switzerland's Cupola Fort.

The Swiss reckon that their cupola fort on the St. Gothard, manned by 200 artillerymen, could easily hold the pass against an army of 50,000.

If a man wishes to be treated with courtesy he should show courtesy to others.

IMITATION DIAMONDS.

They Lose Their Sparkle When They Lose Their Sharp Edges.

Only the expert can tell an imitation diamond from a real stone when the imitation is new, but after the fake stone has been worn for a little time it soon loses its lustre. It is this which makes a real diamond valuable. No matter how long it is worn it will keep its sparkle almost as well as ever.

The real reason for this is the hardness of the diamond. It is not due to any special quality in the stone itself, except its transparency and its hardness.

The sparkle of a diamond depends on the sharpness of the edges and the points of its facets. When the light falls on one of these it is reflected to another facet, lying at a different angle and is refracted again, and so on, many times. Each time the light is reflected it gives a point of brilliance, and, in most instances, splits up the light so that the red and blue rays are seen.

The imitation stone, to begin with, seldom has as many facets as a diamond. But, even if it had, the sharpness of these edges would wear off. Even exposure to the air will wear away any substance that is not extremely hard. And just as soon as there is any dulling of the edges of a facet, so soon there is a dimming of the brilliance of the stone.—New York American.

CALLED THE GAME.

Two Foul Balls Shocked the Australian Sense of Propriety.

A game of baseball that was scheduled as a feature of the police and firemen's patriotic carnival at the agricultural show grounds came to an abrupt and dramatic conclusion almost before it was started. It was a match game, America versus Australia.

In America's second inning a player deflected a fast ball straight for the densest portion of the crowd, and a scream was heard. The ambulance men rushed to the spot and found that a woman had been struck on the head by the ball, but was not seriously injured.

Without waiting to see if any damage had been done the players coolly procured another ball and continued the game just as if nothing out of the ordinary had happened. A few moments later this ball was also deflected to the upper story of the pavilion, striking a man on the shoulder.

At this Mr. Flowers, the minister for health, who was present, rushed out on to the ground and called out, "Stop this silly game!"

The players promptly obeyed his orders, and play ceased.—Sydney (Australia) Herald.

Psychological Money.

That every man, woman and child in this country has $1,965 is psychological—very much psychological.—Wall Street Journal.

WEYMOUTH FIRE ALARM BOXES.

12—Pole, River and Parnell Sts.
13—Bradley Fertilizer Works.
14—Pole, Wessagusset Road.
114—Pole, Wessagussett & Hobomac St
15—Pole, Bicknell square.
115—Pole, Pearl and Norton Streets.
16—Pole, Bay View Street.
116—Pole, Bridge and Saunders Sts.
17—Pole, Sea and North Sts.
18—Pole, Lovell and Bridge Sts.
19—Pole, Church and North Sts.
21—Pole, Grant and High Sts.
221—Pole, Wharf St.
23—Pole, Jackson Square.
223—Pole, Commercial and Putnam Sts.
24—Pole, Electric Station, private.
224—Pole, Charles St. in front of Clapp's factory.
25—Pole, Central square.
225—Pole, Middle St., near Lake.
26—Pole, Broad St., near Essex.
226—Pole, Cedar and Hawthorne Sts.
27—Pole, Broad St. and Bates Ave.
28—Pole, Shawmut St.
29—Pole, Strong's Factory, priv.
31—Pole, Summer and Federal Sts.
32—Pole, Congress and Washington Sts.
34—Opposite 412 Front St.
35—Pole, Prospect and Granite Sts
36—Pole, Garfield Square
37—Engine House No. 3.
38—Pole, Washington Square.
39—Pole, Commercial Street, opposite Wharf.
41—Pole, Lovells Corner.
42—Pole, Elm and Pleasant Sts.
43—Pole, Nash's Corner.
45—Pole, cor. Park Ave. and Main St.
46—Pole, Middle and Washington Sts.
47—Pole, Pleasant and Canterbury.
48—Lake View Park.
49—Pole, opp. Pratt School, Pleasant St.
441—Cor. Park and Pine Sts.
51—Pole, Pleasant, opp. Otis Torrey's.
52—Engine House No. 5
53—Pole, Independence Square.
54—Pole, near Depot.
55—Pole, Pond St., near Robinson's.
56—Pole, Thicket and Pond Sts.
57—Pole, May's Corner, Union St.
58—Henry Chandler's, Union Street.
61—Corner Randolph and Forest Sts.
62—Pole, E. C. Staples, Main St.
63—Cor. Columbian and Forest Sts.

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2—2—2. Repeat once.

At 7.30 o'clock a.m., no school in any grade during a.m. The same signal at 8 o'clock, no school in grades 1 to 4 inclusive during a. m. The same signal at 11.45 o'clock, no school in grades 1 to 4 inclusive during p. m. The same signal at 12.45 o'clock p. m., no school in any grade during p. m.

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FRIDAY, JULY 30, 1915

☞The Gazette & Transcript is printed and mailed Friday afternoons, and is for sale at all News-stands in the Weymouths and at the South Terminal, Boston.

All communications must be accompanied with the name of the writer, and unpublished communications cannot be returned by mail unless stamps are enclosed.

Notices of all local entertainments to which admission fee is charged must be paid for at regular rates, 10 cents per line in the reading matter, or regular rates in the advertising columns.

Dog days are here, according to the calendar.

'Twas a year ago yesterday that cheering thousands witnessed the opening of Cape Cod Canal and formal dedication of the ditch.

At last United States has something in common with Germany! The Germans are grumbling over the high cost of food and the Americans are right with them.

Until yesterday afternoon we thought we had been having a liberal share of rain for July, but yesterday's shower put all the others in a shadow. Not for a long time have the streets run so full of water as they did for an hour or more, and the washouts are bad all along the line, especially so in East Weymouth. The newly constructed Randall avenue will have to be reconstructed to quite an extent, and the street department will have to draw on some reserve fund for several hundred dollars to make good for yesterday's freshet.

The question is often asked, "Does this new idea of a safe and sane Fourth recently adopted really amount to anything?" When we learn that the insignificant sum of $80 was consumed by fire in Boston and 25 adjoining outside towns on the last Fourth, the question is answered. Last year the total for these same municipalities was about $5,000. What has wrought the change? It may well be attributed to the carrying out of the idea that patriotic sentiment can find its best expression under restraint, within the bounds of sanity, and we have confidence that with reasonable care the advance in sanity will be maintained.

Why is it that so many people who cannot swim defy chances in an unstable canoe? The only fatality among canoeists last Sunday on the Charles was that of a young man who could not swim. Why couldn't he, as well as others who risk their lives in a canoe, swim? If they are without this most common art they ought to keep away from the water willingly, and if not willingly they should be excluded absolutely from aquatic sports. If people lacking the accomplishment of being able to swim, or at least keep afloat in quiet waters would keep out of canoes the number of accidents and fatalities caused in this direction would be greatly decreased.

Every day brings its accidents or series of accidents until they have become so frequent that unless they are of exceeding magnitude or we are closely allied to them they receive but a passing notice but that at Chicago last Saturday which took a toll of more than 1200 people calls for more than a passing notice.

An inquest in investigation place the blame on six different people connected with the ownership and management of the boat which turned over at her dock with some 2500 people on board.

The jury may have been right in their finding but how about the 2500 people who crowded themselves onto a boat with only a carrying capacity of 1250 and how about the management of the party in charge of the excursion.

One does not have go far afield today to see party after party which is inviting a similar accident but possibly on a smaller scale. Picnic and other parties are made up for a days outing and most invariably they go in overloaded cars, boats or other means of conveyance and too often with no controlling head to the party, which soon runs riot with the hilarity of combined and contagious recklessness taking control of the means of conveyance bidding defiance to all authority and one or more go overboard, fall from crowded running boards or meet with accidents of some kind which is fatal or a life injury.

The moral of the Chicago accident is that all excursions either large or small should have a monarch in control with absolute authority to limit his party to the carrying capacity of his conveyance and that every member should be restrained from rocking the boat or fooling with the bell cord.

NAPOLEON'S MAXIM.

It Can Be Traced Back to Tacitus in the Second Century.

Napoleon's maxim was, it is said, that Providence is on the side of the big battalions, but by what right it has become the property of the "little corporal" is not quite clear. Though he may have acted upon it, he did not invent it, and it is his merely by right of conquest.

In the first place, we can trace it back to Tacitus, who in the fourth book of his history, written somewhere in the second century, says, "Deos fortioribus adesse" ("The gods are on the side of the stronger"). From Tacitus we jump to M. Bussy-Rabutin, a French litterateur, who lived in the seventeenth century. "God is generally on the side of the large battalions against the little," he wrote. From him or more probably from her mother wit Mme. de Sevigne, his contemporary, wrote, "Fortune is always on the side of the largest battalions."

Some fifty years later came Voltaire, who wrote in a letter to M. le Riche, "It is said that God is always on the side of the heaviest battalions." That letter was written in 1770, when Napoleon was but one year old. Thus we come to him whose maxim it is said to be, but here the reference books help us but little and help Napoleon less.

"Providence is always on the side of the last reserve," is given as his version of the trite phrase, and even this is not credited to him freely, but only "attributed to Napoleon I."—Westminster Gazette.

MEANING OF "JITNEY."

There Are Many Theories as to the Origin of the Word.

The meaning of the word jitney is a five cent piece. The origin of the word rests wholly on supposition, and many explanations are given. One interested in the subject gathered the following information: A correspondent from Soda Creek, B. C., said he knew the term as slang in Glasgow, Scotland, over fifty years ago. It was used to designate something small or insignificant. The word was said to come from the Scottish "jitty," which means deception, and the French "nisey," correctly "niais," meaning a nitny or simpleton.

Another correspondent said it is a foreign word which originated in Russia as the name of a small Russian coin. A Russian scholar, however, declares there is no such coin and that the word in Russian means "rye."

A correspondent from Tacoma, Wash., says the word "jit," meaning a five cent piece, can be traced back a hundred years and was the original word used by slave traders for that coin.

An Oakland, Cal., correspondent said that jitney is a word coined by the southern negroes. There the small boy when told to run an errand says, "Do I get a jitney, boss?"

A Los Angeles man says that the term is Mexican vernacular for nickel. —Philadelphia Press.

Clever Her.

One of England's sporting peers is the Earl of Norwich, and they tell a story about an answer which his lordship once gave to some one who had chaffed him about some of his hunting yarns.

"Yes," he replied, with a smile, "I admit that some of them were rather tall yarns. I outdid the wandering hen. A hen, you know, set out to see the world and met a crow in a distant wood.

"'But,' said the crow, 'are you not afraid, without good wings, of losing your way in all this tangle?'

"'Afraid? Not I,' replied the hen. 'Every yard or two I lay an egg to guide myself back by.'" — London Globe.

He Stood.

It happened in a crowded Market street car one evening recently. A gallant passenger shifted his bundles, arose, pretended to take off his hat and said to an equally if not more burdened female standee, "Won't you take my seat, madam?"

"Oh, thank you so much!" cried the lady. "I'll take the seat with pleasure, but I don't want you to stand up."

"Gee, lady," he grinned, blushing, "I'd like to accommodate you in both ways, but what would the people think if you was to sit in my lap?" — San Francisco Argonaut.

Russia's Merchant Flag.

The Russian merchant flag is a horizontal tricolor of white, blue and red. Originally it was the Dutch flag, and its appearance so pleased Peter the Great that he took it with him from Amsterdam and hoisted it upside down. His plan to distinguish it from the Dutch banner met with much criticism, however, as the flag in an inverted position denoted a flag of distress, and eventually the stripes had to be rearranged before Russia adopted it as a national emblem.

Inconsiderate.

She—I think Mrs. Binks is one of the most tactless and objectionable women I ever met. He—Why do you say that? She—Why, at the club this afternoon I had just started to tell one of the smart things our Willie had said, when she told the same story and ascribed it to her horrid little Johnny.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Ungrateful.

"Women are an ungrateful lot."

"Anything special?"

"Yes. My wife urged me to go into politics, and ever since I didn't get nominated she has talked about what a lot of new furniture she could have bought with the money I spent."

NORTH WEYMOUTH.

—Miss Bessie Bates will be the soloist at the Pilgrim Church next Sunday, August 1st.

—Miss Josephine Hayden of Curtiss street celebrated her seventieth birthday on Monday of this week, July 26th. Miss Hayden received gifts and friends called in honor of the day.

—Miss Olive Blake has been entertaining Miss Persis Tuttle of Warren, Mass. for a few days.

—Mrs. E. J. Buteraw of Cohasset has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Hesse of Lincoln street this week.

—Miss Miriam Blanchard has been spending a week with her uncle L. D. Loring of Birch Brow avenue.

—Miss Elizabeth Clark of Framingham spent Wednesday of this week with her parents, Rev. and Mrs. Charles Clark of Curtiss street.

—Mrs. J. W. Grandell of Pearl street, returned Monday from St. Elizabeth Hospital, where she underwent a severe operation and is now much improved in health.

—Mrs. E. N. Dyer of Holliston Mass. is the guest of her mother, Mrs. J. W. Bartlett.

—Dr. J. H. Libby of East Weymouth wishes to announce that he shall be out of town for the entire month of August, that his office will be closed and practise discontinued during that time.

—Miss Mabel Sampson is enjoying her annual vacation at Sunapee, N. H.

—Mrs. Alexis Torrey of Hull, Mass. has been spending a few days with her son, F. H. Torrey of Lovell street.

—Mrs. M. J. Clapp of Shaw street had as guests over the week end Mr. and Mrs. Upton of Lynn, Mass.

—Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Dunbar have been spending their vacation at Sea View, Mass. with Mrs. Dunbar's relatives Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stevens.

—Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Ford of Bridge street are enjoying a weeks outing in a Maine camp.

—F. W. Hilton and family returned Saturday from Belmont, Mass. where they have been enjoying an extended visit.

—Herbert Souther of Pratt avenue is able to be out, after being confined to his house for several weeks, the victim of a stubborn carbuncle on the back of his neck.

—Mrs. Frank Alden has been entertaining her sister and family, Mrs. J. L. MacPhee of Atlantic.

—Mrs. H. E. Gould and Kenneth Gould who have been sojourning in Buenos Ayres, Argentine for several months, started on their return trip July 22.

—Miss Margaret Dingwall is entertaining her cousin, Miss Ethel Dingwall of Putnam Conn.

—Miss M. Cora Wilder of Campello was the week end guest of friends in this village.

—Mrs. J. H. Franklin of Fall River has been a recent guest of Mrs. E. A. Beals.

—James H. Pratt returned Saturday to Milwaukee, Wis. after spending two weeks with his mother, Mrs. J. H. Pratt.

—John MacPhee of Monatiquot Bluffs rescued two young ladies from drowning on Sunday last in Fore River.

—Friends and neighbors are receiving cards from Dr. W. A. Drake at his Summer home in Norway Maine, stating that he is much improved in health.

Hooks and Straight Ones.

Tomorrow-Clapp Memorial vs Cambridge.

Ah there, Ray Condrick! Glad to see you back.

From what was seen of Hoffses, who played second base for Clapp Memorial, Saturday, he appears to be hot stuff. No test was made of his fielding, but four safe bingles showed that he could hit.

"Al" Dean, the second stringer of this year's High School team is now pitching for the Rockland All-Stars and recently completed a game for them against the Plymouth Cordage, winning 9 to 7.

The Quincy fans think quite a lot of Vince Gorman, now playing the keystone sack for Fore River. In the game Saturday he made one of the greatest catches ever seen on Merrymount Park.

His "mates" missed a few of 'em last Saturday, especially one or two on Wall.

Manager Callahan of the Weymouth A. C. has games booked from July 31st. The one reason why he finds it hard to start a semi-pro nine in South Weymouth is the scarcity of box material.

Montreal was in third place in the International league this week and Walter Howley smiled daily.

From the Lewiston News:

"The 19 year old Weymouth, Mass., high star, Callahan, was called upon to do the twirling for Livermore Falls by Manager Ford and such an exhibition of pitching as he gave is seldom witnessed on a Maine diamond. While he allowed the visitors five hits, he kept them so well scattered they availed the Pilgrims nothing. To cap the climax, Callahan struck out 15 men. The Pilgrims all looked alike to him and heavy batters as well as light hitters all fanned the air to his puzzling curves. To the Oxfords and the Pilgrims young Callahan is an unsolved mystery, for to face him seems to spell defeat for he uses his whole body as well as well as his good right arm in pitching and this accounts for his terrific speed. He is cool, calm and unruffled at all stages of of the game, uses his head as well as his arm, and has all kinds of dope on the ball and can cut corners at will. He certainly seems a big league pitcher in the making, and will bear watching."

PRETTY HOME WEDDING.

Miss Doris Torrey and Henry Clapp Married Among the Roses.

At the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Torrey of North Weymouth, Saturday evening, Miss Doris Lovell Torrey and Henry Francis Clapp of Shaw street, North Weymouth, were joined in marriage. Rev. Melvin S. Nash, a former pastor at North Weymouth, performed the ceremony.

The bride wore a gown of crepe meteor with lace and pearl trimmings. She carried a bouquet of bridal roses, and was attended by Miss Velma A. Henderson of East Pembroke, the maid of honor. She was gowned in blue crepe de chine and carried pink roses.

Amory W. Taylor of Waltham was the best man, while Stanley T. Torrey and Archibald Grassie were the ushers.

Following the ceremony there was a reception and a wedding lunch was served at 8.30.

The bridal party left at 10.30 for a trip to Montreal. They will be at home at 28 Richie road, South Quincy, Sept. 1st.

Ruth D. In Fast Half.

Pacing against time at the Fair grounds, Saturday afternoon, Ruth D. circled the half-mile track in 1.04, which was the fastest time of the day. In class B, True Sail negotiated a mile in 2.18¼.

The race between Doubtful, Claberta and Jeff McKerron was the most interesting of the day. Doubtful won two heats and was second twice, while the other two horses were tied with a first, a second and two third places each. It was necessary to draw between the two to decide the allotment of second place.

For a Blackened Ceiling.

Where gas is used for lighting purposes it usually leaves unsightly black marks on ceiling above chandelier. To remove this make a thick paste of starch and water, and with a clean flannel spread it over the marks and allow it to dry. Brush off with a soft brush.

LOOK

All Straw Hats are marked down. Now is the time to buy.

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Willing to Go Half Way.

Frank had been going to school but a week when he had some trouble with the janitor. The teacher took Frank to the janitor and said: "Now, Frank, I am sorry you and Jerry have had any trouble, but just to show Jerry that you are willing to be friends I want you to shake hands with him." Frank hesitated and then grumbled, "I'll give him my left hand."

To Kill a Cat.

The most merciful way of destroying cats is to chloroform them. Draw an old sock over the cat's head, so that the toe is brought not quite to its nose. Pour a teaspoonful of chloroform on to the sock close to the cat's nose. Almost as soon as the animal begins to be frightened it will doze off. Twice more soak the end of the sock, and the cat will not wake again.

A Martial Overturning

By MARTHA V. MONROE

Edward Caldwell was graduated at the United States Naval academy and commissioned as midshipman. During the graduating exercises a number of young girls flocked to Annapolis, and there was a love affair between the young midshipman and one of them.

Ethel Mansfield was barely eighteen, and at that age few girls are worldly wise. But it is a question whether any man or woman in love can possess wisdom. Her father was well to do, and money was no object to her. To tell the truth, she had no idea of its value. What she wanted was the midshipman.

Caldwell confessed his infatuation to one of the professors of the academy who had taken an interest in him, and the latter said to him:

"If you intend to make the navy your profession you should not marry, certainly not till you have attained to one of the higher grades. Until then you will be continually cut off from your wife and children. You will be tempted to resign, and it will be too late for you to adopt another profession. If you give up your commission you will likely sink into poverty unless your wife has a fortune, in which case you will occupy a position that will soon pall on you."

But Caldwell was in love, and love is the strongest of the passions. He married Ethel Mansfield, and when the first child came the separation from his wife and the little stranger was not to be endured, and he resigned from the navy.

Two years from the date of his resignation, one day after his wife had upbraided him for living on an income produced by property left her by her father he disappeared from his home. The day after his departure his wife received a note from him saying that he had found his position of unproductiveness unbearable.

Mrs. Caldwell was tempted to write her husband that if he would return to her and their child she would place her fortune in his hands, as if it were his instead of hers. But the sense of possession deterred her. She could not bear to give up, even to her husband, what was hers. She failed to write the letter, and in time he drifted from her whereabouts and become an unknown quantity. In this she made a mistake. Caldwell was possessed of ability. That ability should have been utilized by his wife. Since she considered it preferable to get on without it, in time it was purchased by others. His knowledge of naval construction was bought by a manufacturing corporation, and he soon became indispensable to his employers. When a new corporation was formed and he was offered an enormous salary, with shares of the stock, if he would superintend its constructive work he accepted the proposition and from that time was in receipt of an income much larger than his wife had.

Whether this husband and wife kept track of each other does not appear.

So long as there were "good times" and Mrs. Caldwell's securities paid dividends she congratulated herself upon being an excellent business manager, but when a commercial panic came round and her income was cut in half she found that she should have reinvested certain of her holdings. Then for the first time she discovered that business affairs troubled her. She needed some one to confide in, some one to consult. But no one seemed inclined to take the responsibility of advising her, much less to act for her. She finally agreed to give a relative of hers a salary for managing her affairs. The result was that the balance of her property passed into his possession.

One day Edward Caldwell received a note from the president of the trust whose manufacturing department Caldwell was managing asking if he could use another stenographer. If so, he would like to secure a position for a woman whom he could recommend. Caldwell replied that he needed one to take his personal dictation. The result was that the next morning the person referred to walked into Mr. Caldwell's private office. She stopped on the threshold. Caldwell was figuring at his desk and did not see her. She stood with her eyes fixed upon him for a few moments; then was about to withdraw when he looked up.

She was his wife.

"For heaven's sake, Ethel," he exclaimed, "what brings you here?"

She said not a word, but held out a card on which was written, "The lady whom I have recommended for a stenographer."

"Your fortune! Surely you do not need to work?"

"All gone."

"And you have had the nerve to begin to support yourself as I began to wrestle with the business world after I had"—

"I was wrong. I should have turned over everything to you."

Caldwell pondered for a moment before replying.

"Perhaps and perhaps not. Unfortunately the world, or, rather, Providence, does not permit us to run to bring our affairs out as we have planned. However, if you have lost a fortune I am gaining one. When I was a midshipman on a few hundred a year and you an heiress the boot was on the wrong foot. Now it is on the right one. Let us finish the race together."

And they did.

TOWER OF BABEL.

Its Remnants Are Believed to Stand Near Babylon's Ruins.

It is doubtful if there is any place in the world so rich in ancient remains as the valley of the Euphrates, in Mesopotamia. The result is that to archaeologists and scholars the place is a veritable "Tom Tiddler's ground," and new "finds" are constantly being reported.

When it is remembered that tradition places the site of the Garden of Eden here, while among its many ruins are those of ancient Babylon, the promising nature of the valley to the scientific excavator becomes apparent.

It is near the ruins of Babylon that we find what many scholars believe to be the remains of the tower of Babel—an immense cube of brickwork, called by the natives Birs Nimrud.

Recent exhaustive examination of the strange pile and its site has revealed the fact that the tower that once stood here consisted of seven stages of brickwork on an earthen platform, each being of a different color.

The tower boasted of a base measurement of nearly 600 square feet and rose to an unknown height. Even today the ruins rise some 160 feet above the level of the surrounding plain.—Wide World Magazine.

WHEN YOUTH DIES.

Shock of the First Realization That One is Getting Old.

The moment when one first feels acutely that he is no longer young is bound to make one pause in something akin to consternation. For vividness it is like a flash of lightning across a black sky. Life no longer is all before one; even, more dreadful thought, it may be mostly behind.

After the first keen realization there follows a bewildered state of mind due to unwillingness—yes, to an actual puzzled inability to accept the truth. With all the agony of the startled call of a child at night the heart cries out, "It cannot be; it is not so."

Youth dies hard and fights and struggles in its dying like an imprisoned bird. Others, even those near and dear, are older, are even old; we can see that. But how can the stubborn facts be true as to ourselves? Very gradually, little by little, fighting its way inch by inch, the truth prevails and gnaws at the heart—though only intermittently, of course—until time numbs this emotion as it does every other one.—Robert L. Raymond in Atlantic Monthly.

Poetry and Noses.

I have read that no poem was ever written to a nose. Can you, offhand, recall a single rapturous or even admiring description of one? I search my memory in vain, but produce instead one instance that has always interested me by neglect. You recall that little poem of Browning's, "A Face," the brief and charming description of a girl's profile against a background of gold. The "matchless mold" of softly parted lips, the neck "three fingers might surround" and the "fruit shaped perfect chin" all receive their due of praise; the nose, a seeming necessity in any profile, is not even mentioned. It may be as well; each reader supplies in the lovely face the line that suits him best. The poet may have feared that by its mere mention he would produce the effect too often given by the nose in real life—a heaviness that mars an otherwise charming face.—Atlantic.

Importance of Business.

Perpetual devotion to what a man calls his business is only to be sustained by perpetual neglect of many other things. And it is not by any means certain that a man's business is the most important thing he has to do.—Robert L. Stevenson.

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WEYMOUTH LIGHT & POWER COMPANY,

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SOUTH WEYMOUTH

—Dr and Mrs. Geo. E. Emerson are the happy parents of a boy, born last Wednesday.

—Mrs. Harry Carpenter of New York City has been visiting relatives in town.

—Mrs. Henry Hayden and family of Farmington, Me., are visiting Mr and Mrs. Geo. W. Conant.

—Hugh McAnarney, of the mail carriers and Miss Helen Bass of the clerical force the local post office, are having their annual vacations. Miss Bass is spending her's at Rye beach.

—Born recently, a baby girl to Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Locke.

—Mrs. Warren Simpson and daughter, Helen, are spending the week in New York City.

—Sidney Cook, Marshall Abbott and their families spent the week end at Bay View.

—Miss Alice O'Connor spent Sunday with her cousin, Miss Priscilla Derby at Natick.

—Mrs. Ralph Brook and son, Ralph Jr., have returned to their home in East Boston after a weeks' visit with relatives in town.

—Miss Clarisse Tirrell of Brockton is spending the week with her grandmother, Miss Clara L. Tower of Pleasant street.

—William O'Conner of Highland street is improving from a severe illness.

—Dr H. F. Brackett, the dentist, is spending the month at North Scituate.

—David Crawford and family are on a motor trip through Maine and New Hampshire.

—Herbert Longfellow and family of Orange, N. J., were guests Sunday of Miss Helen Rockwood.

—Miss Margaret Supple of Holliston was the guest Sunday of Mrs. John Sullivan of Main street.

—Harold Klingman is having a two weeks' vacation from his duties in Boston.

—Comb. 5 was called on a still alarm to a fire at the dump near the junction of Main and Winter streets last Tuesday evening.

—Miss Elsie Thomas is visiting friends at Wollaston.

—Benjamin Heffernan has been entertaining John McGovern of Boston.

—Oswald Ralph, the florist, is driving a new Overland touring car.

—Dr. Fred Moore, wife and daughter, Elizabeth of New York City are spending a few days with Dr. Moore's mother, Mrs. Anne Moore of Main street.

—Mrs. Frank Marden of Randolph street has been entertaining her sister, Mrs. Savage of Dorchester.

—Miss Dorothy Nash is visiting friends in Fitchburg this week.

—Bradley Lincoln and wife of Cleveland, Ohio are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Francis Lord of Pond street. Mr and Mrs Lincoln made the trip by auto.

—Rev. H. C. Alvord is visiting his daughter, Mrs. William C. Brunel at Concord, N. H.

—Cornelious Daley, the station agent, who has been ill is back at his duties once more.

—Miss Elizabeth M. White, assistant cashier at the National bank is having a two weeks' vacation.

—Miss Ethelyn Doble returned from a ten days' stay at Gardiner, Me., being the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. Careton Trainor.

—Mrs. Marietta Joy of Main street is visiting Rev. and Mrs. Ernest Caswell at Laconia, N. H.

—Miss Doris Maxfield of Fairhaven has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Tirrell.

—Norman Potter and wife of Northboro are visiting relatives in town. Mrs. Potter was formerly Miss Jessie Loud of this place.

—Justin Fearing of Washington, D. C., is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Fearing.

—Bradford Bailey is visiting his son, Harold Bailey, at Bridgeport, Conn.

—Frank Loud Jr. and Allen Fearing are on a two weeks' bicycle trip to the White Mountains.

Whistle for a Dog.

Any dog can be taught to answer a certain sound, and as it is far easier to produce a uniform sound on a metal whistle than by means of your lips, why not buy a whistle and train your dog to answer it. It can be hung beside the door or carried in your handbag, so that you can always use it when the dog has wandered away. One can be bought for 30 cents that is quite satisfactory.

Cost.

Friend of the College President—"What did this beautiful dormitory cost you?" College President—"Three doctors' degrees. One for the man that put up the money and the others for two friends of his."—Life.

WEYMOUTH HEIGHTS

—Mr. and Mrs. Carlton Bradford spent Saturday and Sunday with Mrs. Bradford's parents at Marshfield.

—Miss Florence Nichols of Manchester, N. H., is a guest of her friend, Miss Mary Lambert.

—Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Lunt and Miss Marion Lunt were entertained on Sunday by relatives in Hyde Park.

—Mr. and Mrs. John Freeman and their three children enjoyed an excursion trip up Lake Winnipesaukee on Saturday.

—Miss Annie Jones has returned from a few days' visit with friends in Wellsley.

—Miss Daisy Michelson of Somerville was a guest over the week end of Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Bicknell.

—Mrs. Charles Macker and her mother, Mrs. Smith, are summering at Bailey's Island, Maine, with relatives.

—Miss Etta Julianson of Newport, R. I., is making a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Christenson.

—Mrs. Annie Lambert had as guests on Sunday Mr. and Mrs. Craft and friends from Manchester, N. H.

—Rev. Edward J. Yaeger, who represented the Home Department of the Old North Sunday school, at Northfield the past week, returned home on Monday.

—The regular services of the Old North church will be held on next Sunday. The morning services on the remaining Sundays in August will be discontinued. The regular evening services will be held at 7 o'clock, and will be in charge of the Deacons.

—The Ladies Benevolent Society held a Progressive Lawn Party at the Samuel Tdompson Estate, sometimes known as "The Elms," on Thursday evening. At 6.30 o'clock, an appetizing supper was served in the Old North chapel, after which everybody adjourned to the Thompson Estate, where they found the grounds prettily illuminated with colored lights. Among the many attractions was the fortune teller, candy, fancy articles, ice-cream and mystery tables. Throughout the evening music was furnished by the Weymouth High School orchestra. The entertainment of the evening, which was in charge of Mrs. James L. Wildes, was held in the Adams School hall, at 8.30 o'clock, and a large crowd gathered there to witness same. A Kitchen orchestra, accompanied by Miss Florence B. Nash, was the feature of the program, and consisted of Miss Isabel Jones, violin; Ruth Nash, cornet; Marion Lunt, trombone; Helen Ries, drum; Alice Freeman, cymbols; Ruth Freeman, organ; Mary Lambert, clarionet, and Ruth Sladen, cello. Solo dancing was given in a most pleasing manner by Miss Esther Leonard of Hingham. Also readings in dialect were rendered by Mr. James Wildes, and his vocal solo, entitled "So They Say," received much applause. After the entertainment, dancing was enjoyed by the young people.

Motorcyclist Escapes Injury.

Fred Baldwin of Nash's Corner, while riding along Pleasant street, at the junction of Washington, Sunday morning, collided with and was thrown by a large touring car, owned by Mr. Hickey of Shrewsbury and operated by Miss Ward of the same town. Miss Ward attempted to put on the brakes but the car skidded around and the rear end struck Baldwin. It is said that had not the car hit something it would have probably turned turtle with disastrous results. Mr. Baldwin was only slightly injured but his machine was damaged to quite an extent, so that it had to be conveyed home by W. W. Pratt.

Violin Makers.

In the French school of violin making the art was not practiced generally until the eighteenth century. The French were rather more skillful as imitators of the Italians than as originators, and the most famous of these early French makers was Nicolas Lupot, who copied Stradivarius almost exclusively. The German school never got very far in its success. Jacob Stainer standing at the head of the makers of that country.

Life in Pittsburgh.

A Pittsburgh girl had an admirer arrested on the charge that he had stolen her teeth. Life and love in Pittsburgh seem to be curiously exciting.—Providence Journal.

Duty First.

"Pompey, being commissioner for sending grain to Rome in the time of dearth, when he came to the sea found it very tempestuous and dangerous, insomuch as those about him advised him by no means to embark, but Pompey said: 'It is of necessity that I go, not that I live.'"—Lord Bacon's "Apothegms."

LOVELL'S CORNER

—Last Saturday morning the camp owned by Mr. Davis at Lakrest was destroyed by fire.

—Julian Rea has been spending the past week with relatives at West Bridgewater.

—Last Sunday morning at the Porter church, the pastor, Rev. Karl Thompson, took for his text "Is the Young Man Safe?" In the evening a union service was held, led by Mr. Bowdoin Smith.

—Miss Lizette White has been spending the past two weeks with relatives at Weymouth.

Quarantine Raised.

Washington, D. C., July 30. The quarantine for foot-and-mouth disease has been raised from Plymouth and Worcester counties by an order effective July 19. This leaves only the Brighton Stock Yards and Abattoir under quarantine in the State. Massachusetts has been under quarantine in whole or in part for the foot-and-mouth disease since last fall, but the extent of the territory affected and the severity of the regulations have been steadily diminished as the work of stamping out the pestilence has progressed.

Substitutes in Wheat Flour.

There are some thirty substitutes that can be mixed with wheat flour in making bread. Many of these are more nutritious than wheat flour; some of them are cheaper than wheat flour; and of these two or three are commercially obtainable almost anywhere.

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Her Leap Year Privilege

How a Fortune Was Lost.

By CLARISSA MACKIE

"Tum-te-tum, tum-te-tum!"

Angela Winton watched the little fingers wander uncertainly up and down the piano keys.

When the pupil had gone Angela closed the piano with a sigh of relief. Twenty years of teaching music had worn her nerves to a fine edge.

"I wonder if it will always be the same?" she thought as she went to open her letter box. There was a letter.

A little color flashed into her pale cheeks as she read the name in one corner of the business envelope:

JOHN T. CATESBY
Attorney and Counselor at Law

John Catesby was an old friend of Angela's, and she tore open the letter with a feeling of impatience at her swift conclusion that John's unexpected letter was in direct response to her query of the moment before. Very likely it had to do with the bridge club to which they both belonged. The letter read:

Dear Miss Winton—Please call at my office immediately, as I wish to consult with you concerning an important matter of business. Faithfully yours,

JOHN T. CATESBY.

"Dear me! I wonder what he wants to see me about? I may as well dress and go downtown now," she thought as she folded the letter.

An hour later Angela presented herself at Catesby's office. She was a small, timid looking woman with soft brown eyes and a wealth of glistening brown hair. Twenty years of battling with the world had made Angela bold of heart and unafraid, but the appealing look remained in her eyes.

An office boy took her into John Catesby's private office, and Catesby grasped her little gloved fingers in his large hand and forgot to release them for a moment.

"You wished to see me?" asked Angela, and, thus reminded, he drew forward a chair beside his own.

"Listen to this," he said in an odd tone, picking up an open letter:

Sydney, Australia, Jan. 18, 1915.

Dear Sir—Kindly inform my niece and only relative, Miss Angela Winton, that it is my intention to bequeath my entire fortune of $1,000,000 to her, provided she is married at the time of my death. She is the only old maid in the Winton family, and if she is still unmarried when the announcement of my death is made she will merely receive a small annuity, while the remainder of my estate goes to charity. As I am suffering from an incurable disease it behooves my niece to hasten to the altar.

JOSEPH HENRY WINTON.

"How utterly absurd!" cried Angela as rosy blushes invaded her smooth cheeks. "The very idea! He might as well cut me off with an annuity and be done with it!"

Another letter had been received by Catesby on the same subject. The lawyer had been a protege of Winton, who had sent him to school, to college and had paid his way while he studied his profession. Winton never married, and, as stated in his letter, Angela was his only relative. He was very fond of her and had noticed what Angela had not even suspected—that his protege loved his niece. He was in hopes that the two would make a match. In this event they would inherit his fortune together, and John would make a capital manager of the estate.

Finding that death was not far distant, he had written the two letters, the one intending to influence his niece, the other to advise Catesby of his desire to leave them his property jointly. In the one for John's private reading he had told him that it was his intention to place his niece in a position which would place Catesby in a position to marry her.

"Excuse me just a moment," said Catesby, rising. "I am called away on a matter of business."

He went into the outside office, where a client was waiting for a few words of advice, and Angela was left alone with her startled thoughts.

How glorious to be the owner of a great fortune! What bliss to travel, to have beautiful clothes, to help the needy!

How sordid it was to consider that she must marry and lose her freedom, but who on earth would marry her? Common sense told her that many unscrupulous men would embrace the opportunity to become the husband of an heiress.

From an adjoining office came the lowered voices of two stenographers.

"I saw the letter," insisted one impatiently. "It said she must marry before he died or she would lose the money! The idea!"

"As if such an old maid could find a husband quick as a wink!" giggled the other. "Did you ever see such a little brown mouse of a woman?"

"I wonder if she knows it's leap year and she has the privilege of asking some man to marry her? It's her only chance to get the million, believe me!"

When Catesby returned to his desk he found Angela drawing down her veil. Through the filmy meshes her cheeks were pink and her eyes flashed dangerously. All Angela's fighting instincts were aroused. She must have that million at the price of her pride, at any price!

For the time avarice possessed her soul.

"And now, Miss Winton," smiled Catesby ruefully, "let us plan how we can agree to your uncle's eccentric proposition. Of course you do not want to lose a fortune."

"Of course not," said Angela crisply. "I shall not lose it, Mr. Catesby."

He stared at her.

"You mean that you are going to be married?" he asked.

Angela nodded.

"Then the matter is simplified," he said brusquely. "Perhaps you can arrange to be married immediately so as to gain the fortune. You may as well have it."

"Yes," said Angela mechanically.

He opened the door for her.

"You will let me know at once?" he asked in such an altered tone that Angela flashed a glance at him. His face was pale and stern, and the friendly look was gone from his dark blue eyes.

It was almost as if he had guessed Angela's bold intention.

"I've got to—I've got to look out for the future," thought Angela all the way home.

That evening Angela sat and thought and thought of all the men she knew who were eligible. When she had weighed and sifted them and discarded the impossibles and the undesirables there remained but two—Roger Frame and Dr. Deering.

Roger Frame was a civil engineer, or, rather, an uncivil one—brusque and bad mannered, but withal a fine, strong character and a good friend.

"And," debated Angela, "it must be desirable to have one's husband a good friend as well."

Dr. Deering was her minister, the middle aged rector of her church.

"I will explain to them," thought Angela, with hot cheeks. "They will understand, and, as that office girl said, it is leap year. I am only taking advantage of my privilege."

The next morning Angela arrayed herself in her best frock, happily a new one of soft gray with a hat to match. The hat was trimmed with violets, and at her breast she pinned a bunch of the same sweet purple blossoms.

Who could guess the panic in Angela's heart when she stood before Roger Frame's office door? All her principles were in revolt, in arms against the fear that she would lose Uncle Joseph's money.

Facing Roger Frame in his private office, Angela's panic found refuge in hasty speech. Her words tumbled desperately from her lips.

Roger Frame's rugged face was gravely tender as he took her hands in his.

"You have done me such a great honor, Miss Winton," he said gently, "that I am proud of your confidence in me. But, you see, I've complicated matters by engaging myself to Mrs. Weed, but sit down and let us talk it over."

Angela smiled bravely and shook her head. "I've another name on my list," she said hardily. "The rector."

"Dear lady," said Frame earnestly, "I wish you much joy and success in your quest. Dr. Deering is a good fellow, but I'd like to wring your uncle's neck for placing you in such a position!"

Angela's lip quivered. "If Mr. Catesby had only thought of some other way out of it," she said piteously.

"Catesby? He's the lawyer in the case?" asked Frame quickly.

She nodded. "You see, I must do something, Mr. Frame," and with one shamed look over her shoulder, she slipped out and closed the door upon a very angry man.

Roger Frame jerked the telephone receiver from its hook and called John Catesby's number.

Dr. Deering's reception room was bathed in mellow sunshine when a trim maid ushered an agitated Angela into the room.

"Dr. Deering is engaged at present," said the servant. "He will be at liberty in a little while."

Left alone, Angela could hear the frightened thumping of her heart.

There was the purr of a motorcar outside and the sound was instantly stilled. The rector had another visitor. Angela's courage waned rapidly. She had arisen in a panic when the servant ushered a man into the room with the same explanatory formula.

The man was John T. Catesby.

"Ah!" he cried quickly. "Have you seen him? Am I in time?"

"I haven't seen him yet," admitted Angela faintly.

"Then—then"— he stammered excitedly, "why not marry me, Angela? I love you. I want you for my wife." He held out his hands. Angela placed her trembling hands in his. "If I have to marry any one," she faltered: "I'm so glad it's you!"

He drew her closer.

"Suppose your uncle had never written you? Suppose there had been no fortune involved?" he whispered.

"Your love would have been riches enough," said Angela, her face against his and her pretty hat all crooked.

He smiled contentedly.

"Then you may read this," he said drawing a cablegram from his pocket. "It came half an hour ago."

It was from Sidney, Australia, and dated the day before. It announced the death of Joseph Henry Winton.

Angela would have drawn away from his arm, but he held her closely.

"And you come to me after that?" she asked.

"Didn't I say I loved you?" he retorted gruffly. "I've been screwing up my courage to tell you. Your becoming an heiress was a dash of cold water."

"But what shall we say to Dr. Deering?" questioned Angela.

"Why, we'll ask him to officiate at our wedding next week!" was Catesby's brilliant suggestion.

The Stuart Penny.

A pamphlet published in 1677, entitled "The Worth of a Penny, or, a Caution to Keep Money, With the Causes of the Scarcity and Misery of the Want Thereof In These Hard and Merciless Times," contains a list of articles obtainable for a penny in the days of Charles II. These include "a dish of coffee to quicken your stomach and refresh your spirits," "a fair cucumber" and "portions of such commodities as nuts, vinegar, grapes, cake, onions and oatmeal." The catalogue of pennyworths obtainable at an apothecary's is a lengthy one and includes "lettuce to make you sleep, mithridate to make you sweat and aniseed, which may save your life in a fainting or swound."—London Mirror.

Odd Name Oddly Won.

The inn known as the "Same Yet," at Prestwich, has a curious history, which Mr. Hackwood relates: "The house originally bore the 'Seven Stars,' but many years ago it became necessary to have its faded sign repainted. When the painter asked the landlord what he was to put on the board he received the answer, 'The same yet.' And the man took him at his word."—London News.

Certainly Foolish.

We never heard of a man who tried to free himself of a manslaughter charge by pleading guilty to murder, but an up state man tried to prove he wasn't crazy the other day by claiming he was in love.—Milwaukee Journal.

Fixing the Blame.

The Parson—To whom am I indebted for this visit? The Bridegroom—To Mamie's mother; she thought I'd been courting her long enough, and she said so.—Philadelphia Ledger.

An Exception.

"Nothing can be short and long at the same time."

"What's the matter with a dachshund?"—Baltimore American.

Our past lives build the present, which must mold the lives to be.—Sir Edwin Arnold.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the subscriber has been duly appointed administratrix of the estate of WILLIAM H. CLAPP, late of Weymouth, Mass., in the County of Norfolk deceased, intestate, and has taken upon herself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

BERTHA F. CLAPP, Admx.
70 Front street,
Weymouth, Mass., June 2, 1915. 19-21.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

NORFOLK, ss. PROBATE COURT.

TO all persons interested in the estate of

HELEN M. TIRRELL,

late of Weymouth in said County, deceased:

Whereas, Thomas J. Evans, executor of the will of said deceased, has presented for allowance, the first and final account of his administration upon the estate of said deceased:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Dedham in said County, on the first day of September, A. D. 1915, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said executor is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the Weymouth Gazette a newspaper published in said Weymouth, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing, postpaid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, James H. Flint, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this eighth day of July, in the year one thousand nine hundred and fifteen.

18-20 J. R. McCOOLE, Register.

Sheriff's Sale

Commonwealth of Massachusetts

NORFOLK, ss.

Quincy, June 21, A. D. 1915.

Seized on execution, and will be sold at public auction, on Saturday the 7th day of August, A. D. 1915, at nine o'clock A. M., at my residence, No. 163 Franklin Street, in said Quincy, all the right, title and interest that Lars Jakobson and Anna Jakobson had (not exempt by law from attachment or levy on execution) on the said 21st day of June, at four o'clock P. M., the time the same was seized on execution, in and to the following described real estate, to wit:

Land in that part of Weymouth, Mass., known as North Weymouth, with the buildings thereon, being Lot 20, as shown on plan of North Weymouth Bluffs, C. C. Howland, C. E., dated May 1910, filed with Norfolk Plans, book 57, page 2731. Said lot is bounded westerly on Saunders street sixty (60) feet; northerly on Lot 21, one hundred (100) feet; easterly on lots 23 and 24, sixty (60) feet; and southerly on Lot 19, one hundred (100) feet. Containing six thousand (6,000) square feet of land all as more particularly shown on said plan.

Being all and the same premises conveyed to to Lars Jakobson by Gerald J. Savage by deed dated May 20, 1913, recorded as aforesaid book 1269, page 205.

Said premises are conveyed subject to mortgages of record and any unpaid taxes and assessments, and to the restrictions contained in said deed.

19-21 GEORGE H. FIELD, Deputy Sheriff.

Mortgagee's Sale.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Frank H. Nelson to Mary N. Dexter, dated September 28th, 1911, and recorded with Norfolk County Registry of Deeds, in Book 1192, Page 612, and for breach of the conditions thereof, will be sold at public auction on the premises on Tuesday, the seventeenth day of August, A. D. 1915, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgagee deed, namely: A certain parcel of land, together with the buildings thereon, situated in Weymouth, in the County of Norfolk, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, comprising part of lot numbered one hundred sixty-five (165) as shown on plan entitled "Wessagussett Land Associates' Plan of Sea Shore Lots" filed in the Book of Plans in Norfolk County Registry of Deeds. Said parcel of land in bounded and described as follows, viz: Beginning at a point in the south line of Wessagussett Road, fifteen (15) feet westerly of the northeast corner of said lot No. 165; thence running southerly, one hundred (100) feet to lot numbered one hundred sixty-two (162) as shown on said plan to a point distant fifteen (15) feet from the southeast corner of said lot No. 165; thence running westerly along the north line of said lot No. 162, thirty (30) feet; thence northerly, one hundred (100) feet to Wessagussett Road; thence easterly (30) thirty feet to the point of beginning. Subject to the following restriction: No structure shall be placed within ten (10) feet of the street lines. Subject to all taxes and legal assessments, unpaid or assessed.

One hundred dollars will be required to be paid in cash by the purchaser at the time and place of sale, and the balance in ten days.

19-21 MARY N. DEXTER, Mortgagee.

The National Mount Wollaston Bank

QUINCY, MASS.

HENRY M. FAXON, Pres. ARTHUR H. ALDEN, Vice Pres.
HORACE F. SPEAR, Cashier. GEORGE F. HALL, Asst. Cashier.

CAPITAL $150,000 SURPLUS $50,000

Two percent interest paid on non-borrowing accounts subject to check, with an average balance of $500, or over.

Three percent interest paid on Savings Accounts and on time Certificates of Deposit.

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a full stock of all garden implements, at popular prices.

Among our specialties at lowest prices are: lawnmowers, rakes, hoes, forks etc.

We are the recognized headquarters for best garden hose and equipment.

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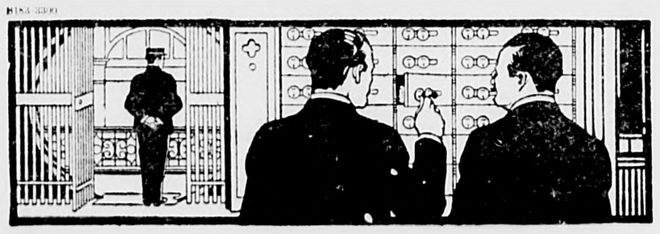
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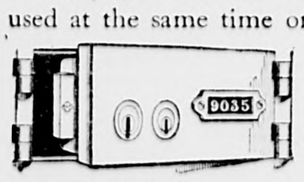
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Clerk, JOHN A. MacFAUN Treasurer JOHN A. RAYMOND

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Deposits placed on interest on the tenth of January, April, July and October.

Deposits received on or before the thirteenth of the quarter are placed on interest from the above date.

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TOO GOOD TO KEEP

A Story of Intentions Turned Awry.

By EUNICE BLAKE

Edgar Beverly, from the time he was born, was all boy. There was absolutely nothing feminine about him. When he was three years old a doting aunt presented him with a doll. His father was not in sympathy with this gift, averring that dolls were exclusively for girls. But the aunt insisted that boys, as well as girls, in their infancy played with dolls. So a doll was provided, with a china head, flaxen locks and a pair of beautiful blue eyes. Edgar accepted it, but showed a lack of intelligence as to what it was for. Ten minutes after it had been given him he took it by the ankles and brought the head down on a stone step, scattering fragments of the china head over the garden walk.

When Edgar was ten years old he lost his mother and was turned over to a bachelor uncle of thirty. Robert Cooledge, the uncle, had been a wild fellow and was just beginning to realize the chances he had taken and the time he had wasted in sowing his wild oats. He had barely escaped losing at the gaming table a fortune he had inherited and had just in time put a check on himself in too close association with the bottle. He had madly loved three different women, any one of whom, if he had married her, would have wrecked his life.

When Robert Cooledge assumed the care of his little nephew he had become fully aware of his own imperfections and realized by what a narrow margin on many occasions he had escaped calamity. His experiences with the women he had loved, or thought he loved, had caused him to believe that he was a very poor judge between good and bad women. Nevertheless he considered matrimony, the wife being a good woman, as a sheet anchor for men. Having convinced himself of his own inability to discover the good or the bad in a woman, and being horrified at the mistakes he had made, he eschewed matrimony for himself, while he advocated it for others.

For these reasons he determined that Edgar Beverly should be brought up very carefully, that some woman, who knew her own sex perfectly, should select a wife for the boy and that he should marry the girl selected, whether he loved her or not, when he came to manhood. He would bring the boy up to consider him more as a companion than an uncle, and in this way would be the better able to shield him from the dangers through which he himself had passed.

When Edgar came to be eighteen years old he displayed the same proclivities his uncle had displayed in his youth. He was not bad, but reckless. He was very generous, and when his own interests came in collision with those of any one weaker than himself he would invariably give way. He did not conceal what he was doing from his uncle, and Cooledge had every advantage in guiding him, having from the first invited his confidence.

But it is one thing to have an advantage and another to attain success. Edgar benefited by the advice of his uncle so far as to escape certain pitfalls, but the trend of his disposition could not be turned. He had inherited the same wild oats fever as his uncle and it must run its course.

For several years the uncle was in a constant state of anxiety with regard to his nephew, for such was the relationship between them that Cooledge knew exactly what Beverly was doing. Finally he determined to make an effort to put in practice the expedient he had intended from the time when Edgar had come to him as a little boy. He would try to marry him to some good girl.

But, since he had failed to manage his own affairs in this respect, he did not see how he would have better success in managing those of his nephew. He determined to consult the wife of a friend of his, a Mrs. Jernegan. The lady heard his story and promised to think the matter over. Matchmaking, she said, was a risky and thankless task. In the case of a young man inclined to be wild it was very difficult. However, she would try to think of some young woman of good sense, good character and amiable disposition for the purpose.

Mrs. Jernegan was herself a woman possessing what is commonly called horse sense. She did not especially relish advising any girl to marry a man for the purpose of reforming him. He might make an excellent husband after being reformed, but suppose the reformation never took place? Mr. Cooledge had passed safely through the danger period of a man's life and had arrived at an age wherein he saw those dangers in their true light. The fascination of danger inherent in a manly man had passed and left him a splendid fellow. But that was no reason why his nephew could run the same course and escape ruin.

These were some of the thoughts that passed through Mrs. Jernegan's mind before she acted upon Mr. Cooledge's request. Then when she had the matter all thought out she sent for a young lady friend of hers, Miss Laura Dudley, and the two had a long conversation on the subject of snatching Edgar Beverly as a brand from the burning.

The next day Mr. Cooledge received an invitation to call on Mrs. Jernegan and upon doing so was informed that she had fixed upon a young lady who would be a fit person to reform his nephew. The only question was, Would she consent to make the effort? She was three or four years older than Edgar, but Mrs. Jernegan recognized the fact that very young men are more easily won by women older than themselves than by immature girls. She proposed that the young woman upon whom she had decided meet the uncle and the nephew, and after the meeting, if she consented to make the desired attempt, that Mr. Cooledge be informed of the fact and give her every opportunity to accomplish her mission.

The result of these interviews was that Mr. Cooledge, Mr. Beverly and Miss Dudley met at Mrs. Jernegan's at dinner. Cooledge kept a close eye on Miss Dudley to observe whether or no she seemed pleased with his nephew. He saw no evidence that she was pleased or displeased with him. As for Edgar, there was evidence that he was not averse to Miss Dudley. The dinner passed very pleasantly, and since Miss Dudley was to go home alone in Mrs. Jernegan's runabout, Edgar Beverly accompanied her.

A few days later Mr. Cooledge was informed that Miss Dudley had acceded to his request, and Mrs. Jernegan suggested that he call upon the young lady for the purpose of talking the matter over. He lost no time in making the call and found Miss Dudley in a very complaisant frame of mind.

"I was much pleased with your nephew, Mr. Cooledge," she said, "and since our mutual friend, Mrs. Jernegan, has apprised me of your intentions, we may as well begin where she left off. If I am to win your nephew I can only do it by being thrown a good deal in his company. This, of course, cannot be without management. Now, I propose that we make up a little party for the balance of the summer to go to the mountains. That there may be two men and two women I propose to invite a lady friend of mine—for chaperon if you like—and I feel great confidence that your plan of marrying your nephew will succeed before the end of the summer."

Mr. Cooledge fell in with the plan, and in due time a party of four was domesticated in a mountain hotel. Mr. Cooledge was somewhat surprised to find the lady who was added to the party to be several years younger than Miss Dudley, but the latter explained that she was the only one of her friends whom she could get to make up the party. She was scarcely out of her teens and a very attractive young woman. She was introduced as Kate Millard, and the name Kate is often synonomous with the word fascinating.

The quartet passed a very enjoyable month together. But from the first the plan to marry Beverly to Miss Dudley went awry, because he preferred Kate Millard. Cooledge was much put out at the turn the affair had taken, for he approved very highly of Miss Dudley, but considered her friend of very light caliber. Instead of his nephew being attentive to Miss Dudley he was devoted to her friend. This left Cooledge and Miss Dudley in constant companionship. Cooledge after awhile instead of being troubled at this turn of his intentions was so delighted with Miss Dudley's companionship that when one day his nephew swung to her from his friend he showed his spleen perceptibly.

Not only did Beverly notice his uncle's being ruffled by his attentions to Miss Dudley, but Kate was immensely delighted with it. The two younger persons were evidently out for a frolic, and if they could get any fun at the older man's expense they were quite incline to do so. Beverly would for a time leave Miss Dudley quite free to receive the attentions of Mr. Cooledge, then he would veer about and appropriate her to himself. To make matters worse, Miss Dudley made no objection to being monopolized by the young scapegrace, and when he was devoted to her his uncle was left out in the cold.

And so the game went on. Mr. Cooledge when his nephew was devoting himself to Miss Dudley declared that the plan was working out admirably, but he felt like throwing the young rascal over a precipice. Then when Beverly swung back to Kate Millard and left the field to him he voted the boy a fool, but in his heart was delighted.

When the autumn came round and the party returned to the city Mr. Cooledge one day received a message from Mrs. Jernegan asking why he had not called upon her. He at once put in an appearance, and the following dialogue ensued:

"How did the plan for marrying your nephew work?" asked the lady.

"It didn't work at all. Miss Dudley invited a friend of hers, a chit, to be of our party in the mountains, and the chit got away with Edgar."

"Indeed!" said the lady. "That was very hard on Laura, wasn't it? Who was the friend that Laura invited to complete your party?"

"A Miss Kate Millard."

"You mean Mrs. Kate Millard."

"What?"

"Kate Millard is a widow."

Mr. Cooledge was thunderstruck.

"You wished to marry off your nephew, and I wished to give you a wife. I got up this party for a summer outing myself. It was all arranged beforehand that Kate Millard should win your nephew and Laura Dudley should win you. The plan has been successful in both its parts. Edgar Beverly is engaged to Kate Millard, and you are engaged to Laura Dudley."

"Well, I'll be jinged!" exclaimed Mr. Cooledge. "How did you learn that?"

"From both Laura and Kate. It was too good to keep."

HUMAN CURIOSITY.

An Evil and a Bore at Times, but, on the Whole, a Grand Quality.

Humanity has never been able to satisfy itself as to whether curiosity be a virtue or a vice. When inconvenient it is labeled as a vice; when it leads to discovery or adds to knowledge it is applauded as a virtue of the highest order. Certainly it is an instinct deeply ingrained in human nature. On it the whole of the progressive steps of childhood's career are based. The first intelligent expression of the infant is wonder; this quickly develops into active curiosity, until life becomes an enthralling and breathless voyage of discovery. Its possession is the great distinction between youth and the purlieus of age. Youth is passed when the sensation of adventure is ended, when, instead of boundless expectation and of curiosity that penetrates into all the corners of existence, a man is content to take things as they are, when eagerness gives way to complacency and questioning to the cynicism of experience.

Human curiosity may be stifled, but mercifully it never can be killed. In its best form it raises man above the level of the rest of creation; it becomes the desire to know, to penetrate to the root of things, to ascend to the stars and wrest from them their secrets, to solve the problems of the past, the present and the future. At its worst it may be low and vulgar, unworthy prying into matters which concern us not, the desire to apprehend evil as well as good, a curiosity that is morbid and unwholesome; but, taking it all in all, it is an excellent stimulant to progress.—London Academy.

AN ARAB LEGEND.

Story of the Covetous Man Who Went a Step Too Far.

The Arabs tell a story to show how a mean man's philosophy overshoots itself. Under the reign of the first caliph there was a merchant of Bagdad equally rich and avaricious.

One day he bargained with a porter to carry home for him a basket of porcelain vases for 10 paras. As they went along he said to the man: "My friend, you are young, and I am old. You can still earn plenty. Strike a para from your hire." "Willingly," replied the porter. This request was repeated again and again, until, when they reached the house, the porter had only a single para to receive.

As they went upstairs the merchant said, "If you will resign the last para I will give you three pieces of advice." "Be it so," said the porter. "Well, then," said the merchant, "if any one tells you it is better to be fasting than feasting do not believe him. If any one tells you it is better to be poor than rich do not believe him. If any one tells you it is better to walk than ride in your carriage do not believe him."

"My dear sir," replied the astonished porter, "I knew these things before. But if you will listen to me I will give you such advice as you never heard before." The merchant turned around, and the porter, throwing the basket down the staircase, said, "If any one tells you that one of your vases is unbroken do not believe him."

Seeing an Eclipse.

In December, 1870, a solar eclipse occurred, the partial phases of which M. Flammarion observed in Paris while the enemy's shells were dropping in the besieged city. The total phase of the eclipse was visible in North Africa, and Bismarck, being aware that before the war arrangements had been made for Professor Janssen to go to Africa to make scientific observations of totality on behalf of the Paris observatory, sent a message into the city offering the scientist a safe conduct.

This was politely refused by Professor Janssen, says the London Standard, but, nevertheless, he went to Africa to see the phenomenon, leaving Paris by way of the air in a balloon, thanks in large measure to the assistance of M. Flammarion in making the necessary arrangements for the aerial voyage.

BRAINTREE FIRE ALARM BOXES.

21—Quincy Ave. and Hayward St.
23—Quincy Ave. and Commercial St.
24—Elliot St.
25—Allen St. and Commercial St.
26—Allen St. and Shaw St.
27—Commercial St. opp, Fan Shop
29—Commercial St. and Elm St
31—Elm St. and Middle St.
32—River St. and Middle St.
34—Elm St. and Washington St
35—West St. and Washington St.
36—Ash St. and Hollis Ave.
38—Washington St. opp, Monatiquot school.
41—Union St. and Middle St.
42—Union St. and Washington St.
43—Pearl St. and Washington St.
45—Pearl St, opposite Shoe Factory.
46—Hancock St., private, Hollingsworth
47—Pond St., opp. A. O. Clark's house
48—Franklin St. and Central Ave.
51—Corner Hancock and Highland Ave.
52—Corner Washington St and South St.
123—Corner Quincy Ave. and Allen St
125—Liberty St., opp. Elmer Vinton's.
131—Corner Cedar St. and Pleasant St.
135—West St. and Mt. Vernon Ave,
142—Corner Franklin St. and Central St
143—South Braintree Engine House.
145—Fountain St. and Pearl St.
146—Corner Plain St. and Grove St
147—Town St and Pond St
221—Corner Howard St. and Hayward St.
225—Corner Liberty St. and Stetson St.
244—Corner Tremont St. and Hobart St.

CHURCH SERVICES

Under this heading the pastors of ALL the churches are cordially invited to make such announcements of services, etc., as they may wish. We only stipulate that such notices to be inserted shall reach us at the least on Thursday morning of each week—the day before publication.

OLD SOUTH CHURCH (South Weymouth) Rev. H. C. Alvord, pastor. Morning service, 10.30. Sunday School, 11.45. Baraca Young Men's Class, 12.00. Y. P. S. C. E. meeting at 6.45. Evening service at 7.00. Thursday evening, 7.30.

TRINITY CHURCH (Weymouth) Rev. William Hyde, rector. Service with sermon at 10.30 a. m. and 7.30 p.m. Sunday School at 12.00 m.

UNION CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH (South Weymouth.) Rev. Ora Atwil Price, Pastor. Morning service at 10.30. Sunday School at 12 m. Y. P. S. C. E. meeting at 6 p. m.

UNIVERSALIST CHURCH (North Weymouth.) Rev. Arthur Mercer, pastor. Sunday school at 1.15 p. m. preaching at 2.30 p. m.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH (East Braintree.) Rev. Nelson Allen Price, pastor. Morning service, 10.30. Sunday School, 11.45. Junior League, 4.30 p.m. Epworth League, 6.30 p. m. Evening preaching service 7.15. Prayer meeting, Friday evening, 7.30. A cordial welcome is extended to all these services.

BAPTIST CHURCH (Wey) Rev. Chester Underhill, pastor. Lord's Day services Preaching at 10.30 a. m. and 7.00 p. m Bible School 12 p. m. Prayer meeting, Thursday, evening, 7.45 p. m Y. P. S. C. E. at 5.45 P. M. on Sunday.

UNION CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH (Weymouth and Braintree.) Rev. Albert P. Watson, Pastor. Morning service at 10.30 Sunday School at 12. Y. P. S. C. E. at 6.00 Prayer Meeting Thursday evening at 7.30. All are invited to attend these services.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH (East Weymouth.) Rev. William M. Newton, pastor. Morning worship and preaching at 10.30 Sunday School at noon. Epworth League meeting at 6.00 p m. Evening service at 7.00. Tuesday evenings, 7.30. prayer meetings. Holy Communion, first Sunday in every month following morning service.

OLD NORTH CHURCH (Weymouth Heights.) Rev. Edward Yaeger, pastor Morning service at 1030. Evening service at 7.00. Sunday-school at 11.45 a. m. Thursday evening at 7.30. A cordial invitation is extended to all of these services.

PILGRIM CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH (North Weymouth). Rev. Charles Clark, pastor. Morning service at 10.30. Sunday school, 11.45 a. m. Y. P. S. C. E. 6.15 p. m. Evening service at 7.00. A cordial welcome is extended to all of these services. Preaching at both morning and evening service.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH (East Weymouth.) Rev. Edward T. Ford, Pastor Morning Worship and Sermon at 10.30. Church Bible School at 12.00. Senior Y. P. S. C. E. at 6.00. Evening Church Service discontinued until September. Mid-Week Fellowship Service, Tuesday, at 7.30 p. m. Church closed the last two weeks in August.

FIRST UNIVERSALIST CHURCH (Weymouth.) Rev. Arthur Mercer, pastor. Sunday morning service at 10.30 Sunday School at 12 m. Y. P. C. U. at 5.30 p. m.

SECOND UNIVERSALIST CHURCH (South Weymouth.) Minister; William Wallace Rose. Morning service at 10.30. Sunday School at 12 m.

PORTER M. E. CHURCH (Lovell's Corner) Rev. Karle R. Thompson pastor. Preaching service 10.30 a. m. Sunday School 11.45 a. m. Epworth League at 6.00. Social and Praise service at 7 p. m. All are cordially invited.

CHURCH OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER (South Weymouth) Rev. D. J. Crimmins, rector. Sundays—Masses 8.00 and 10 a. m. Sunday School at 2.30 p. m. Rosary and Benediction at 3.30 p. m. Week days: Mass at 7.30 a. m.

CHURCH OF THE SACRED HEART (Weymouth) Rev. J. B. Holland, rector. Sunday—Masses at 7.30, 10.00 a. m. Sunday School at 11.00 a. m. Vespers at 7.30 p. m. Week days—Mass 7 a. m.

CHURCH OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION (East Weymouth) Rev. C. F. Riordon, rector. Rev. Fr. Brosnahan assistant. Masses Sunday at 7, 8, 9 and 10 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Vespers at 7.45 p. m. Masses week days at 7 and 7.30.

ZION'S HILL CHAPEL (East Weymouth) Social service at 2 and 6.30 p. m Rev E. W. Smith, Preacher.

CHRISTIAN MISSIONARY ALLIANCE AND FAITH MISSION, (Hall 28 School St. East Weymouth.) Sunday services: 10.30 a m Prayer, 1 p. m. Sunday School, 2.30 p. m. Preaching, 7 p. m. The first Sunday in the month devoted to Foreign Missions Mid-week prayer meeting Thursdays at at 7.30.

ALL SOULS CHURCH (Braintree). Preaching at 10.30A.M Kindergarden class in charge of Miss Elizabeth B. Pray at 10.30. Second session of this class at 11.45. Regular Sunday school at 11.45. All are welcome.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST (of Quincy, Alpha Hall cor. Hancock st. and Cottage Ave.) Morning service and Sunday School at 10.45. Wednesday, 7.45 P. M., an experience and testimony meeting. Reading room open every week day from 3 to 5. All are welcome. Subject, Sunday Morning, July 25, "Truth."

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WEYMOUTH AND EAST BRAINTREE

—D. H. Clancy, Undertaker, office 134 Washington street, below Richmond. Tel. —Adv.

—Regular services will be resumed for the season at the Baptist church next Sunday.

—The body of Edgar Trefant, who died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. E. O. Pinkney in Roxbury was brought here and interred in the family lot in Village cemetery and his G. A. R. comrades of Post 87 Braintree attended the funeral. Deceased was born in this town and was for years a resident. He enlisted in August 1862 in Co. H. 35th Regiment. His wife died three years ago.

—Mrs. Harry Peterson and children have been visiting relatives in Orange, Mass.

—Rev. James Bradley, president of St. Mary's college at Emmetsburg, Md., is spending his vacation with his sisters, the Misses Bradley of Commercial street.

—Mr. and Mrs. Norton Pratt have taken possession of their new home on Prescott lane.

—Stephen Maloney sustained a broken arm while playing ball at the East Braintree playground a few days ago. Dr. James H. Cook reduced the fracture.

—William D. Aiken, Jr., who has been under treatment at the Massachusetts General hospital for the past four months arrived home Friday. His condition is much improved.

—Mrs. Catherine Gowan of New York is visiting her mother, Mrs. Maria Dugan.

—Rev. and Mrs. Albert P. Watson are entertaining Miss Blanche Friend of Franklin, N. H.

—Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Spear are at Onset for a few weeks' stay.

—Mr. and Mrs. Franklin P. Whitten are on a visit to relatives in Gardiner, Maine.

—Miss Helen Anthony of Fairmont, West Virginia and Mrs. Anthony of Shenendoah, Penn., are here on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Evans of Norfolk street.

—John McIsaac of Jamaica Plain is visiting Russell Tower of Field avenue.

—Paul Blackwell of Bath, Maine, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Robert Nash.

—Miss Sarah A. White is visiting her nephew in Whitman.

—The N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R. officials are putting in a new siding and freight shed on the south side of the track at the East Braintree station. For years there has been great objection by people living on Front street to the unloading of freight cars on that street. The new siding will give a chance to load and unload cars on the railrod property. The old tracks are to be used to hold cars billed to and from the Fore River ship yard.

—Freemont Chandler is here from Jefferson City, Mo., on a visit to his brother, Frederick Chandler.

—Mr. and Mrs. Preston McDonald and children are of Portland, Maine, are visiting relatives.

—Seth Cushing starts today on his annual thousand mile trip. He will visit relatives in Springfield, Mass. and from there go to New Hampshire, Vermont and Canada. His daughter, Mrs. Alma Ghiorzi of Brockton will accompany him as far as Springfield.

—Mr. and Mrs. Benjiman Hewitt are sojourning at the White Mountains for two weeks.

—Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Thayer and children of Randolph have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Thayer.

—Mr. and Mrs. John O'Brien of Jamaica Plain spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Sweeney of Franklin street.

—Harry Bloom was best man at the wedding of his cousin, Miss Lillie Cohen and Benjiman Wilson, which took place in Dorchester, Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Isadore Bloom attended the cremony, the bride being a niece of Mrs. Bloom.

—William Downton, wheelwright for Thomas South, is off duty with a sprained back caused by lifting a heavy wagon.

—Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Longuemare and children have been visiting relatives in Taunton.

—Mrs. Helen Burrill is on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Roxanna Leavitt at Hanover.

—Mr. and Mrs. Hyman Kurtner of Rochester, N. Y., are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Isadore Bloom.

—Misses Lulu Clark and Marion Remick of this town and Agnes Marr of Wollaston have been spending a week at at Narragansett Pier, R. I.

—Frank H. Floyd was the guest of friends in Marblehead over Sunday.

—Louis F. Bates has purchased a new Stutz automobile.

—Edward Noonan, chufteur for Judge Flint, got his finger caught in the gear of the automobile horn and as a result is under the care of Dr. N. V. Mullin.

—Favorable reports are received from William F. Condrick of Elliott street, who underwent an operation at the Brockton City hospital last week. It is expected he will be able to return home today.

—Miss Elsie Dutton leaves tomorrow for Concord, N. H., where she will remain until September.

—Miss Priscilla Warner is home from a three weeks' visit with her sister in Nashua, N. H.

—Alfonzo W. Taylor, a clerk in the National Shawmut bank, is spending his two weeks' vacation at Long Island, N. Y.

—Mrs. Alexander Lang and children are home from a stay of several weeks at Old Orchard beach, Maine.

—Ashton Wilbur was hit on the head with a stone while riding his bicycle through North Weymouth, Friday in company with Nathaniel Fryer. Two boys were in court the next morning and fined $10 each for the assault.

—Superintendent of Mails Francis M. Drown is home from his vacation spent in Maine.

—Clarence Hegarty, clerk at C. H. Smith's store, is having his annual vacation.

—Miss Edith P. Lyons, clerk in the post office, started on her annual vacation, Thursday.

—Dr. J. H. Libby of East Weymouth wishes to announce that he shall be out of town for the entire month of August, that his office will be closed and practise discontinued during that time.

—Herbert A. Vinton for many years a resident of this town died at the home of his brother, Henry B. Vinton in Braintree, Tuesday after a long illness. He was born May 12, 1845 and was a son of the late Thomas and Sophia Nash Vinton. Besides his brother, two sisters, Mrs. C. L. Dyer of Braintree and Mrs. Ella S. Bunker of Worcester, survive him. He was a member of Delphi lodge K. of P. of this place. The funeral took place yesterday afternoon from the chapel in Village cemetery. A delegation from Delphi lodge attended. The burial was in the family lot.

—Harry Warmsley is expected home to-pected home today from the Massachusetts General hospital where he underwent an operation ten days ago. Fortunately the operation was not as serious as was was anticipated and it is expected that Mr. Warmsley will be fully recovered in a short time.

—A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Hussey of 186 Washington street Wednesday.

—Lester, the seven-year-old son of Mrs Herbert of Broad street, who is just recovering from an attack of meningitis which for a time it was expected would result fatally is now ill with chicken pox.

—Ellsworth Sampson of Brockton has been spending a few day with Albert T. Attwood of Baker avenue.

—Percy B. Cook is enjoying his annual vacation.

—Augustus Wentworth of the Braintree Electric Light department is off duty with blood poisoning in his arm caused by the sting of an insect while he was trimming out trees, Monday.

—The barge Bast from Philadelphia laden with soft and nut coal is unloading at the wharf of J. F. Sheppard & Sons.

—Fire Engineer F. O. Whitmarsh of East Braintree attended the funeral of Chief Engineer Crowe at Gloucester, Sunday.

—J. Edward Bates is recovering from an attack of typhoid fever.

—Mrs. Mary A. Cook of Providence, R. I., is here on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Vinal.

—Patrolman Augustus Johnson of East Braintree is having a two weeks' vacation. Officer Reviere is covering his beat.

—Mr. and Mrs. David Guertin and children are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Kelley of Washihgton street.

—Miss Loretta Coyle is spending two weeks at Twin Mountain, N. H.

—Miss Mary O'Connell of Somerville is visiting Miss Marion Sherrick of Summer street.

—Edward P. Noonan is spending a few days with his parents in Scituate.

—Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Sterling of Keene, N. H are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Edwin L. Sterling of Webb street.

—Dr. F. P. Virgin has a handsome display of hollyhocks at his estate on Washington street. He has a large number of varieties and colors.

—Clifton D. Harlow Jr. has gone to Everett to spend his vacation with his uncle, Horace A. Derry. While there he will try to boost his average in the Record-Advertizer contest, in which he stands third.

Wants, For Sale, To Let, Etc.

Four lines or less under this head, 25 cents each insertion; each extra line 10c. Count 8 words to a line

No ads. accepted in this department unless accompanied by the cash.

FOR SALE—Jackson Automobile, 1910 Model 30, in first class running condition. Owner will gladly demonstrate. Inquire of J. E. Fabyan, Clapp Memorial Ass'n. Tel. 224 W. 3tf

FOR SALE—1 2 seated democrat wagon; 1 light concord wagon and 1 bar spring box top buggy. All in good condition. Apply to HUNT, News Agent, Broad street, East Weymouth. 9 tf

FOR SALE—A bay horse, 8 years old, a good roader and safe driver, also a rubber tired open buggy. Call or address James P. Haddie, 46 Union Ave., East Weymouth. 10 tf

FOR SALE—House of 8 rooms, small barn, about ¼ acre of land, flush closet, steam heat, garden and fruit trees, good neighborhood, 5 minutes to steam and electries, price reasonable. "Owner," Gazette. 20 tf

FOR SALE—A most desirable lot of land on Center Street, near Middle, East Weymouth. Near two lines of cars, and is high and dry. Price remarkably low. $250 takes it. Apply at 174 Middle Street, East Weymouth. 13tf

FOR SALE cheap. A gas range, Detroit Jewell. Lawrence Dunn, 70 Lovell st., North Weymouth. 19-20

RENT—Tenement on Broad St., all modern improvements, five rooms. W. H. Pratt, 678 Broad St., E. Weymouth. 11tf

TO LET—On Washington street, Weymouth, a tenement of six rooms. Reasonable rent. Apply at 70 Front street, Weymouth. 20 tf

TO LET—A six room house on Cain avenue. Apply to James Madigan, 678 Broad street, East Weymouth. 20-tf

TO LET—Tenement at 47 Shawmut St., East Weymouth. Near electrics, pleasant place with fine elevation, fruit and shade trees. Apply to William E. Dizer, 108 Middle St., East Weymouth, Mass. 19 tf

WANTED—Girls to learn stitching. Apply at Rice and Hutchins, South Braintree. 20tf

WANTED—People to know that it costs only 25 cents to make known their wants in this column.

EAST WEYMOUTH AND WEYMOUTH CENTER.

—Harold S. Gardner of Cedar street has gone back to work after a two weeks' vacation.

—Mrs. Irving S. Newcomb of Putnam street left Wednesday morning for Millbrook, where she will spend the next week or two at the summer home of Mrs. Mercie E. Reed of Rockland.

—Mrs. A. L. Ruso was operated upon at the Cushing hospital, Roxbury, last Wednesday, and all reports are to the effect that she is getting along better than expected.

—Miss Alice Clapp of Drew avenue is spending the week with relatives in Norwell.

—C. B. Cushing took his Sunday school class on a outing last Saturday. Nantasket Beach, a sail up the harbor, supper in Boston, and Revere Beach kept the boys on the move.

—Miss Marjorie Keith of Randall avenue and Miss Olive D. Sylvester of Commercial street are at Kamp Keno, a girls' camp at Humarock Beach, for a week.

—B. F. Eldredge is building an addition to his house off Chard street.

—Monday evening, the Ladies Moose Circle, connected with Weymouth Lodge, L. O. M., held a whist party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James I. Peers, Drew avenue. The favors were won by Mrs. Charles Holbrook, Walter Bernhart, Elsie Wrightington and Walter Peers.

—Mrs. Margaret Abbott of Drew avenue, who has been confined to her bed by illness, is able to set up at the present writing.

—Last Friday morning, an Italian employed in the Clapp factory, getting disgusted with the work done on a case of shoes before coming to him promptly, hit the man who did the job over the head with a hammer, knocking him out for about two hours. The expert with the hammer lost no time in clearing out of town.

—William C. Peare of Cedar street has resumed work, having recovered from his serious illness of the past two weeks.

—A party of fourteen from this place enjoyed a trip to the Cape Cod Canal last Sunday, making the trip in Young's limousine and Henry E. Hanley's touring car.

—The K. of C. ball team is putting in lots of practise in preparation for their game with the Moose at the Moose Field Day.

—Miss Myrtle B. Chase of Brockton spent the first of the week with Lester H. Cushing of Middle street.

—Dr. J. H. Libby of East Weymouth wishes to announce that he shall be out of town for the entire month of August, that his office will be closed and practise discontinued during that time.

—Harold J. White, a former resident and well known among the younger set, was seriously injured in an automobile accident a short while ago and taken to the Brockton Hospital, where he was discharged apparently in good health. Last week he was taken sick, carried to the Carney Hospital, Boston, where he was operated upon and is now in a very critical condition.

—Miss Florence M. Lincoln spent the past week at Vineyard Haven as the guest of Miss Cora Look, a former classmate at Bridgewater Normal school. Miss Lincoln is now entertaining Miss Look at her home on Maple street.

—Mrs. Asa B. Pratt is having an addition built to her home on Broad street, and when completed will be an up-to-date bathroom.

—Norman E. Dizer of Middle street and Ernest A. Smith of Commercial street left Sunday night for a couple of weeks trip down Maine. The first week will be spent in Skowhegan, Livermore Falls, Portland, Old Orchard and Bath, and the remainder of the time they plan to camp out about seven miles from Skowhegan. While stopping in Livermore Falls, it is their intention to root for the Weymouth boys playing ball in that place.

—Michael DeLuca of Lake street received a broken thumb as a result of trying to cath a fly ball at the Humphrey school grounds last Thursday night.

—Combination 2 was called out by telephone last Saturday morning, about nine-thirty, to Lovell's Corner, where they found a small cottage-house burned to the ground. The cottage was situated in what is known as Lakecrest, on the border of the pond and the loss was small.

—Alton Blanchard is enjoying his annual two weeks' vacation.

—Mrs. Harry E. Bearce and daughter, Dorothy, are visiting Mrs. Bearce's mother in Dorchester for a week.

—Mrs. C. E. Cushing of Broad street spent the day last Monday with Mrs. George W. Baker at Atlantic.

—Miss Inez Wheaton is slowly recovering from a sprained ankle received at camp last week.

—The Fairmount Cemetery Circle will meet with the president, Mrs. Charles Harrington, Monday, August 2nd, at 3 o'clock, p. m. This is an important meeting and a full attendance is desired.

—Miss Lillian Keene is spending the week with friends in Salem.

—Mrs. Adolphus Tyler of Medford is the guest this week of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Keene, Fairmount avenue.

—Mr. and Mrs. Pasquale Abbruzzi of Shawmut street are the happy parents of a boy born the first of the week.

—L. Henry Godin has returned from his vacation spent at Manchester, Maine.

—Ernest Bumpus of Wharf street is suffering from a large carbuncle on his wrist.

—Mr. and Mrs. Edward P. O'Brien of Cedar street are spending two weeks at Nantasket Beach.

—An auto coal truck got stuck in the gutter opposite the Commercial House, Thursday noon, and the driver had to unload the coal on the sidewalk before the truck could be moved.

—Mrs. Charles Ernest of Heniker, N. H., is visiting her sister, Mrs. Frederick Humphrey of Broad street.

—Miss Mabel Farrar of Maple street is enjoying a two weeks' vacation.

—Mrs. E. Peter Miller is in Springfield this week attending a convention.

—Mrs. H. K. Cushing of Hill street and Mrs. Ida Burrell of Brockton were guests over Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Hobart of Lowell. Mr. Hobart is a former resident of this place.

Congregational Church Notes.

The Ladies Social Union held a Food sale on the church grounds last Friday afternoon and as a result $35.00 has been added to their treasury, which amount will be used for church purposes.

The Christian Endeavor Society will hold their regular meeting Sunday evening at 6 o'clock. As this is the monthly consecration meeting a full attendance is desired. The topic will be: "Little Everyday Kindnesses." Reference Eph. 4:25-32.

The Tuesday evening meeting this week will be in charge of Fred V. Garey, and an interesting and profitable meeting is assured.

The Sunday school will be closed in all its departments for the month of August, to enable the teachers to enjoy a short rest before taking up their work in September.

Methodist Episcopal Church Notes

The Union service with the Congregational church will be held in the Methodist church Sunday morning. The sermon will be preached by Rev. Edward T. Ford, D.D., pastor of the Congregational church.

The Tuesday evening meetings will be discontinued during the month of August.

The Food sale, held under the auspices of the Ladies Social Circle last Friday afternoon, was a success.

Fifty members of the Ladies Social Circle held a Thimble party, Wednesday, at the home of Mrs. Merrill, Gardner street, South Hingham, making the trip by automobile.

One Monograph Lost to Literature.

"The other day," said Berry M. Aull, Chiggerbite's popular undertaker, "I sat down to write a monograph on the Futility of Everything. It was a great thought—it thrilled me. But mine is a sternly logical mind. The more the truth of my great theme came home to me, the more clear it became that I would have to give up writing the monograph. For writing also is futile."—Kansas City Star.

Randolph Trust Company

SAVINGS DEPOSITS

Placed on interest last day of each month. Deposits unlimited in amount can be accepted.

CHECKING ACCOUNTS

Of $300 balance draw 2 per cent. interest.

AUTOMOBILE COLLECTIONS

Made in Braintree and Weymouth every Tuesday and Friday A. M.

Have our representative call for your deposit.

Open daily 9 A. M. to 3 P. M.
Saturday 9 A. M. to 12 P. M. 7 to 9 P. M.

JAMES D. HENDERSON, Pres. FRANK W. VYE, Treas.

Take Notice!

The price of coal has advanced 25c per ton and will surely go higher soon.

We have two barges of fresh-mined coal unloading now.

Order right away and get in on the lower price.

A. J. Richards & Son.

Telephone Weymouth 51, or Quincy 648.

THE HARDWARE DEALERS

Our line of Hardware is impossible to beat. Our Paints are the best. Look our Roofing Materials over. We guarantee satisfaction. Remember the place

M. R. LOUD & CO.

Columbian Square South Weymouth, Mass.

Mid-Season Reduction Sale

Men's Furnishings Men's and Women's Shoes

AT THE OLD RELIABLE STORE

Emerson Shoes

$3.50 value	$2.89
4.00 "	3.15
4.50 "	3.49
3.75 "	2.98

Ralston Health Shoes

Duplex Sole Oxfords

$4.50 White Soles	$3.89
4.50 Tan Soles	3.89
4.00 Black Soles	3.69
4.50 Tan Oxfords	3.89
4.50 Black Oxfords	4.19
4.00 " "	3.69

Odd lot Shoes and Oxfords

4.00 values	2.29

Underwear

$1.00 B.V.D. Union Suits	70c
50c B.V.D. Shirts & Drawers	35c
$1.00 Porosknit Union Suits	79c
50c Porosknit Shirts & Drawers	39c

Shirts

$1.50 Earle & Wilson	$1.15
1.50 Stag Brand	1.15
1.00 " "	.79
.75 " "	.59
1.15 Palm Beach	.98
1.50 Sport Shirts	1.15
1.25 " "	.98
1.50 Silk Fronts	1.15
1.25 " "	.98
1.25 Soft Collars & Cuffs	.98
1.15 " " "	.89
1.00 " " "	.79
.79 " " "	.63
.75 " " "	.59
.75 Stiff Cuff Shirts	.59

Special Sale of Holeproof Hosiery

6 pr. Men's $2.00 Hose	$1.49
6 pr. " 1.50 "	1.19
3 pr. " 2.00 Silk Hose	1.59
6 pr. Women's $3.00 Hose	2.29
6 pr. " 2.00 "	1.49
3 pr. " 3.00 Silk Hose	2.29

Women's Shoes

Dorothy Dodd

Value	$4.25	$4.00	$3.75	$3.50
Now	3.79	3.59	3.39	3.19

Sorosis

Value	$4.00	$3.50	$3.00
Now	3.49	3.19	2.29

American Ladie's Oxfords

$3.00 to $3.50 values	$2.49

Rubber Sole Oxfords

$3.50 value	$2.49

Special lot Oxfords and Pumps

$3.00 to $4.00 values	$1.49

Neckwear

50c Silk Four-in-hands	39c
50c Bat End Ties	39c
25c " " "	19c
25c Silk Four-in-hands	19c
25c Fancy Wash Ties	19c

LAMSON & HUBBARD

STRAW HATS

$3.00 values $1.98

$2.50 values $1.65

$2.00 values $1.35

$1.50 values $1.00

Interwoven Socks

The One Thin Sock That REALLY WEARS

Pure Thread Silk 50c

Silk and Lisle 25c

Medium Weight 25c

Sanitary Sole 25c

JONES

"JUST AROUND THE CORNER"

1 Granite St., QUINCY